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A Weekly for Everybody

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Leslie Thrasher

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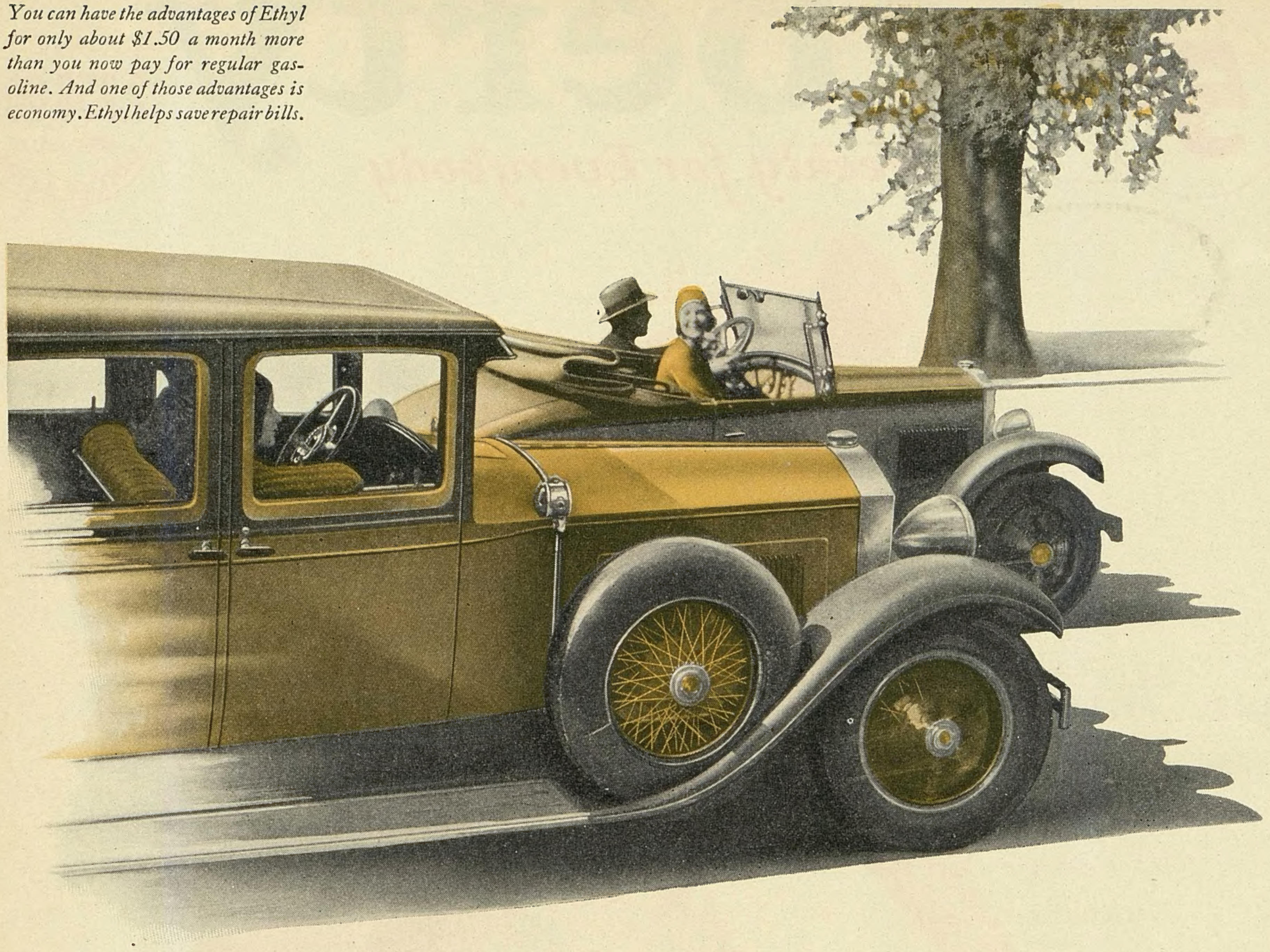

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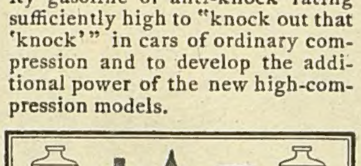

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AUG. 9, 1930

Liberty

VOL. 7 No. 32

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

GIRLS AND THEIR GREAT-GRANDMAS

It has been much said of late that girls are not as "good" as they used to be. Maybe it is true.

Things have changed enormously for the so-called weaker sex since Washington's time—or, if you will, since 1830. For one thing (to dodge the issue for a moment) women unquestionably are far better off physically. They wear fewer clothes, and those they do wear are more comfortable and sensible. They spend more time outdoors, leave their windows open at night, eat more wisely, play more games, were better cared for as children, and as grown-ups know better how to care for themselves.

Also, they are much better off mentally. In Washington's time and in 1830 the training of the better-educated women stopped with approximately what girls learn now in the eighth grade, together with a little crocheting and music—whereas the average women were usually either wholly or partially illiterate. College courses were unheard of as far as they were concerned. And they did not get about in the world. They were told that woman's place was in the home, and believed it.

Whether the young woman of today is better morally than her great-grandmother is another question. But no one is likely to dispute the statement that she is less rigid in her morals.

One reason for this is that a woman in the old days was almost invariably supported by a male, and the condition he made was ironclad chastity. There was a deep chasm between good and bad. A woman could cross it from good to bad, but it was practically impossible to cross back again from bad to good.

Now the economic situation has somewhat changed the moral situation. Women are no longer to such an extent supported by fathers or husbands, and it is realized that even what they do in the home ranks in the economic scheme of things as breadwinning.

Coeducation in our schools has somehow brought about the feeling that "sin" is participated in by both sexes, and that it cannot be at the same time merely venial for the man and of the utmost criminality for the woman. Then, too, the lighter marriage tie means that the presence or absence of marriage is more lightly regarded. With divorce easily obtained through a little mental brutality or a little perjury, marriage doesn't hold the awesome respect it used to. And undoubtedly the spread of a knowledge of birth control has had its effect.

Whether these things are on the whole good or bad is hard to tell. But we don't believe there are many women nowadays who would like to have their sex returned to the status of 1830.

So now we come to the peroration of many a campaign orator, and explain why Rome fell. It has been explained in many ways, according to what the explainer wanted to prove. It has been said that it was because there were aliens in its armies, because its wheat gave out, because all its money was concentrated in the city, leaving none outside, because people didn't work, but demanded free bread and circuses—*and* because its women became very immoral. We think imperial Rome just died of old age, and that whether we are right or not doesn't make much difference anyway.

But let that go. What we started to say was that quite a ruckus seems to have been raised by Miss Grace Robinson's recent article in Liberty, called The Amateur Competition, in which she discussed some of the problems of present-day feminine conduct.

Protests have come piling in, mostly from men, maintaining that what she said about the girl of today and her outlook on life was untrue, unfair, unsportsmanlike, and undeserved—that men look for purity in women as much as they ever did, and so on.

To find out what people generally think about this matter of changing moral codes, we wrote to a number of newspaper women in various parts of the country, calling their attention to Miss Robinson's article and asking them to give their opinions as to the prevailing views in their communities. We chose newspaper women, first, because they are women and we wanted the women's side, and second, because they are trained observers who have learned to get around a good deal, keep their eyes open, and testify to the truth as they see it. The results of this inquiry awaited Miss Robinson on her return from France, where she went with the first contingent of Gold Star mothers. She returned in a sober and perhaps chastened frame of mind, has pondered the letters received, and will present them in the next two issues of Liberty.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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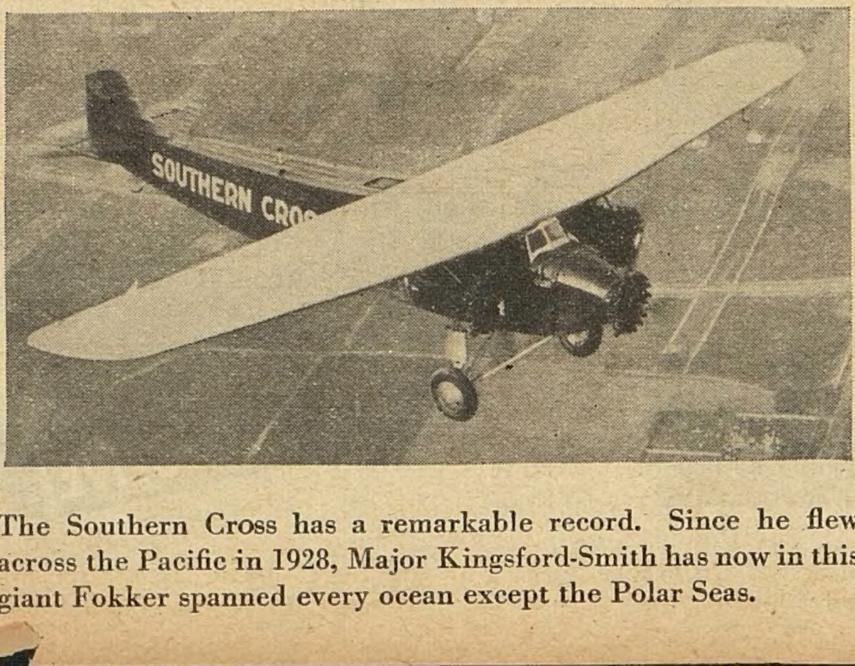

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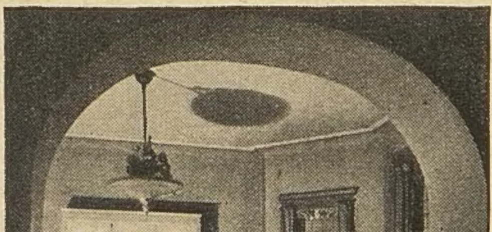

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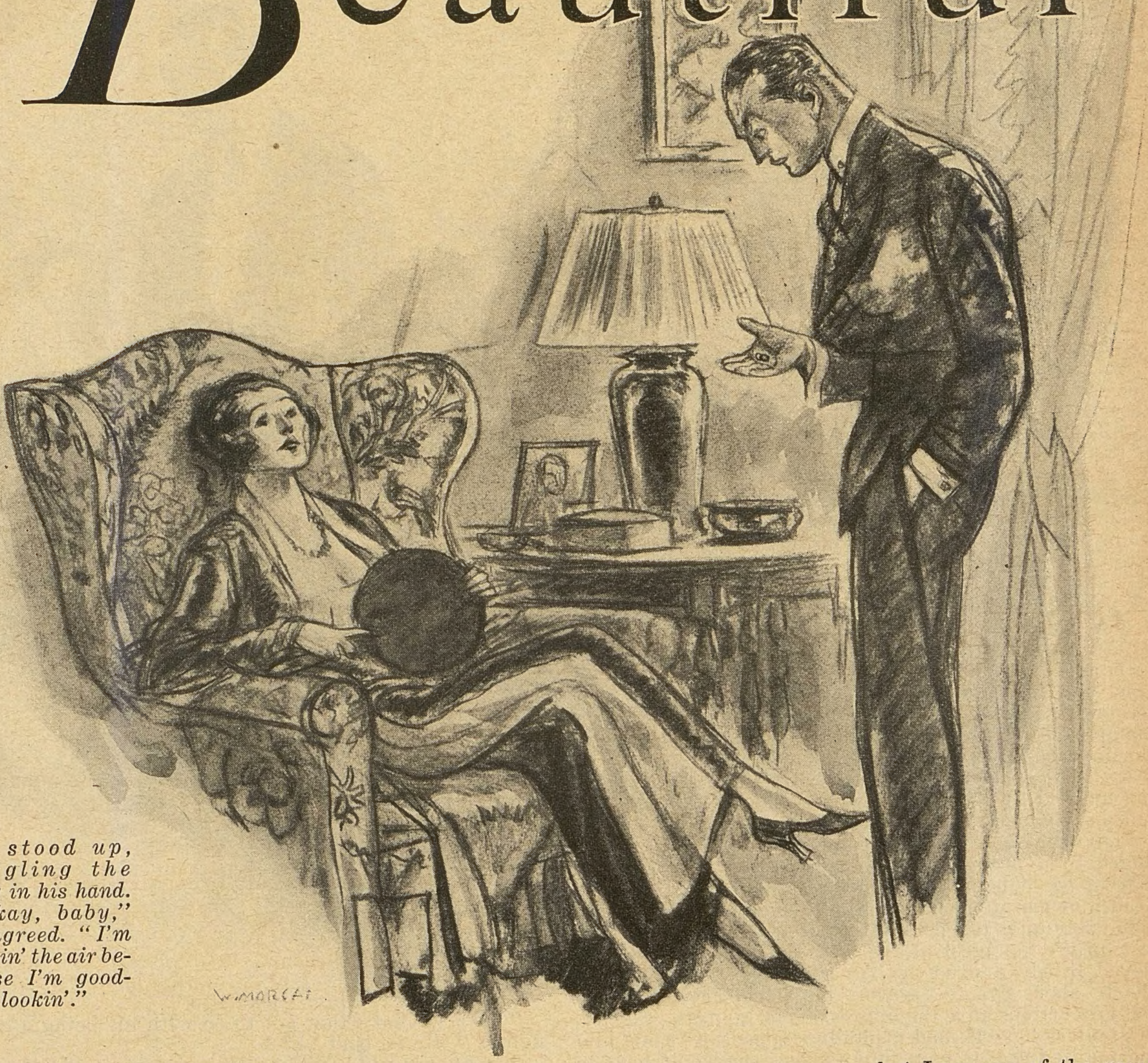
“Beautiful”



He stood up, juggling the ring in his hand. “Okay, baby,” he agreed. “I'm gettin' the air because I'm good-lookin'.”

The Story of a Fighter's Girl

By

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

who used to be a newspaper man in Chicago, likewise in Boston and New York. Now he writes fiction and articles for magazines, and has done some writing for the movies. In Liberty last year he told of the “divorce factory” of Reno.

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

CHERRY MALLOY, vaudeville headliner, having donned her first costume for her popular single act, Heart Throbs and Dance Steps, shook her red head perplexedly as she sat in the star's dressing room of the Orpheum Theater and read again a letter which she supposed was meant to convey an apology.

“Dear Miss Malloy,” she read for the third time. “The other night I said your father was a sap but I heard different. Pat Murphy my manager and trainer knew him and says he was a great fighter. I don't think he should have stood up and took it and not barred anybody but maybe he could not move fast enough or had not learned to duck. The best way is to keep away from the other fellow and jab and pile up the points. Not many can do it but I am one of the greatest boxers in the ring. In forty-seven fights and not a mark on me. But I should not say your father was a sap because he could not fight as good as me because we can't all be champs.

“I heard you was a singer and dancer and I know you must be pretty good. Anyhow I am coming to the Orpheum to see you act Monday. Hope there is no hard feelings. Ted (Beautiful) Martin, next Junior Lightweight Champion of the World.”

“Beautiful” Martin! The sports writers had given him that nickname in sly contempt and he had taken it as a tribute and a ring name.

She knew that neither the fans nor the sports writers

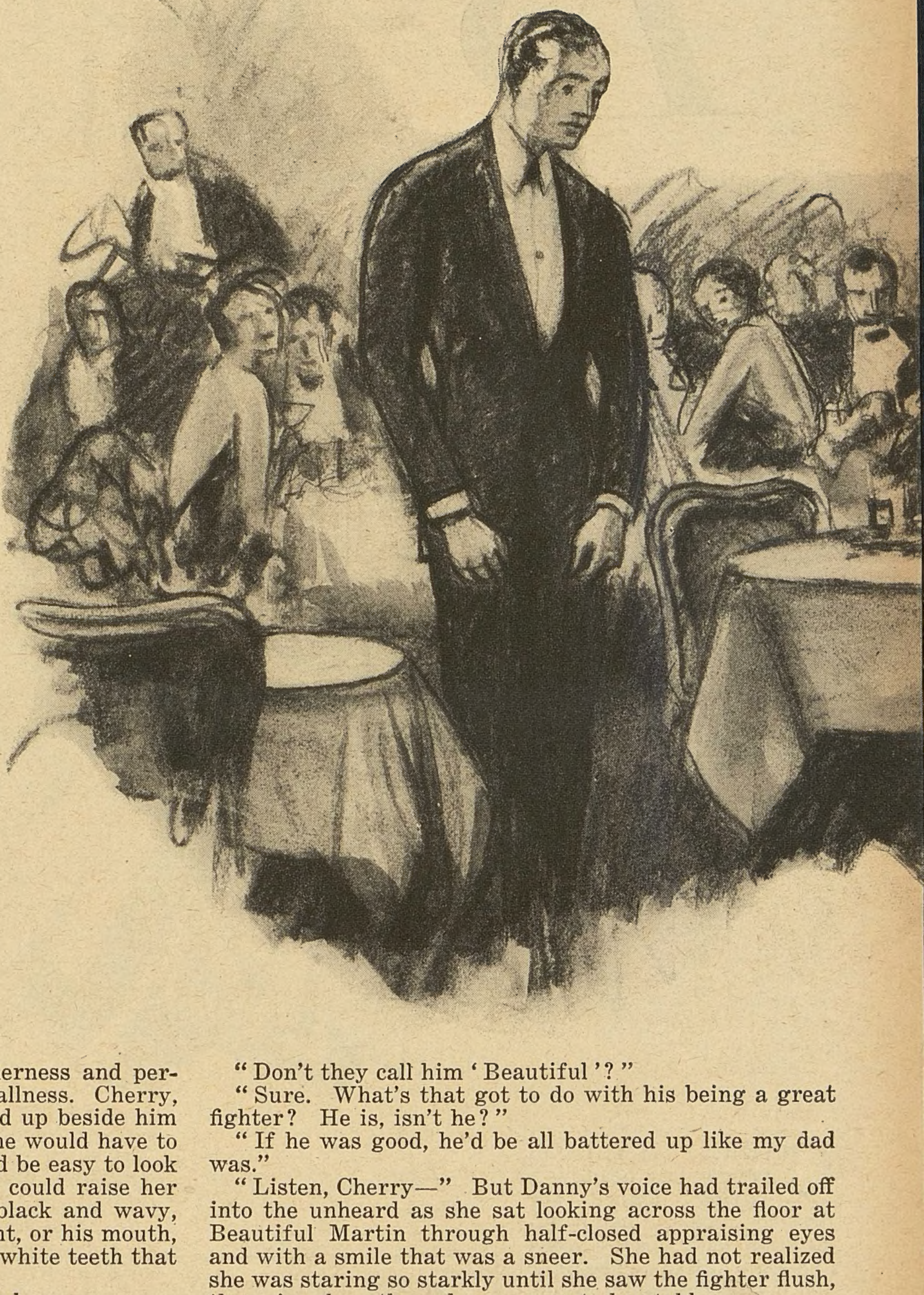
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

“BEAUTIFUL”
Continued from page seven

liked him. The fans thronged to his fights in thousands in the—so far—vain hope of seeing him knocked out. The sports writers, while conceding that he was a clever, flashy boxer, held the almost unanimous opinion that he was yellow. And the two things she despised most in a man were conceit and lack of courage. How could she, the daughter of Jack Malloy, one of the prize ring's greatest fighters, feel otherwise?

Cherry's eyes softened as she thought of him. A short, thickset, kindly man with flattened nose, enormous ears, a battered countenance, and gentle, humorous eyes. He had died of tuberculosis contracted in making the weight for Frankie Erne when Erne was lightweight champion. She was a very little girl when that happened. He had been a big-timer in the ring, just as she was a big-timer in vaudeville.

She flushed with sudden anger. The conceited worm! Calmly assuming he was better than her father, who had met all the best and beaten most of them. She had disliked him from the moment she first saw him at the Green Mill Gardens where she had dropped in for a late snack with Danny Rantoul, her piano player, after a strenuous rehearsal.



IT was the night he had been given a well earned decision (she reluctantly conceded that) over Gorilla Stepowski, the hard-hitting, clever Pole, and in winning the fight had become the logical contender for the championship. Idly watching the dancing couples, she had been made aware that a celebrity of some sort had arrived by the craning of necks and the whispers, “ There he is.”

Four men were being obsequiously shown to a prominent table at the edge of the dancing space by Hymie Goebel, owner of the Green Mill, himself. Her questing eyes jarred to a rest on the youngest of the lot. He moved lithely and softly like a cat. Short—about five feet seven—his slenderness and perfect proportions gave the impression of tallness. Cherry, no giantess herself, had mentally stepped up beside him and realized that to gaze into his eyes she would have to look up. Those eyes, she admitted, would be easy to look into, and even if she got tired of it she could raise her gaze to his hair, which was thick and black and wavy, or lower it to his nose, which was straight, or his mouth, which was good-humored and filled with white teeth that showed frequently in smiles.

“ Who is he? ” she asked Danny Rantoul.

And Danny, who was ordinarily sensible, had shown signs of sudden insanity.

“ That's Ted Martin, the next Junior Lightweight Champion of the World,” he told her. “ He and I grew up together. That crowd with him proves he's a comer. They never pick dead ones. The quiet fat man is Charlie Dreyfuss, the millionaire sportsman. The tall thin one is Hefty Gilligan, the smart gambler. He's a pal of Arnold Rothstein and Nick the Greek. The grizzled old boy is Pat Murphy, his manager and trainer. Used to be a stable mate of Jimmy Clabby's. He knew your dad. Fought him. And you can see how Hymie Goebel's acting. You'd think Ted was the Prince of Wales.”

Cherry, always a faithful reader of her sports sections, had dived into a cold wave of disappointment and disdain.

“ Don't they call him ‘ Beautiful ’? ”

“ Sure. What's that got to do with his being a great fighter? He is, isn't he? ”

“ If he was good, he'd be all battered up like my dad was.”

“ Listen, Cherry—” But Danny's voice had trailed off into the unheard as she sat looking across the floor at Beautiful Martin through half-closed appraising eyes and with a smile that was a sneer. She had not realized she was staring so starkly until she saw the fighter flush, then rise abruptly and cross over to her table.

“ MISS MALLOY.” Danny had introduced him. “ My pal, Ted Martin.”

“ Pleased—”

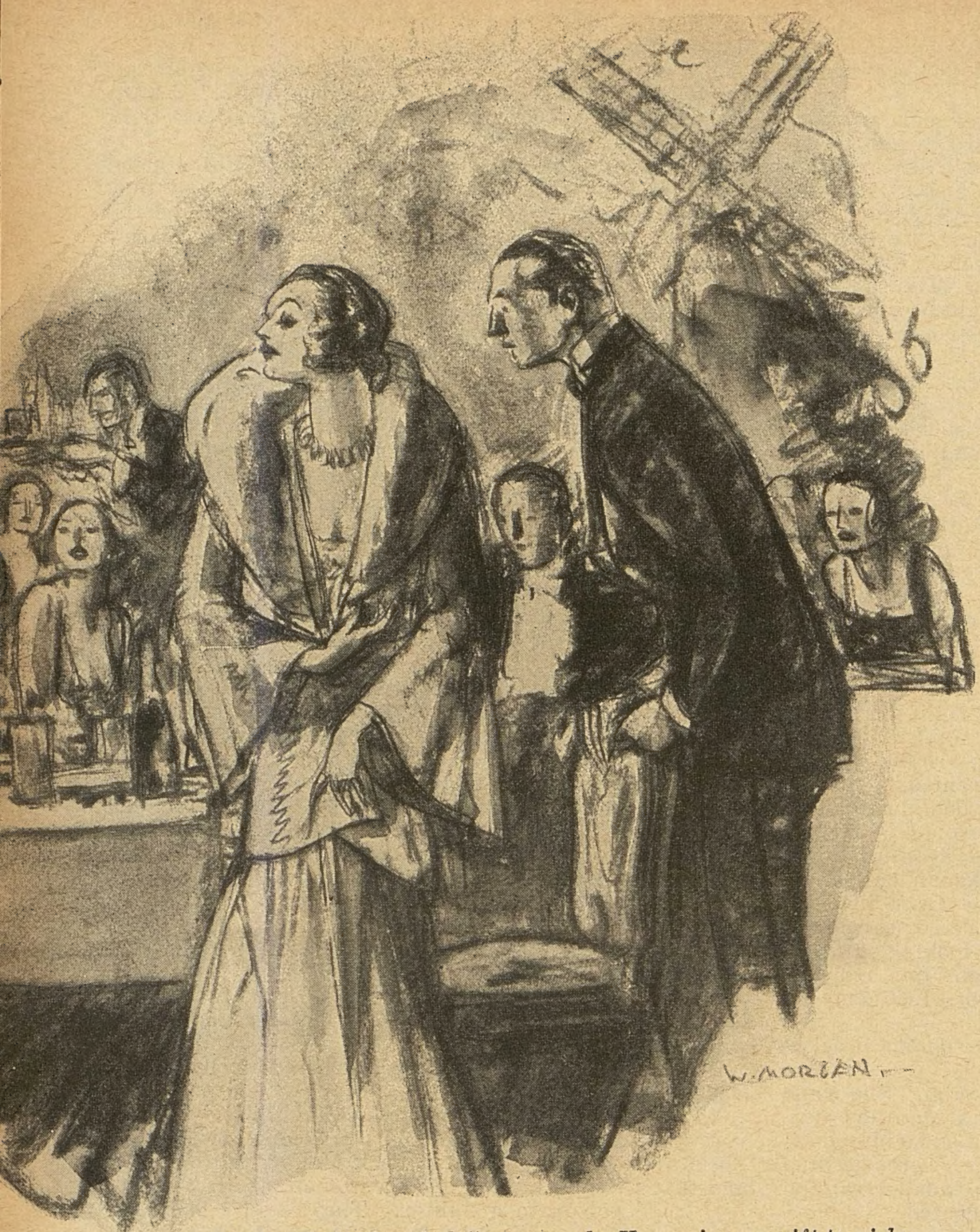
“ Old John L. Adonis himself,” she had murmured.

“ Not Addison,” he corrected. “ Martin. Ted Martin. Call me Teddy, will you? ”

“ My mistake.” She smiled. “ I thought they called you ‘ Beautiful.’ ”

“ They do, but a good-looking guy has to stand for a lot of that kind of kiddin'. How about a little dance? ”

Her mouth had opened in surprise and closed in determination. They danced and an unbidden feeling pulsed through her which she fought down. Something told her



"Big boy," she drawled, "you may be Heaven's own gift to girls, but I don't believe there's a Santy Claus. Let's go, Danny."

he already loved her. She talked to distract herself.

"You would have made a great professional dancer—Beautiful."

"I know it. And don't call me that."

That conceit again.

"Well, you are, aren't you?"

"I ain't so bad."

"Greatest fighter in the world?"

"I'll be champ after my next fight."

"Some woman ought to be proud of you."

"Not a chance. They don't last long enough. When they start tellin' me what to do and askin' me why I didn't do it, they get the air. What's your other name?"

"Cherry."

They had danced on for at least two minutes after she had told him, when—

"Cherry!" he whispered. "Ain't that a pretty name? I fell for you the minute I saw you. What were you lookin' so disgusted at me for before I came over?"

Panic had seized her and she instinctively lashed out at him.

"Because my dad was a *real* fighter."

"Yeah? What's that got to do with me?"

"I said he was a fighter. He *fought*. He didn't get out his bicycle and run all over the ring."

His body had stiffened and he had stumbled.

"Well, I'd figure that different," he said slowly. "I'd say he was a sap. And I never heard of a champ named Malloy."

She had left him standing alone on the floor and she was sitting with her knees crossed watching the dancers when he reached her table.

"Miss Malloy, I didn't mean to say that. I—"

Her eyes were expressionless as they settled on him.

"Big boy," she drawled, "you may be Heaven's own gift to girls, but I don't believe there's a Santy Claus. Let's go, Danny."

"But, listen, Miss Malloy—"

Her exit had been perfect, but up till today when she found his letter waiting for her she had wished a hundred times or so she hadn't made it.

"Five minutes, Miss Malloy."

The warning snapped her out of her reverie and into the business in hand. She swung on her chair to face her mirror for a swift, searching review of her make-up, her costume, and herself. She saw a piquant red-headed girl who might have borne a striking resemblance to the great Jack Malloy, her father, had not the fists of a hundred and fifty opponents flayed and battered his features into a cartoon of a handsome man.

HER eyes were as blue as his had been and there was a flame in them. It glowed now through a new softness which she did not understand and which puzzled her. She saw a well formed nose which turned up a little, a very little bit; and a wide, generous mouth, pearl-filled and turning up too at the corners. And her complexion was clear ivory under carmine.

She rose from her chair. Well, this was Monday and he was somewhere out there in front. She would try to give him something to remember. A final glance at the mirror and she stepped out of her dressing room into the wings. . . .

She found him sitting entranced in a seat in the first row and that afternoon Cherry Malloy gave one of the greatest performances of her career. Danny Rantoul seemed to feel her mood and rose to it.

Beautiful Martin, the conceited pug, to her became the whole audience, and her voice caressed him as he sat there drinking her in. In all that big theater there were only him and her. Then she was dancing, light as a wind-blown leaf, soft as a butterfly sampling a flower, sensuous as a cat stretching herself in the sun.

In the language of vaudeville, she "stopped the show," but her triumph was slightly tinged with disappointment. When she came out for her third bow he had gone. She was still puzzling over his disappearance as she dabbed the final touch of powder on her nose in her dressing room, when Danny Rantoul called through the doorway:

"Decent, Cherry?"

"Come on in," she invited.

"Friend of mine to see you." He grinned, and over his shoulder through the open door she saw Beautiful with worship in his eyes. Neither of them noticed it when Danny walked away.

"Listen, Miss Malloy," he said earnestly. "You dance like I fight. You're a champ."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["BEAUTIFUL" Continued from page nine]

"That," she admitted, "ought to make me want to go on in spite of everything."

"No foolin'." He was oblivious of her sarcasm. "You're the swellest girl I ever saw and I've saw plenty. You got everything. I'm sorry you don't like me. I'm sorry I said your old—your father was a sap. He must have been a great guy to have a daughter like you."

"Forget it," she said impulsively and gave him her hand, which he handled as if it might melt in his.

"That's a break," he exulted. "And, Miss Malloy, I got a new car today and I thought it might be nice if you and me took a spin and had dinner somewheres. I'd get you back in time for your act."

"I guess I can make it." She smiled. "I adore new cars."

The car was a low-slung, high-powered maroon roadster with nickel-plated trimmings and the initials "T. M." on the doors.

"I was goin' to wait till I was champ," he acknowledged her appreciation of it, "but Mike Attell, the champ now, is stalling. He don't want any part of me. So I bought it and rolled it out this morning because I thought you might enjoy it this summer."

There was startled admiration of his nerve in Cherry's laughter.

"You do think of everything, don't you. How did you know I'd be in Chicago?"

"I didn't. But I thought, if it was all right with you, I could ship it wherever you were playin', or I could drive you if the jumps weren't too big. I ain't so busy."

"And you take so many things for granted."

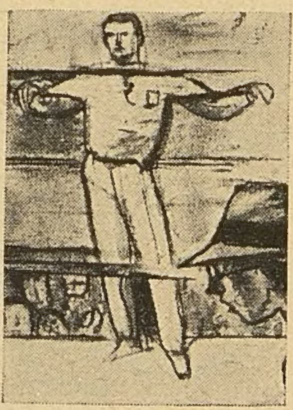
"No," he denied again. "I figured if you didn't want to go ridin' with me some other classy doll would. A car like this builds up a guy's sex appeal. But I hope you do because you and me and the car make up a swell-lookin' outfit."

She stared, unbelieving, at him, but he was really serious. And a glimpse in the car mirror bore out his statement. They were, she admitted, a swell-looking outfit.

"Well," she said, "you get your break. I'm 'resting' this summer and I'm staying here in town. I close my act this week."

"I'll say," he fervently opined, "that that's a break—for both of us." . . .

She didn't have to fall in love with him. She could never, she told herself, fall in love with a conceited man. So she fell for him—hard. It happened suddenly not so early of a moonlit spring morning as they were speeding home from the far north side and an ankle-straining jazz orchestra. The moon, at her full, floated like an oversized balloon over Lake Michigan.



CHERRY, at the wheel and sending the roadster along at fifty miles an hour, felt the witchery of the warm night and swung the car off the road and on to a stretch of sandy beach. They sat in the car, dim figures of a world of silhouette, and to them came the murmur of tiny waves lapping against the shore.

Her eyes were drawn to Beautiful's, which were full of moonlight. Then his lips were pressed on hers and she was filled with a tenderness she had never known before.

"Oh, baby!" he sighed, after a century or so. "I never thought you'd fall for me. I thought you didn't like me."

"I didn't," she acknowledged. "I thought you were the most conceited man I had ever known."

"But I ain't conceited," he told her earnestly. "I just know I'm good and nobody believes it yet. They'll find out when I am the champ. We signed up to fight Mike Attell today. He wanted all the receipts, and he got most of them at that. But I'll get mine when I beat him. Gee, baby, you're wonderful. We're both lucky."

"Why, dear?"

"Because between us we got everything. You're a big-timer and I'm the best fighter in the world. And listen, hon, I bet we're the best-lookin' couple in the United States."

"But," asked Cherry, slightly chilled, "what difference do looks make if we really love each other?"

"It makes plenty. Love is wonderful all right, but wouldn't it be tough if one of us was bum-lookin'? I want my girl to be a knockout. And you certainly are that, baby. Gi' me another kiss." . . .

Their engagement, announced as Beautiful started training at Winetka, made them spot news, and they crashed the sports page every other day or so and the rotogravure sections on Sundays. At first Cherry believed he was using her to get publicity, but when she protested, he gaped at her in surprise.

"Baby," he earnestly informed her, "you got me wrong. I wouldn't use you. You're my girl! And why should I build up a sell-out for Attell? He's gettin' eighty-five per cent of the gate. All I get's my chance. But at that we get a break. Every time the photographers snap us we get a print. By the time I'm champ and we're married, we'll have a hundred pictures of the swellest-lookin' couple in the world. Oh, hon, you're a knockout! Listen, don't you know you're beautiful?"

AND he meant every word of it. He brusquely refused to pose without her and he confined his public utterance to one cocky statement reiterated so often that it became a classic: "He'll never lay a glove on me. After the fight I'll be world's champion."

Cherry, with nothing to do but drive the maroon roadster, came to the camp as often as Murph, the grizzled manager and trainer, would allow her, drawn by love and the dim memory of other training camps. Was she not the daughter of Jack Malloy?

Murphy seemed not to like her, in spite of the fact that he was a great admirer of her father. She got the explanation of his dislike one day two weeks before the fight, when, reaching the camp unexpectedly, she heard him nagging Beautiful.

"Listen, kid," he snarled, "you ain't got Attell licked yet. He's the champ and nobody ever got to be that without bein' good."

"Well, who says he ain't good?" Beautiful snarled back. "Am I layin' down? Ain't I faster than I ever was? What's eatin' you?"

There was a trenchant pause. Then Murphy's voice slashed at her heart.

"I'll tell you what's eatin' me," he said bitterly. "It's your girl friend, Cherry Malloy. Oh, keep your shirt on. She's a sweet kid, as fine as Jack Malloy, her old man, and that's the best. But she's a woman, and a woman's poison to a fighter. They're just bad luck. I wish she wouldn't come around here. She scares me."

Cherry stole away frightened. Was there anything in the old fighter's superstition? Wouldn't it be awful if she, loving Ted as she did, brought bad luck to him! She'd rather die. Beautiful noticed the fear in her eyes when he found her in the car.

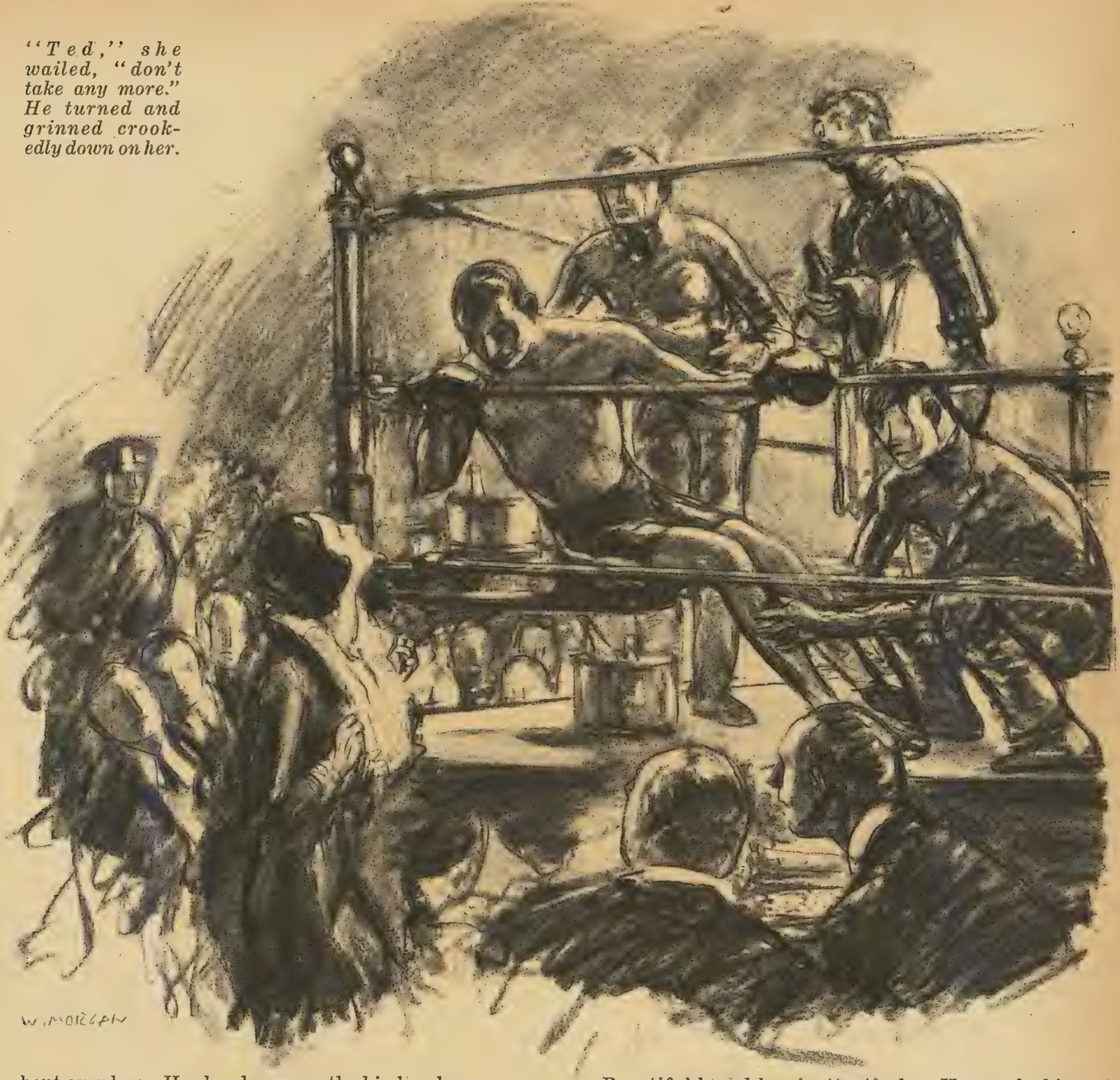
"I'm all right," she answered his anxious question. "Just a little low today. I wish this was all over and I could have you to myself."

He patted her hand. "Forget it, baby. This is just another fight for me. When it's over I'll be champ and we'll be alone all the time. Now, snap out of it."

"All right, I will," she promised as he kissed her. "I'm silly, I know. I guess I've been too happy. When everything comes perfect, I begin to worry. It's a habit you get in vaudeville. Ted, you *do* love me, don't you? You'll always love me, even if anything should happen?"

He shook her by the shoulders. "I'd be a sap if I didn't. With a face and a shape like yours? And what could happen? You got me half sore."

But the nameless dread he had banished swept back as she sped southward, and the reason for it materialized suddenly around a corner. It was a truck. She swerved wildly as it pounced on her. A mallet with a knife in it drove into her face. A searing pain, a rending crash. And darkness. She woke up in a narrow iron bed. A nurse



“Ted,” she wailed, “don’t take any more.” He turned and grinned crookedly down on her.

bent over her. Her head was swathed in bandages. . . .

The scar, as the doctor unveiled it in the living room of Cherry’s little apartment on Rush Street the morning of the Attell-Martin championship fight, was a livid jagged thing an eighth of an inch wide which stabbed viciously downward from the outside corner of her left eye and ended in a thin pencil line near her chin. Beautiful, on edge from his long weeks of training, winced involuntarily when he saw it, and Cherry, whose eyes had been locked on his, began to laugh, soft and bitter.

“It ain’t so bad,” he told her. “Honest, hon, I thought it would be worse. You can hardly notice it from the right side.”

“Give me the mirror, please,” she asked, and took it from the nurse’s hand. But she did not look into it right away. Just sat there holding it. Then she took a deep breath, raised the mirror slowly, and stared suddenly straight into it.

The spirit of the indomitable Jack Malloy showed. She “took it” just as he had in a hundred battles, sitting there staring at the livid mark while the color drained from her face.

“Any chance of covering it, doctor?” she asked.

“No,” the doctor answered with a brutality that was the sheerest kindness. When he and the nurse had gone; Cherry broke the shocked silence.

Beautiful heard her inattentively. He was looking at the scar and it suddenly didn’t mean a thing. A line on her face. And a face was just a front, something a girl wore, like a necklace, or a hat, or a pair of stockings. Her low, husky voice was different. That was a real part of a swell personality. He snapped out of it. She was dropping her solitaire engagement ring into his hand.

“Cheer up, big boy,” she was saying. “Because I got a bad break is no reason for dragging you in. There’s your freedom. You’re a regular trouper, Ted. I know you’d stick. But I know how you banked on our appearance. ‘Best-looking couple’—” She started to cry. “And I guess we were. But you’d get tired of a scarecrow wife when you were champion and the women started chasing after you—”

“They ain’t,” he interrupted, “exactly dodgin’ me even now.”

And then Cherry’s red-headed anger blazed.

“Sure they aren’t! Nobody like you, is there, Beautiful? But I know why you’re a fast boxer. Because you’re afraid some *real* fighter will spoil your face. I don’t think you can take it. We’re through!”

She hadn’t meant a word of it, and now she sat there trying to hide her apprehension under a pale mask of righteous anger. He stood up, juggling the ring in his hand, and looked absently at her.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[“BEAUTIFUL” Continued from page eleven]

“Okay, baby,” he agreed. “I'm gettin' the air because I'm good-lookin' and you ain't sure I can take it. Well, I ain't sure myself.” He grinned. “Tonight would be a good time to find out. Attell hits like Dempsey and maybe you'd like my looks better.” She started to apologize, but his next words made her glad she hadn't. “But get this. When I put this ring on a girl again, she marries me, and it won't be for my looks, either. G'by, Cherry. I'll be thinkin' of you in there tonight—every time the champ socks me.”

The door slammed. He was gone. . . .

Between the third and fourth rounds of his fight with Ted (Beautiful) Martin for the Junior Lightweight Championship of the World in the old Coliseum in Chicago, the handlers of Mike Attell, the champion, gleefully told him that it was all over but the finishing sock, because Martin was out on his feet. Pat Murphy, working frantically over his battered boy, suspected and cursed Cherry Malloy for a reversal of form which had changed Martin from a master boxer into a clumsy paluka. Hefty Gilligan, with thirty thousand bet on Martin, figured the fight was “just one of those things” in which a fighter and a manager crossed a smart gambler. And the crowd, squatting in the semi-darkness, was wild with joy and already roaring for the kill. Beautiful Martin, the flash, the swell-headed near-champion, was having his handsome pan changed into a caricature before their eyes.

But the champion was puzzled. In the first round the challenger had flashed all around him. But in the second and third Attell had found him and hit him with everything he had. He couldn't understand what was holding him up. Well, he knew now that Martin had left his speed, the only thing he'd feared, behind him. All he had to do was to walk out and flatten him.

And Beautiful lay on his stool, his puffed eyes closed.

“You're doin' great, kid,” chattered Murphy, trying to encourage him. “Keep away—I mean stay with him. You got him bluffed.”

One of Martin's eyes opened. “Is my nose broke?”

“Yeh, but—”

“Is the gash deep over my eye? Is my left ear swelled?”

“Yeh. Hey, kid, want me to toss in the towel?”

“No! If I go out, it'll be cold. Don't toss the towel, no matter what happens! Hear?”

“Right. I won't!”

Was Beautiful thinking of Cherry Malloy?

SHE was asking that same question as she frantically twirled the dial of her radio. Eleven hours of anxiety had broken down her pride. Even if they had broken their engagement, she loved him.

“They're coming out for the fourth,” the announcer's voice boomed suddenly in the room, and Cherry stood there listening. “Martin leads weakly. Attell walks in and lands left over Martin's eye, opening the old cut. Attell shoots left to jaw. Martin misses with left. Martin moving in. Attell lands hard right to face! Martin staggering. That was a wow! Martin's nose is spread all over his face. Attell swarming all over Martin. Left to body—right to face—left to face. Hard right to jaw! Another! Another! Martin clinches. He's holding. Looks like the finish. Referee breaking them. Martin steps back. He is *laughing* at Attell! He's either punch-drunk or plain crazy. *He sticks his chin out!* Attell lands right to jaw! Martin's *down.* On one knee. He's up again! Fighting. Lands left—right—left to Attell's jaw! Attell's reeling. There goes the bell. Folks, I never in five years of broadcasting fights saw anything like it. Martin seems determined to take everything the champion has. He's either wonderful or insane.”

“Oh!” Cherry gasped. She remembered Beautiful's last words: “—and you ain't sure I can take it. Well, I ain't sure myself. Tonight would be a good time to find out—maybe you'd like my looks better—I'll be thinkin' of you in there tonight—every time the champ socks me.”

She whirled and grabbed her hat, coat, and purse on the way out. She was in a cab.

“Twenty dollars,” she told the driver, “if you make the Coliseum under ten minutes.”

They shot eastward, then southward down the drive. She sat on the edge of her seat and prayed. They caught the green light all the way except at one spot which the driver shot across. Westward a block. Then south again. The car swung around in front of a frantically profane motorman of a north-bound car. They slid against the curb. “Seven minutes, lady,” the driver announced, then grunted at the denomination of the bill she threw him. Fifty dollars.

The ring glowed like a giant diamond in a dark setting. The setting seethed like lava and roared mercilessly like a volcano on rampage.

“Knockout!” “Knock him cold!” “Yeah. Ah-h!” “Knock 'im out!”

AS she ran down an aisle, one of the two almost-naked men lunged viciously. The other stiffened, fell as though pole-axed. He was Beautiful.

“One—two—three—” The referee's arm moved monotonously up and down. At “Five—” Beautiful Martin squirmed to his feet, swayed drunkenly, his hands down. The champion rushed in, his right poised for the knockout. The bell rang. The round was over. Beautiful staggered to his corner. Fell on to his stool. She was almost directly beneath him and the newspaper men were staring at her.

“Oh, Ted,” she wailed, “don't take any more. Murph, throw in the towel!”

He turned, like a drunken man, on his stool and grinned crookedly down on her.

“Like my looks now, baby?”

His Grecian nose was flattened. One of his ears was already enormous. His whole face was battered. His eyes, she noted for the first time, were gentle. Like her father's. He looked like her father!

“Yes, Ted. Please don't take any more!”

“The only thing I'll take now,” he grinned, “is him. Go on home. I'll see you later.”

Fascinated, she watched him whirl out of his corner for the ninth round, the old Beautiful Martin. He stepped inside the bewildered champion's weary punches, or smothered them. He was like Young Griffo at his best.

The crowd surged, roaring, to its feet. In seven rounds this swell-headed pug had changed from a yellow boxer to a champion who could take a beating and like it!

But the champion's punches had taken their toll. His arms were weary and he could hardly lift his legs. He settled himself, flat-footed, and swapped punches. The champion moved away. He followed him, his right hand cocked. There was just one punch left in him. The champion was against the ropes. Beautiful jabbed with his left. Got his distance. The champion's jaw loomed up. Beautiful sent over the right with all the strength of his body. The champion dived into the mist. Beautiful staggered to a neutral corner. The referee's arm moved rhythmically.

“Nine—ten—and out!”

Someone lifted his heavy right arm over his head. Dimly he realized he was the new Junior Lightweight Champion of the World. . . .

Beautiful, with the battered look of his profession which he would never lose, took the solitaire ring from his pocket in Cherry's apartment two hours later.

“Remember what I said, baby? I said, ‘When I put this ring on a girl again, she marries me.’ Remember?”

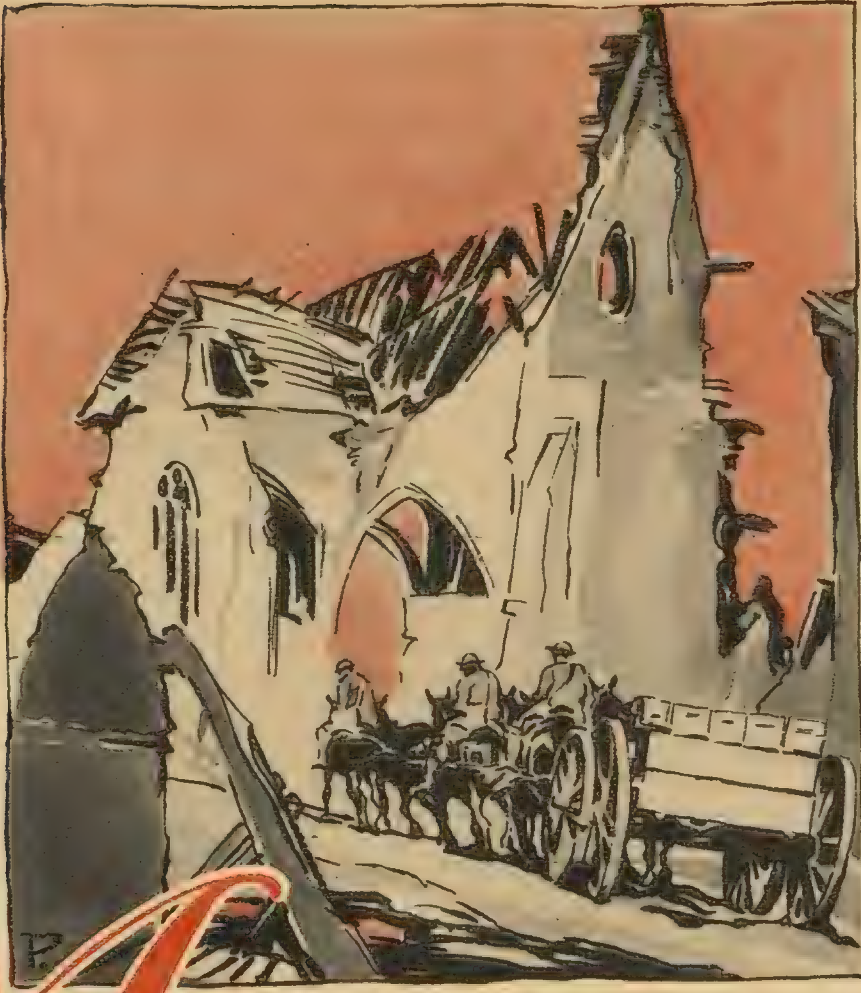
“I remember. Put it on—quick!”

“And remember I said, ‘and it won't be for my looks, either.’ Remember?”

She pulled him down to her and kissed his crooked mouth.

“But it is!” she laughed. “Oh, Ted. You don't know it, but you're beautiful!”

THE END



BACK of sons who went up to a front-line rendezvous with death were mothers who still declare that they would be "ashamed of a son who was yellow."

Mothers Look at WAR

Some Gold Star Viewpoints on Pacifism

By

GRACE ROBINSON

who accompanied the first contingent of Gold Star mothers to France, and has given Liberty's readers an account of their pilgrimage. She is an experienced reporter and a frequent contributor to Liberty.

Pictures by CLARA ELSENE PECK

WHEN I went to Europe with the first contingent of Gold Star mothers sent by the government to view their sons' graves in France, I expected to meet a shipload of pacifists.

What did I find? Many who wept at the thought of another war. Many who cried out bitterly against the stupid murdering of valuable men. Many who couldn't discuss international politics, and whose sole philosophy of world conflicts lay in the conviction that they'd "be ashamed of a son who was yellow."

But not one mother who wanted peace at any price, or thought the United States should lay down its arms in obedience to the white-flag philosophy.

Said Mrs. Jennie B. Forbes, from the little prairie town of Fairmont, Nebraska: "I believe in preparedness. In that I disagree with my husband. He feels that a glamour and a picturesqueness have been thrown around war that have made it popular and made it appear glorious when in reality it is only sordid. Well, I believe we have got to be ready for war, glamour or no glamour. I don't see how anyone can see it any other way.

"Before the World War we were all writing to our Congressmen urging them to keep us out of war. But, you see, we were forced in anyway. We have got always to be ready, whether we approve of war or not.

"I don't believe, however, in spending a lot of money on battleships. But I strongly approve of training college boys for officers, as is being done now. The last war showed us how badly we needed competent, intelligent men for those jobs."

Mrs. Forbes' son was Lieutenant Earl Forbes, an aviator. He died gloriously, wrapped in flames, after trying to stave off the enemy when seven American planes were attacked by sixteen German ships 14,000 feet over the German lines.

Mrs. Lucy R. Lawrence, seventy-two, who comes from Owensboro, Kentucky, and who smokes a pipe for her

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MOTHERS LOOK AT WAR
Continued from page thirteen

"dyspepsy," has convictions on war which are definite, if novel.

"I believe there will always be war," she declared. "Because the Bible says there will be wars and rumors of wars. And ye can't git away from the Bible, can ye? But I don't want war. Although, if I'd been a man, I'd sure 'a' been in the last one. My husband, W. H. Lawrence, was a captain in the Civil War."

Mrs. Louisa Fritz, seventy-five years old, hails from Berea, Ohio, and cries out against war "because it takes the best of our boys, the strong, decent ones, just the ones who should live to perpetuate the race." Her own lad bled to death in no man's land after the Argonne fighting. It happened on November 4, 1918—so cruelly near the Armistice.

"He wrote us there was a rumor an armistice was to be signed," she sighed. "It was his last letter, written the night before he went into that terrible action. It was still on his body when he was killed. I received it a year later, and also got back twelve of my own letters that he'd never received. In his last he wrote, 'I have no fear, but you never can tell, because it's going to be a severe battle. And, mother, eye hath not seen nor ear heard what the Lord hath prepared for those that love him.' That was strange, because he hadn't been a particularly religious boy."

He died gloriously, wrapped in flames.

Mrs. Ada C. Yerges, an artist from Columbus, Ohio, tall, white-haired, patrician, tries hard to argue a way out of war. Her son Lawrence, in the Twenty-seventh Division, was killed in the Argonne fighting. He was out putting up a machine gun when shrapnel got him in the abdomen. There was a quick chance for help, but he refused, saying, "Go back. Help someone that's hurt worse than I am."

So he was left to lie in a shell hole.

Later the surgeon said, "Too bad. I would have had to see him within forty-five minutes to do any good. It's been several hours now. There's nothing to do."

He died smiling.

MRS. YERGES showed me his picture. A debonair, laughing boy, whom everybody knew as "Smiler."

"We should turn children's minds from war," says this mother. "In schools nowadays the tendency is to take away the war games and the toys that suggest war. That is right. We should foster in children love and friendship for children of other lands, and help the children of other lands to love us. The dolls that American women sent to Japan—expensive, beautiful dolls, for Japanese children—are a step in that direction. The little treasure chests sent to the Philippines more recently, as a friendly gift for Filipino youngsters, will also help.

"Oh, I am definitely for peace—if it can be had. But what can you do? We want our sons to be brave and honorable. My heart sank when Smiler went. 'But, mother,' he said, 'I must go. I couldn't live if I didn't go. I'd feel yellow.'

"But we don't want them sacrificed for mercenary purposes. And the last war turned out to be that. A mercenary war, between England and Germany. I hope—oh, I hope I'll never live to see another war!

"For a long time it seemed he'd surely come back. There were so many mistakes in identity, you know. For a year afterward, every time I passed the Union Station in Columbus I'd look and look. And if I saw a tall man I'd look again, to be sure it wasn't my son. For he was tall—six feet one. But, of course, it never was."

She sighed heavily. She is the type of woman who reserves tears for privacy. But there was a hungry, far-away look in her eyes as she watched the sparkling waves dancing toward France.

THE cruel Argonne made another peace advocate in the person of Mrs. Mabel Wilson, also of Columbus. That is, she wants peace if it can be had honorably. She went to France to mourn Donald C. Wilson, killed in action on September 28, 1918. She had two sons in Company D, 148th Infantry.

"They had been over the top four days," relates Mrs. Wilson. "They couldn't advance, and they wouldn't retreat. So they dug themselves in. Ralph, then nineteen, heard his brother's voice. He was saying, 'Oh, don't touch that arm.' He looked, and there was Don, just raising himself from the ground with his arm on a comrade's shoulder.

"Ralph wanted to stop, but he couldn't. They had to go on, you know, no matter what happened.

"At the first-aid station the doctor, a captain, looked at my boy. 'Don, I can't do a thing for you,' he said. Don tried to salute. 'Well, why waste your time on me, sir?' he replied. That was the last he ever spoke. This happened about eleven A. M. At four in the afternoon, his brother Ralph inquired of a bugler how Don was.

"'He's dead and buried,' said the bugler. Ralph never saw his seventeen-year-old brother again and never even saw his grave. That was war.

"When Company D marched in the streets of Columbus, after the war, I saw only seventeen out of the two hundred and fifty boys who had gone overseas. Ralph was back safe, thank God. And Don was buried in France. That's war, too. I hope I see no more of it."

Mrs. Eliza J. Johnson of Everett, Massachusetts, is another mother whose son went down in the Argonne. Always an active patriot, her heart and her principles almost failed her when her own eighteen-year-old boy, Wilfred, announced that he was going to enlist.

"For twenty-four years on Memorial Day I've visited the schools at home and preached patriotism to the

Clara Elsene Peck

If their country went to war again they would send their sons as they did before children," said Mrs. Johnson. "I belong to the Women's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the G. A. R. When Wilfred announced he was going to war, I said, 'Oh, why do you want to do it? You're too young. You're much too young, my son.'

"He looked at me in astonishment. 'Mama,' he said, 'why do you go to the schools preaching patriotism?' What could I say to him then?

"He went overseas and took out the first raiding party that went out in the first Argonne offensive. He was gassed twice and wounded once. His younger brother, Herbert, seventeen, gave Wilfred first aid when he was wounded. But he couldn't go back with him. He had to turn him over to the stretcher bearers.

"I had three boys in the war. Charles, the oldest, was in submarine chasers working between Halifax and Newfoundland.

"I FEEL there'll be another war soon, but I think America is better organized than anyone else. Unemployment imbues men with martial spirit. In New England the unemployment of late has been horrible, with shoe factories closing down on all sides. One day I went to help an ex-soldier get a position. We went to five bureaus and couldn't get near the door of one of them.

"It was our rich men who started the last war. And now the United States has more millionaires than it ever had."

All the mothers were very earnest, very sincere, and glad to state their opinions for publication. In view of their willingness, it was rather remarkable that Captain George Fried of the America, on which they crossed to France, undertook to censor all news of them that went by wireless from the ship. It seemed like wartime, so rigid was the surveillance.

The newspaper women on board had differences with the captain because of deletions he arbitrarily made in their copy. These mainly affected innocuous items, such as the exact number of wreaths being carried to France.

BOTH Captain Dorris Hanes and Lieutenant Martin Morin, in charge on board, were markedly courteous and thoughtful with their elderly wards. Lieutenant Morin is a mere boy, recently out of West Point, and the mothers made much of him. In referring to him in her dispatch, one reporter wrote, "He reminds the mothers of their own sons." The captain, using his blue pencil, said, "How do you *know* he reminds them of their sons?"

This reticence didn't extend to the pilgrims, however. They loved nothing better than to recount the glorious exploits and childhood incidents relating to their boys.

Mrs. Lydia Lindsay, from Cincinnati, Ohio, is seventy-five years old and bellicose. "My son William was a true American boy," she said. "He was my main support, but I wouldn't say anything to keep him back. My daughter urged me to protest. But not me. Not when I found he had joined. Why, he couldn't help fighting! His grandfather and his great-grandfather were both soldiers. I'm something of a fighter myself. My children didn't want me to go overseas. They thought the trip would be too much at my age.

"My oldest boy, Charles, was so upset about my going that he wouldn't come to bid me good-by. He thought I'd never come back. But I'm going to fool him."

Mrs. Anna R. Norris, also of Cincinnati, declared, "I'd go and fight for my country myself, if it were necessary. But I've seen two wars—and

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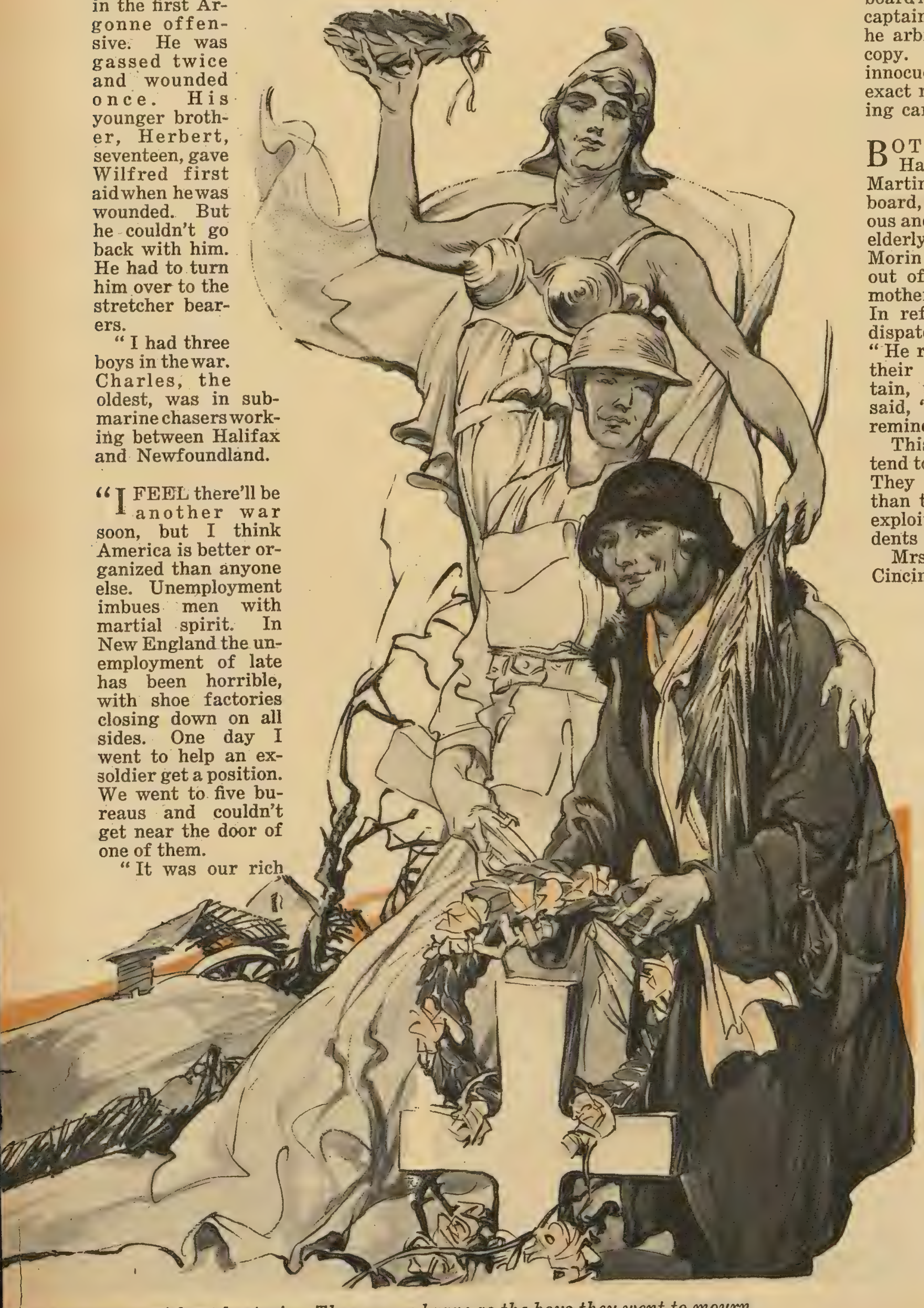


without tears, without hysteria. They are as brave as the boys they went to mourn.

MOTHERS LOOK AT WAR
Continued from page fifteen

hope I never see another. My brother was in the Spanish-American War. He's buried in Cuba.

"My father was wounded in the Civil War. My great-grandfather fought in the Revolution. And now my son lies in the Argonne cemetery. Well, there's a reason. We're from the same stock as Daniel Boone. At home I have a chair that belonged to Daniel Boone's brother."

Mrs. Susie E. Hunt, from St. Petersburg, Florida, was one of the few war widows who have not remarried, and consequently was eligible for the overseas pilgrimage. Still young and attractive, she can't forget Homer A. Hunt, a gallant man who died in action at Château-Thierry. Her baby was ten days old at the time.

"How I wish he'd come back, no matter how mutilated! He might have come minus an arm or a leg. But I'd have been so glad to have him back," she sighed wistfully. "An arm or a leg?" She laughed softly. "Oh, that wouldn't have mattered. Only one thing would have been worse than losing him. Once, at San Francisco, I saw ex-soldiers who'd been horribly gassed. I saw them brought out for exercise. They were like animals. I can't bear to think about them. That would have been worse than death. Yes, rather than that, I'm glad my husband died on the field of battle."

Questioned about her views on the League of Nations and the World Court, Mrs. Hunt evinced little interest.

"It doesn't seem to matter what we think. Whether we are for or against big world issues, like the League of Nations, doesn't seem to make any difference. Events go on and our sacrifices don't alter anything. All I'm conscious of is my own grief, my own loss. All that matters to me now is my little girl—his baby and mine. She's twelve now. It's been a dozen years since the war. The hard part of this trip overseas was leaving her, even though she's in good hands, with his parents. But let's don't talk any more. I can't bear to relive the war."

In France the Gold Star pilgrims saw plenty of evidence that war has not been banished from the heart of Europe despite the "war to end war" in which their sons died.

Every able-bodied Frenchman must perform a term of military service. Consequently soldiery are evident everywhere—on the boulevards of Paris, in the narrow, crooked streets of ancient French cities, and passing through the mossy-roofed villages. The mothers saw native French soldiers wearing their familiar blue-gray, and they saw France's Indo-China troops with their slanted Mongolian eyes, driving motor lorries. They also saw French provincial soldiers from Morocco—tall, swarthy men with brilliant red tunics thrown over their uniforms, and hoods of the same gay material.

This was a surprise to many of the women.

"You'd think a war was on!" exclaimed an Ohio mother when her startled eyes glimpsed a pair of tall warriors who might have stepped out of the Arabian Nights.

IN their trips to battlefields and cemeteries, the pilgrims saw enough evidence of the late war to realize, as never before, the unbelievable butchery, hardship, and devastation that war brings. They saw the remains of trenches winding away over meadows, dugouts still in a fair state of preservation, and German tanks that had ventured too far on their errand of death and failed to get back into friendly territory. In some parts of the great battleground the American visitors saw fantastic designs of white soil, woven into the pattern of carefully planted brown fields and neat vegetable gardens. This was subsoil heaved up from its proper place by trench warfare and high-explosive shells.

Perhaps the saddest sight of all is beautiful Rheims cathedral, shelled and burned during the war, and now restored by American money. But all the money in the world cannot replace the priceless stained glass. Some of it remains, having been removed laboriously by the French when enemy guns started their bombardment. This has been replaced. But many of the great windows bear only plain white glass.

One day Mrs. Sarah G. Thompson, a New York City pilgrim, showed other mothers pictures of her little grandsons. Gazing earnestly at their plump baby faces, she said, "It makes me sick—*sick* to think of their ever going to war! Still, if our country was at war I'd be ashamed of any son of mine who was a slacker."

Her son, Lieutenant Hugh Smith Thompson, an aviator, was mortally wounded in an air combat in which four American bombing planes were surrounded and attacked by twenty-seven German planes.

"They started out in the morning, Hugh in command," relates Mrs. Thompson. "They headed for Conflans, France, which was then held by the Germans. Their mission was to bomb the railroad yards there. They accomplished this, and at three in the afternoon were starting home in formation when suddenly they were surrounded.

"One plane got to earth, but the men were wounded and taken prisoner. The other six boys were killed. Lieutenant Charles Codman of Boston came to see me afterward. He said that when he flew over the plane in which Hugh and Pat Anderson were, he could see Pat slump over, apparently dead, and Hugh standing up, firing his guns. Then, when he looked back, he saw the plane in flames. They fell two thousand feet. Later we heard that Hugh had lived twelve hours in a German hospital.

"The French begged his body and buried it. Later he was moved to St. Mihiel cemetery. The two boys who were taken prisoner received the Distinguished Service Medal. But the six who died were never awarded it.

"My son made thirty trips into Germany. He is credited in the Air Service records with three planes. He was only twenty-one when he died.

"Horrible, isn't it? But what can we mothers do? I wouldn't have wanted him to hang back—to refuse to go."

IN civil life, this young hero, who volunteered to blow up the Conflans railway yards, was tender-hearted to an extreme degree. He adored animals. Once, returning from Plattsburg, New York, where he took part of his training, he brought back a young raccoon. He walked this animal on a leader on Fifth Avenue and took it to tea at the Plaza, creating a sensation.

Mrs. Anna Wick of Cleveland, Ohio, feels her opinion on war won't make any difference in the courses of governments. All the hopes she and her husband, a shipping clerk, had for their boy were dashed when the lad, at sixteen, ran away and joined the army under an assumed name. He was killed in France on July 23, 1918.

Hear Mrs. Emma Taylor, who lives on a farm near Hunter, Arkansas: "My boy worked on the farm with his father until war was declared and he enlisted.

"He was crazy to go. When I parted with him at the front gate of our home I wouldn't let myself cry. I didn't want him to see tears. He drove off with his father. Just before he turned the corner he waved and smiled. I always remember him like that. I never saw him again.

"He died of flu in a hospital in Paris.

"War? Why, I hate war! War is hell when it takes our boys. But we can't let other nations get the best of us."

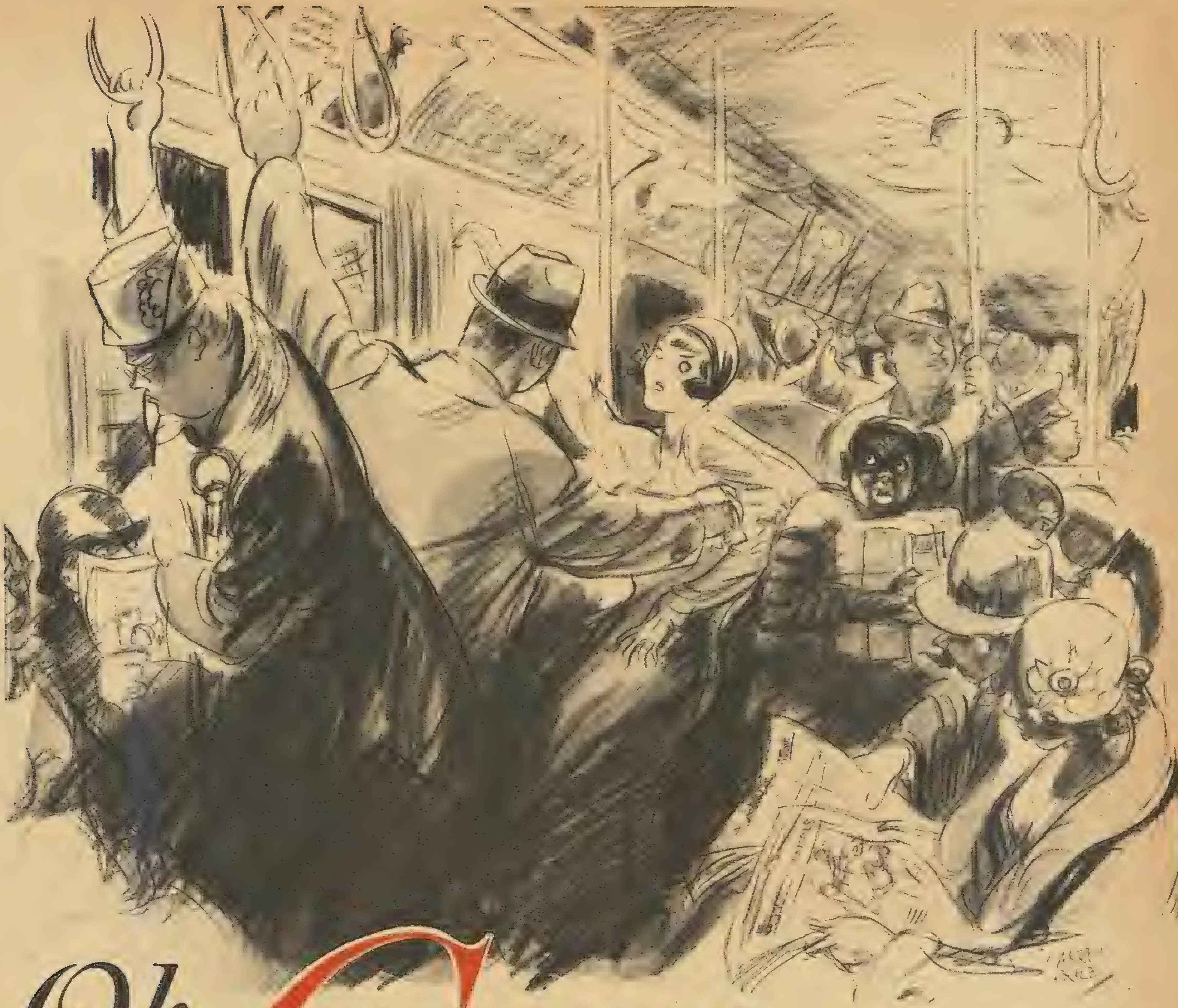
And so it went, throughout the 231 mothers who composed the first group of the 4,500 who are going to France to pay a mother's last tribute to a hero son.

They are nearly all elderly women. Their average age is sixty-five. One-fourth of the first contingent were foreign-born; and of these, one in four were German-born. Because America entered the war they are deprived of sons who would have been a comfort and a financial prop to them.

But they are not whining or complaining. They are patriotic mothers. If their country went to war again they would send their sons as they did before, without tears, without hysteria.

I think they are as brave as the boys they went to mourn.

THE END



She chose to sway into a small colored boy with a big bundle. It sounded like glass.

Oh GEE, I Forgot

The Story of a Lucky Mistake

By

FELICIA GIZYCKA

who at eighteen left home for a look at life as dishwasher, waitress, subscription solicitor, and bride. Following the precedent of her mother, the former Countess Gizycka, a successful novelist, she has now turned to the writing of fiction.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

THE young man removed his hat.

"I've come to take Rosalie to the matinée," he said politely.

"She isn't in," said Rosalie's Aunt Matilda. "But just you wait until she is."

The young man stirred uneasily on his feet. Aunt Matilda saw his embarrassment.

"Come in, Tommy. Come in." The door widened cordially.

"You know what I've always said?" she pursued, when they were in the dark library with its high bookshelves. She fussed with the fire, which was chasing a chilly spring. "If you can do anything with her, you have my absolute consent, to say nothing of my undying gratitude." She sat down, exhaling a long worried breath.

"Well, I can't. That's a cinch." Tommy sat down, too.

"I hoped once that she would be like her grandmother." Aunt Matilda couldn't help looking up at a portrait that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OH GEE, I FORGOT
Continued from page seventeen

hung overhead. It was as high and dark as the room, but the lady in it had auburn hair, and she held her head up and looked into space with graceful defiance.

"She's charming," Tommy acquiesced. "She looks as if she had nerve all right."

Tommy regarded his outstretched legs with dejection. Aunt Matilda gazed sympathetically at the legs. She was fond of this young man who was so devoted to her impossible niece. He was a lovable fellow and Aunt Matilda's heart was quite qualified to feel maternal on occasions. But she was also a practical woman. Tommy's hat and gloves and shoes, Tommy's suit, made by the best tailor from London—these little things spoke for themselves. They came forward and asked leave to whisper in Aunt Matilda's ear that Tommy's father was a very important factor in a very important firm.

Aunt Matilda now looked at the room; dusty because there weren't enough maids; old and dark because it was two hundred years since the house was built; and packed with mahogany—as were all the other rooms in the house (except the two top bedrooms, furnished with wicker). Here she lived with Rosalie—Rosalie who smelled of perfume from a triangular bottle, who wore 200-gage stockings on her Earl Carroll legs, who looked like a Raphael cherub on a diet, and who had turned out just twice as popular, expensive, and useless as any other New York débutante of the past three seasons.

This disquieting vision floated before Aunt Matilda, together with the fact that the first of the month had come around.

Rosalie's bills came in on the first of the month. And they were legion. Bills, bills, bills. Perhaps they had something to do with Rosalie's staying away on this particular afternoon. In her mind's eye Aunt Matilda reviewed one of the bills:

Madame Charbreux Claire.

4	sets lingerie, cobweb design	$20.00
5	beige hose	20.00
2	tea gowns, Parisienne	100.00
1	novelty perfume container	10.00
9	jars cold cream	37.00
11	boxes face powder	27.00

Aunt Matilda could even visualize the thick white paper on which it was printed. If this had been the first time. . .

The doorbell rang.

"Oh, good day, Mrs. Gibbs. I came to take Rosalie to the matinée." Roscoe Ulge stood hat in hand.

Aunt Matilda, who had long ago given up being surprised at anything, nodded coolly. Roscoe's round shape graced the threshold quite frequently of late. But though, like Tommy, he was a rich man's son—a very rich man's son—she never could be very cordial.

"Come in," she said, and then: "Do you know Mr. Miller? You do, don't you? He is taking Rosalie to the matinée, too."

"Well, I'll be ——" said Roscoe inelegantly. Before he could continue the bell rang again. Aunt Matilda hurried out into the hall. Young Ned Carson stood in the vestibule. Politely he removed his hat.

"Taking her to the matinée, Ned?"

"Why—er—yes, Mrs. Gibbs, if I may."

"Come right in and try your luck, Ned."

"What's that?"

BUT Aunt Matilda was looking into the street beyond. She espied another figure, young and masculine, swinging along with a hopeful gait.

"Well, that saves another trip to the door, anyway." In a louder voice she added: "Hello, William, how are you today?"

"Fine, Mrs. Gibbs," panted the young man as he leaped up the stone steps. "I'm not late, am I?"

"No, indeed. You know Ned, of course?"

"Hello." A polite pause.

"I'm not too early, am I, Mrs. Gibbs? Rosalie's ready, isn't she?"

"What's that?" Ned stared.

"I am very sorry, I'm afraid Rosalie is a little forgetful," said Rosalie's aunt. "At the moment she is out. But do come into the library and wait, because she may be back. There are already two other boys who are taking Rosalie to the matinée."

"What?"

"W-h-a-t?"

Aunt Matilda led the way into the library. "You all know each other, I think?"

There were four rather cool "Hellos."

Aunt Matilda excused herself and there was a general settling into chairs. There followed a longish lull. Then young William Vandergrift looked moodily at the floor and said:

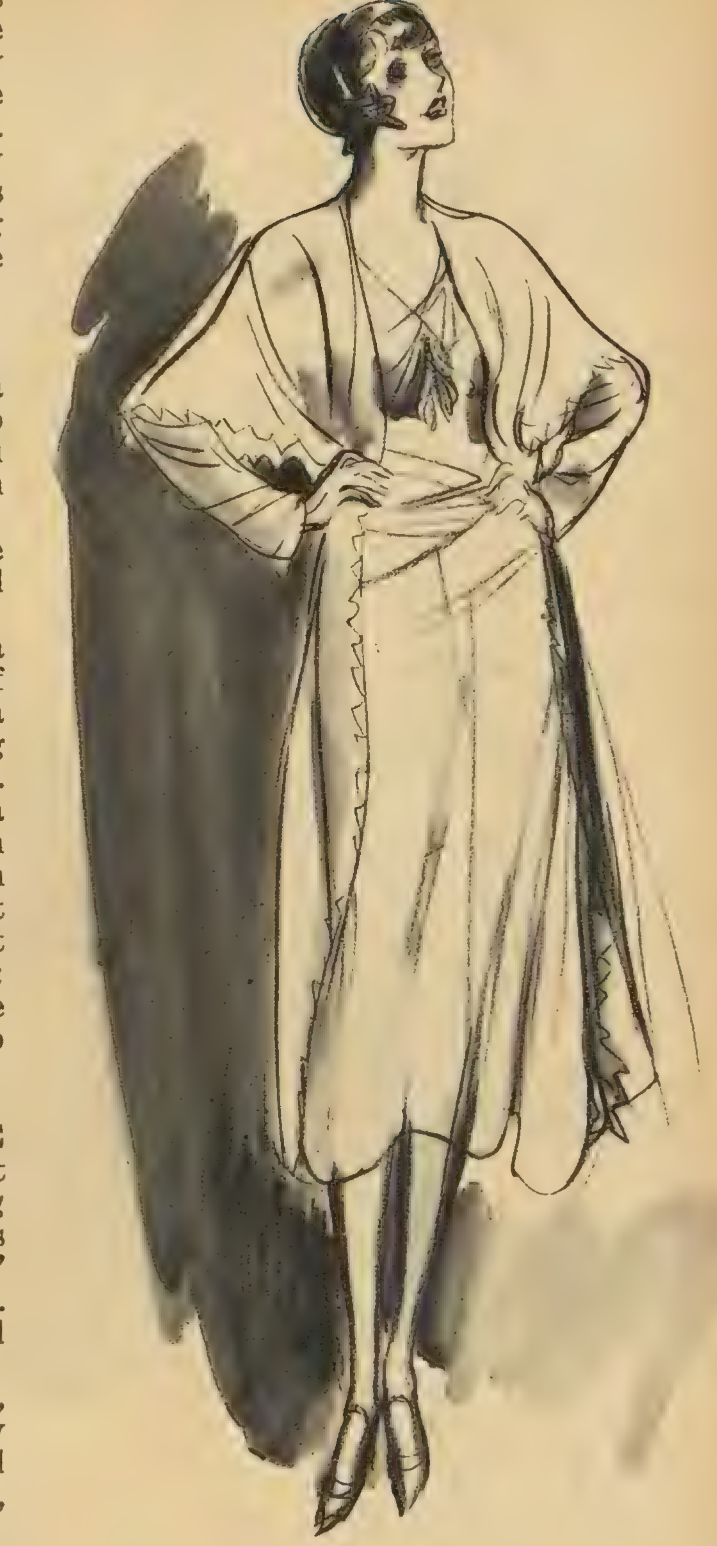
"I bet she doesn't show up at all."

ROSCOE ULGE held up a fat and reproving hand. "This makes me sore," he announced. "Suppose we all leave her?"

"All right, boys," Tommy Miller ventured gayly. "One, two, three."

No one stirred.

"Well." Tommy pulled out his watch. "I guess . . ." He got up.



"Well, well!" said she gayly.

But he didn't get any farther than the hall. A key clicked in the latch of the front door.

Miss Rosalie Ryerson stood on the library threshold, a pretty premeditated picture in a frame.

An effective pauser, Rosalie, with a chic tan coat and hat showing off her auburn hair, a milk-and-rose skin, the kind so often read about and so seldom seen, helped with lipstick, the right shade, and an ethereal coat of powder from one of the eleven boxes. Lovely long lashes and lovely green eyes, into whose depths men looked, usually to their sorrow. The gods were overkind, for Rosalie's legs were indeed straight and slim and Rosalie's figure was indeed quite faultless.

She put her hands to her hips in astonishment, so that her coat fell open, revealing a Parisienne gown (bill for which Aunt Matilda had so recently received).

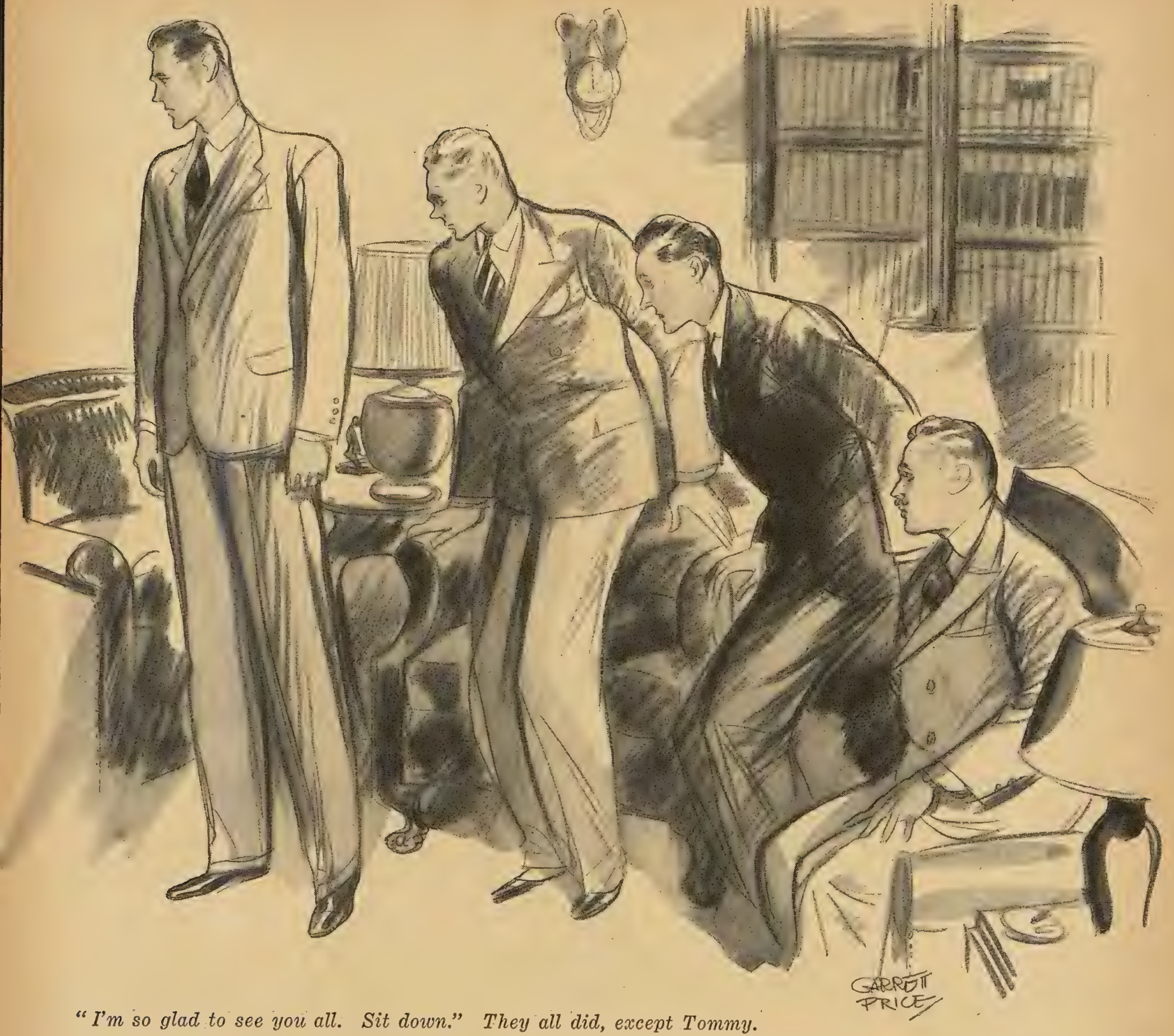
"Why—why! Well, well!" said she gayly. "I'm so glad to see you all. Sit down."

Which they all did, except Tommy, who stood, looking disagreeable.

"Well, Tommy dear, what's biting you?"

"I was going to the matinée with you this afternoon, Saturday the twenty-ninth at two-thirty. But it seems you have three other engagements."

"Why, Tom-mee! Why—why, so I was. Gee! I forgot! I'm so sorry! I—"



"I'm so glad to see you all. Sit down." They all did, except Tommy.

"How about me?" put in Roscoe Ulge. "You were going with me, too."

"Oh, no! was I?" She wrinkled a reflective brow. "Why, that's imposs— Why, Roscoe! Oh, I'm so embarrassed."

She looked around, and then, with a sudden explosion of mirth, fell into one of the chairs and hid her face in a small handkerchief which consisted chiefly of lace edge. There was another giggle, more explosive than the last, which ended up in frank and shameless laughter.

THE four young men stood very still. They smiled politely. Rosalie was the only one who made any sound at all. Finally she looked up with tears streaming from her eyes. Her tears were becoming, but she applied the inadequate handkerchief.

"Oh-h, oh-h, dear!" she sighed, quite out of breath. "Isn't that fun-nee? Imagine forgetting four times over. Oh, will I ever stop forgetting things?" She gave a giggle, preliminary to a brand-new set of laughter. But she stopped all of a sudden.

Tommy was walking toward the door.

"Oh!" she said, quite soberly. She got up. "Tommee, where are you going?"

But Tommy very rudely put on his hat and walked on. She caught him in the hall. "Please, Tommy. Of course I'll choose you to go with." And softly she added: "Have you forgotten?"

"I wouldn't talk about forgetting, young lady."

"Why, Tom-mee! I—I— After all that you said!"

But now came Aunt Matilda slowly down the stairs, a sheaf of papers in her hand, her eye on Rosalie.

"Rosalie, I want a few words with you alone."

Rosalie stood in the hall holding on to Tommy's sleeve, an interrupted tableau.

"Yes, aunty, as soon as the company has gone."

"Right now, Rosalie."

Aunt Matilda looked into the library.

"Will all of you stay just a moment, please? We have something to tell you in—just a moment."

A few polite "Yeses" and the four now never-to-be matinée dates watched Aunt Matilda en route to the study, trailed by a very subdued-looking niece.

In the study Aunt Matilda began methodically sorting a large pile of bills. She sat before a table on which the bills fell. The study was even darker and more mahoganized than the library, and Rosalie stood meekly in the middle of it, looking like spring stepped into a winter scene.

"That makes four hundred and one dollars surplus this month," said Aunt Matilda with unpleasant calm.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OH GEE, I FORGOT
Continued from page nineteen]

"Which is fifty more than last month's surplus, and one hundred more than the month before."

"Oh."

"The first thing we shall do is to go over every item and see just how much can be sent back."

"Oh, aunty dearie! I—"

"'Four sets lingerie, cobweb design'—"

"I—I'm afraid—"

"Well, here's another item: 'two tea gowns, Parisienne.'"

"Well, I guess we might send one of them back if Lucy could clean the coffee spots out of it. Lucy's very clever that way, and when you made me send back that silver and black lounging suit, Lucy ripped out the whole back and —and turned it or something, and sent it back and Lena Delong bought it the next day; and she wears it in the third scene of Violets and Vinegar and doesn't know that I did my setting-up exercises in it when the bathroom floor was just painted."

Aunt Matilda tilted her pince-nez significantly.

"Eleven boxes of face powder."

"Oh, aunty, I'd meant to explain why I needed so many and all that. Nowadays one never knows who's going to be around the next corner. One has to always have cosmetics where one can get at them quickly."

"I have scraped," said Aunt Matilda in a recording voice. "Your coming-out tea and that whole winter meant the family house and lot in Mamaroneck, as you know."

"Oh, come on, aunty! Who called it the Heinz Pickle Pier?"

"Then your trip to Europe, Rosalie. As you know, my five shares of General Electric went to that."

"Well, gee and gosh and darn! It's a new world, aunty. Life travels. Why not sell this old hayloft and take an apartment in the Seventies? The tiniest—"

"Nearer the center of activity so you can spend money a little faster? I've heard that the other girls in your set are like this, but they're richer, so that's better. And you're prettier, so you're worse. And now your bills—"

"Oh, my bills."

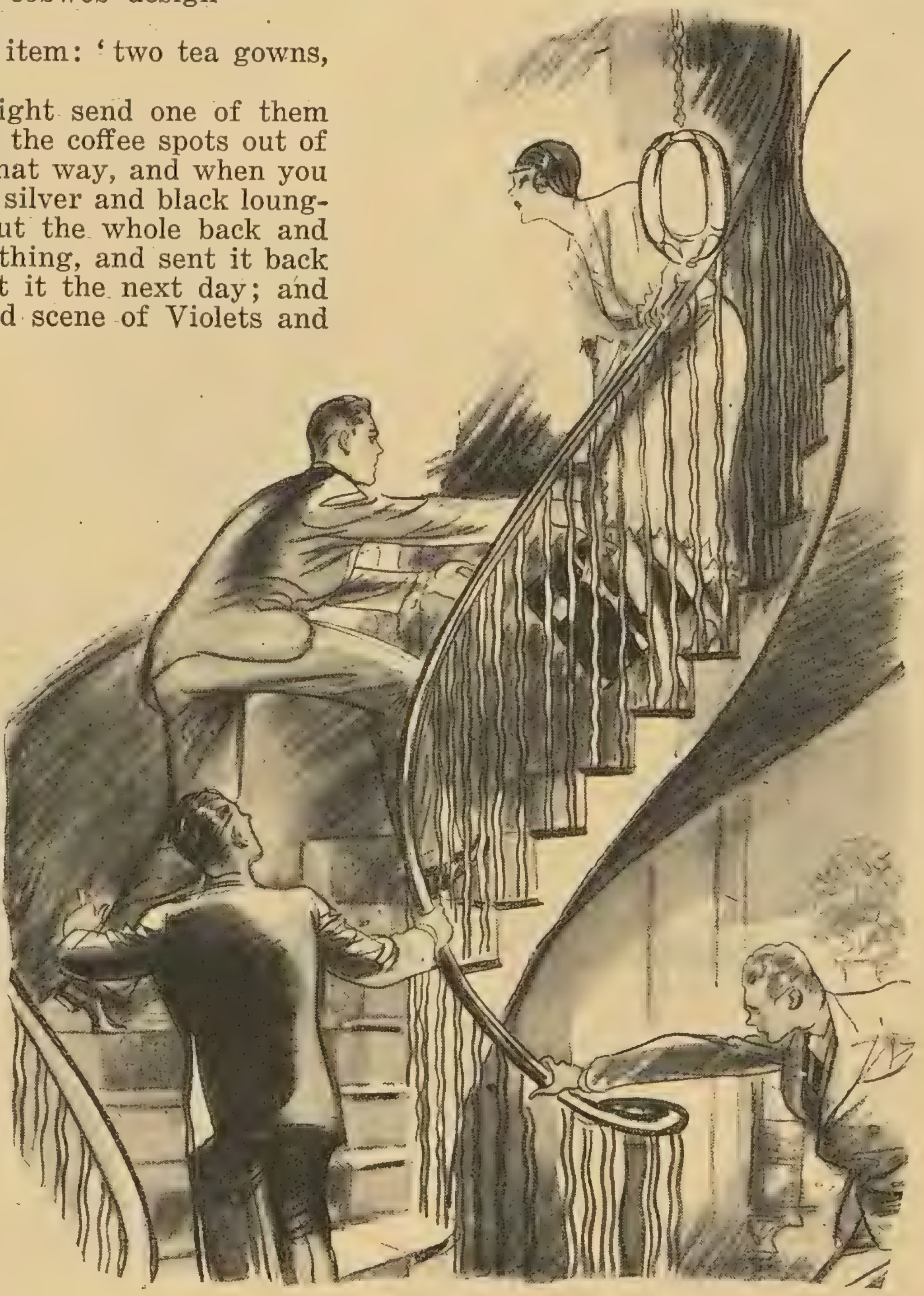
"ROSALIE. How can you sit there and say such a thing? You don't seem able to feel or to care. A thrill maybe, but that's only when three brokers and a Saxon prince propose every degree of proposal under the florist palms in one evening. But as for loving anybody, or thinking about anybody, you seem incapable of it. And you have no punch. You are too pretty. But since you won't marry for love, I think you should marry for reason. I think that your grandmother would agree. Anyway, I can't support you any longer. Four of your steadiest beaux are in the library sitting in a row, so to speak. I approve of them all—"

"That's not so, aunty! I know whom you— And what's more, I know you're joking. You don't mean you're not going to let me stay here?"

"My dear child, that's just what I do mean. You want a life with furbelows, and why not? Provide yourself honestly and charmingly with everything on a large scale. Be decorative. Be happy. I can see four alternatives—"

"Oh, aunty, how queer you're being!"

"They are all four in the next room. Which one do you care for most? They are all comfortably off. You know them all as well as you'll ever know them. I repeat, I cannot keep you. I think you had better make your decision now. Your mind is as made up as it will ever be. I suggest that you take one of them aside and tell him to come back after the others."



The noise was Rosalie's suitcase on the way down. Tommy got there first.

"AUNTY." Rosalie shot out of her chair. She giggled wholeheartedly, and the next minute she burst into tears.

"I don't know what to think," she sobbed. "I never, never knew you to be this way. I—I think you've changed. You are different. I—I never—I think you've been going to the movies!" She drew herself up to the height of five feet three and left the room.

"You'd better powder up those tears," was Aunt Matilda's comment.

But already her niece's Cuban heels were clattering on the stairs. She was going up to her room.

Twenty minutes went by. Then Aunt Matilda got up and went to the library.

"Rosalie is upstairs making a decision," she said serenely.

From overhead came a series of bumping sounds.

"Sounds like a weighty question," said Roscoe.

"She's bringing the furniture down," said Tommy.

Aunt Matilda led the way to the hall. The noise was Rosalie's suitcase, filled to overflowing and on the way down. With it was Rosalie hanging onto the rear strap, looking small and pale and proud.

Tommy, having played the best football, got there first.

"Almighty halibut!" panted Roscoe. "Rosalie's carrying something!" He wiped his face from sheer surprise.

Rosalie held on. "I don't need any help, thank you. I'm going to be independent now."

"You'll need a lot of gym work," Ned informed her from behind Tommy.

Tommy tightened on the suitcase. "Where are you going?"

"I'm just going. That's all."

"Independent—going?" shouted Roscoe. "Hear the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"I wonder how serious it really is"...

"PINK tooth brush" is a disquieting trouble to face. For with it come visions of all manner of dread dental diseases that may follow.

Decisively, "pink tooth brush" does not imply that you have pyorrhea. But it certainly does mean that your gums have begun to soften; that they have become so tender and weak that they bleed at the touch of the brush; and that they need immediate protection if they are to be rescued from the possible attack of more serious troubles!

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Street..

City.............................. *State*............

[OH GEE, I FORGOT
Continued from page twenty]

little girl. Hear her." He leaned against the banisters and had a good long laugh.

"Want me to show you?" said Rosalie icily. She yanked at the suitcase.

"What have you decided?" said Aunt Matilda from the hall below. Her voice sounded strangely eager.

"I've decided to leave this house." Rosalie drew herself up as well as she could with the suitcase.

Somebody all but held her nose while she swallowed whatever it was in the glass.

"Oh, Rosalie!" said Ned quickly, pressing closer. "Don't do anything silly. Look how—uh—little you are."

"That's right," urged the blond young William. "You're the orchid type, kid. Be yourself."

"An orchid!" said Rosalie. Her tone would have reduced Gibraltar to a powder. "An orchid," she repeated slowly. "I'll show you all what sort of an orchid I am. Aunt Matilda, I'm going to leave this house. Also, I'm going to get a job. Now, will you please let me pass?"

Everybody did. Rosalie marched down the stairs and into the street, with Tommy behind her carrying the suitcase. She stood on the curb in a businesslike way and whistled for the nearest Yellow. If the whistle sounded rather like new-born birds in their nest, still the cab drew up.

Tommy put the bag in after her. Everybody else seemed too taken aback to come out and do anything about it.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"Never you mind."

"Now, listen. That's all right, but at least let me give you this address. They can help you get a job."

"You're not very nice to me."

"I want to help you. Here's a vocational placement—Driver, have you got a pencil?"

"And what's more, I'm going to give up marrying you or anybody else and I'm going to have a career. I may start with just a profession—"

"Well, you'd better start with just a job. Take this piece of paper and tell the little woman at the office that I sent you. Oh, gosh! Here come all the others."

"Driver! Drive on quickly!"

"Well, I'm on my way to my father's lumber camp. Six months. Good-by," Tommy called as the cab roared past him. The paper with the address fluttered to Rosalie's feet.

"Thanks!" she shouted. But not without her new-found dignity.

Aunt Matilda had been left standing alone in the hall. From where she stood she could just see the high dark portrait on the wall in the library. She looked at it a long time, and her eyes twinkled mischievously. Then she blinked them both together, which, as everyone knows, is an aunt's way of winking.

II

"ALL right, young lady," said the little woman in the vocational agency. "Here's an office that just telephoned in this morning. They want a file clerk. As you're so bright and early, you have a good chance. No experience needed," she added penetratingly.

Rosalie got up holding the new address. "No experience? Does that mean that they don't pay a lot?"

But the little woman's spectacles were catching the light from another direction. "What can I do for you, young man?"

Rosalie turned. It was the blond young William.

"Rosalie, I've found you!"

"Hello, William."

"Say, Rosalie— Hello! Say, Rosalie, I have something I want to ask you."

Rosalie fled.

In the street he ventured to catch her hand. "Rosalie, I've followed you for blocks. I can't see you like this. Marry me."

"No. And please do stop following me around. I've seen you, all three of you." The paper with the address fluttered to the ground. Simultaneously they stooped to pick it up. Their heads bumped.

"William Vandergrift!" exclaimed the injured lady, rubbing her share of the bump. "Don't you know better than to stoop when I'm stooping? You're no asset; you're a liability. You should see for yourself how silly we'd be married—doing everything the same time I did it. As for following me around like this, that's the last straw."

"Hey, wait! Hey, Rosalie!" But she was gone, leaving young William standing and staring after her.

After she was well out of sight, she walked along more slowly. When one hasn't had any breakfast, exercise isn't always so welcome, especially when one has dined on a candy bar the night before. She had thought that landladies were only persistent in books. But hers had demanded advance rent for a third hall back. "Third hall back," she had repeated proudly, when she had discovered how really airless it was.

ROSALIE'S head swam, so she held it very high. But at that, she couldn't walk to Tenth Street. But twenty cents was twenty cents. She would inquire where the subways were. She knew they wouldn't cost more than that.

She found a policeman who was large and Irish and up on subways. She walked down the stairs and through the nickel turnstile with plenty of efficiency. But subways were evidently not places to sit down in. The seats all seemed occupied. It started; it lurched. She dug her elbow into someone who said "Ouch!" and her other elbow into someone who said "Hey, cut it out." Where was her right glove? Well, she could lay this one nearly over a strap, so, and put her hand over it. A red, beefy hand shot up ahead of hers and grasped the glove. There was something familiar about the hand. Rosalie looked. Roscoe Ulge. She wasn't surprised.

"Well, Roscoe."

"Well, little girl. So this little glove is yours?" He squeezed it as he spoke.

"Obviously," said Rosalie with annoyance.

"Well, well." His voice was kindly. "If you want a nice firm support, why, cling to me, little girl. Cling to me."

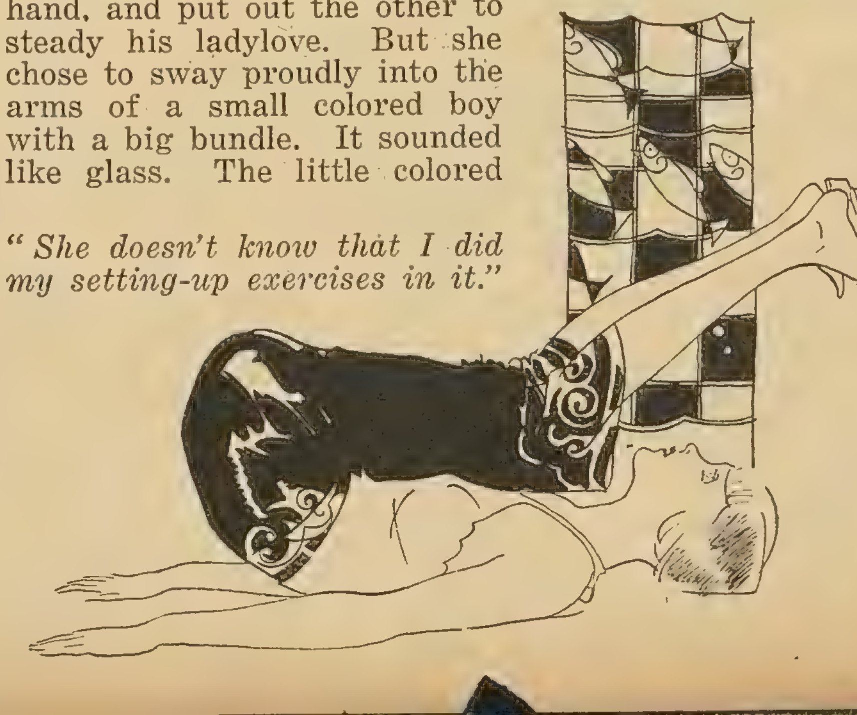
"Roscoe, I told you, I think, last time I saw you that I'm a working woman now. I haven't time to keep meeting you and Ned and Bill all the time."

"Bill—Ned? I'll punch their heads, the dirty bums! Following you around, are they? Well, I'll show them."

"Oh, Roscoe, if you would only make them stop!"

"Sure I will, little girl—if you give me the right."

The subway lurched. Roscoe grabbed the strap with one hand, and put out the other to steady his ladylove. But she chose to sway proudly into the arms of a small colored boy with a big bundle. It sounded like glass. The little colored



"She doesn't know that I did my setting-up exercises in it."

boy wailed with fear and dismay.

"Don't try and protect me," said Rosalie coldly, swaying back again. "I can take care of myself. And what's more, you might only half punch them, and they'd come limping after me all bandaged up."

"Listen, darling. This is your old Uncle Roscoe speaking. I'll put them in the hospital if you say so. That is, if you'll be a nice sensible little girl and marry me."

"Roscoe, I can't think about marriage. I'm on my way to my career right now. Oh, here's my station. Quick! Good-by!"

Before he could bring his corpulence to follow, the door of the subway had opened and shut again.

"Shucks," said Roscoe. He didn't believe in profanity. He would have to watch her lodging house again. But Ned and Bill—he'd punch their heads.

Rosalie had left the train a station too soon, just to shake Roscoe, and now she had some walking to do. Her head was light and her knees felt absurd. It was an effort to walk three blocks, and even more effort to walk four. It was hardest of all to discover at the fifth block that she had walked one block too many and had to go back. A very discouraging business altogether.

"Could you tell me," said Rosalie to an elevator boy, "how I can find office 1-9-0-1?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "Is that young fellow looking for you?"

Rosalie didn't even turn around; she just bounded into the elevator.

"Take me up quick!" she stage-whispered.

BUT unfortunately the elevator was made out of open iron bars, and when it stopped at floor thirteen to let on a messenger boy, the one containing Ned stopped too.

"Rosalie," Ned whispered shamelessly through the gratings. "Rosalie, if you knew what I've gone through for you!" He raised his voice. "Why, darling, I've been following you all morning," he said. Both elevator boys grinned.

"You're not very original."

Rosalie's elevator shot up to floor fifteen. Ned's kept parallel.

"Darling, it was terrible, but it was worth it. I have something I want to suggest—"

"No, I *won't* marry you!" she announced through the barrier.

The boy in Ned's elevator looked on with an interest that told of a two-dollar bribe. But the boy in Rosalie's, with an eye to sport, shouted, "Going up!" and promptly went. Ned's elevator still kept up.

"Rosalie, listen a minute. I was only teasing yesterday—"

"Yes, but I'm on my way to business now and I haven't time to stop and chat."

"Floor nineteen," announced Rosalie's boy in a fine singsong. "End of the hall, miss—quick!" he added dramatically as she rushed out.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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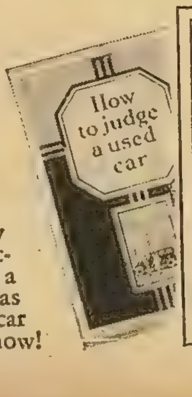
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THE NEW YORKER
Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City
RALPH HITZ • Managing Director

OH GEE, I FORGOT
Continued from page twenty-three

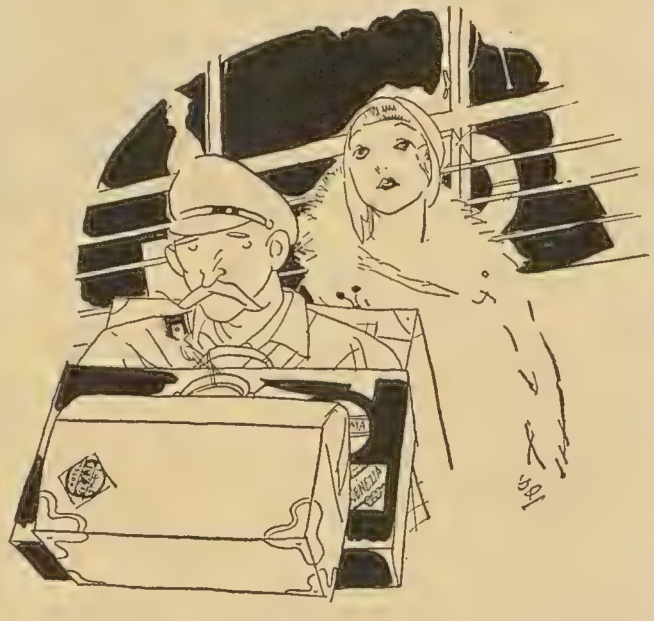
When it came to sprinting after the girl of his dreams, Ned drew the line. After all, there are limits to outraging one's dignity and the grace of one's motion. He stood in the open elevator and sponged off an anguished brow.

Rosalie, seeing no Ned behind her, kept up a brisk trot nevertheless. A brisk trot was all she could manage just then, but she could take no chances.

There seemed to be a waiting room in the office of Miller and Brown, which was lucky. One of the chairs rushed up to meet her as she sat down. She tried not to seem too limp, remembering that applicants for jobs must be bright and brisk. But the secretary, who was laying papers on a desk, seemed to see through this pose.

"I'll have some spirits of ammonia here in a minute," she said and departed.

Well, fainting wasn't what it was cracked up to be. At least, *practically* fainting wasn't. With the untidy feeling in her tummy growing worse by the minute, she sat in a frankly caved-in position and wondered how her head could act like a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel all at once.



"Then your trip to Europe, Rosalie. My five shares of General Electric went to that."

SOMEBODY stood over her, said something encouraging, and then all but held her nose while she swallowed whatever it was in the glass.

With increasing sobriety she looked up at him. He was straight and stout and an even iron-gray as to hair and clothes. From the depths of her unprepossessing position, she said timidly:

"I've come to start work."

Something lively woke up in his eyes. "Work," he meditated, surveying the ammonia glass merrily. "So you're Miss Ryerson."

"How did you know?"

"The agency telephoned that you were coming. And I was to ask you how you were fixed financially."

"Well, I'll be better off when I get my salary."

"I see. This is my secretary, Miss Geeven, and I am Mr. Miller. If you'd like to try being file clerk here, I think it could be arranged. Miss Geeven was just on her way to lunch. You might go with her and talk it over. She can explain—"

"Lunch." Rosalie had been surer of her job than she had been of eating. "Lunch." She didn't know, in the old days, how well that word could sound. "But isn't it a little early for lunch?" she protested weakly.

Mr. Miller glanced casually at a clock which said quarter past ten.

"Well, it is rather. But Miss Geeven just said that she was going out. Perhaps you would like some breakfast." Whereupon Mr. Miller gave Miss Geeven a private look which erased from her face any vestiges of surprise.

Rosalie thanked Mr. Miller in the humblest tone that she had used for twenty-four hours. She tagged after Miss Geeven, too done-in to speak. When she got her salary, why, then she would take Miss Geeven to lunch. During eggs and coffee with rolls and butter, she learned about Miss Geeven. Miss Geeven had a sweetie; she always went to Bloomingdale's for her envelope chemises; the boss was a king among men, though once in a while, when something went seriously wrong, he got crabby. The whole Miller family—

"I know a man called Miller," said Rosalie sadly. "He gets crabby about nothing at all. His name is Tommy."

"Oh, it's the same family," said Miss Geeven. "He comes in the office now and then. And how good-looking he is!"

Well, wait till he came in again, thought Rosalie, and saw her filing. She'd show him how smart she was. Perhaps she'd even be at a typewriter with a pencil behind her ear and no time for him at all. How sorry he'd be that he hadn't been nice to her when she was still within his reach. But if he spoke to her, she'd only reach for another paper, or file away another card, and tell him to run along.

III

LATER that morning Rosalie was left alone in Mr. Miller's private office to begin on a small file. Miss Geeven had given brisk and swift instruction. She was to arrange all the names according to alphabet and the numbers on the cards.

But before embarking on this new life forever, she had a little note to write. She sat down at the big desk. There were neat squares of paper and envelopes, some signed and ready for mail, some unsigned. She took a nice large sheet of paper and, biting her under lip to control all trembling, she wrote:

"Since you told me yesterday in the hall that you were trying to forget, and since you have gone away to the lumber camp, I suppose that you will gladly welcome the news that I have started my career. I am now a practical woman; my life is devoted to my work, and I have left behind all foolish romanti-zism. Thank you for the address. It proved useful."

She heard footsteps approaching. She seized an envelope, wrote Tommy's name and address, looked wildly around for the letter, seized it, signed it, and slipped it in the envelope. Then with a few swift licks she sealed the other letters ready for mail and went out to the letter chute in the hall.

Next day she was working in the room where the big files were. The boss was there and he was scolding Miss Geeven. Miss Geeven was trembling in her black and white leather beach sandals.

Mr. Miller was holding forth in a very unusual manner and she showed how mad she was by looking unconcernedly out of the window.

"I left it on the desk in my office," he announced in ungentle tones.

His secretary did a little private trembling. She registered polite ease.

"BUT, Mr. Miller, that letter and several others were left to be mailed. They'd have been mailed anyway if Miss Ryerson hadn't done it, but then—"

"Well, it's gone. Fifty thousand dollars out of the window! I've told you before, Miss Geeven, that important documents shouldn't be left with the other mail. And besides, if you'd have gone through my incoming stuff fast enough, you'd have seen that wire from my brother saying that that company's no good. Then you'd have gone in there and saved me fifty thousand dollars!"

Miss Geeven swung on a shaking heel and left the room. "Crab," she said, semi-sotto.

The boss paused on his way out. "Have you finished the As yet?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Miller, I'm filing the Bs now."

"Is anything the matter?"

"No—no."

"Had a quarrel with anyone?"

"Well, I did write a letter."

"Well, I know all about letters. I signed a contract the day you came and now I'm sorry—perhaps fifty thousand dollars' worth."

The whistling boy could be heard outside. He stopped whistling as he brought in a telegram and a letter. Rosalie turned to the file and slipped a Z among the Bs. With determination she fished it back and put it just this side of the Ys.

The boss suddenly let out a series of grunts. He was reading the telegram and the letter.

"Is that something you were expecting?" said Rosalie politely.

"No, not exactly."

"Oh!"

"Miss Ryerson, do you ever powder your nose?"

"Yes, Mr. Miller. Is it shiny?"

"Well, no, but then there are some

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

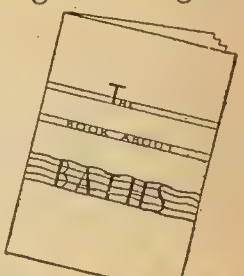
COLD?
COOL?
TEPID?
WARM?
HOT?

What kind shall I take ??

"I've just read the most astonishing booklet...about *baths!* Imagine a book about baths being so *interesting*, and so *helpful!*

"But when I think of all the sleepy, 'no-account' mornings I have had; the evenings spoiled by being *inexcusably* tired; and the nights I've been too excited or nervous to sleep! And then to learn (among lots of other things) that the right kind of baths probably would have saved many of those precious hours . . . well! . . . I can't tell you how sorry I am this little book wasn't published a long time ago".

You'll feel the same way about it, we are certain, when you get your free copy of "The Book About Baths". So use the coupon.



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Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

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45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me *free* "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.
Name..............................
Address..............................

..MY FAMOUS CHAMBERMAID TEST!..

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

IN SOME HOTELS they call me the big peep and snoop man from Newark. But when I want information, I go to headquarters. If chambermaids don't know what shaving cream men use, who does?

So, with the permission of the manager, I ask the chambermaids to check up for me. "Just tell me what kind of shaving cream is on the bathroom shelf," I say to them.

And Mennen leads in every hotel where I've made the chambermaid test. Same on Pullman cars, where all I need to do is to use my eyes. The big fellows who use the best trains and the best hotels just naturally use the best shaving cream too.

MY GUARANTEE

Remember, I guarantee you two more good shaves per blade with Mennen, and I return your money if you think I'm wrong. Mennen Shaving Cream gets whiskers so completely ready for the razor that the blade has less work to do. Penetrates skin pores, floats out dirt particles, preventing "muddy skin," pimples and blackheads.

And Mennen alone gives you two creams to choose from. (1) *Original*—famous for its quick, creamy lather. (2) *Menthol-iced*—with its refreshing tingle... You can get either tube at any drug store.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAMS
2 KINDS — ORIGINAL — MENTHOL-ICED

MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
MENNEN SKIN BALM
25¢
FREE

HERE'S a real bargain. A full size can of Mennen Talcum for Men (the original man's powder) plus a generous tube of Mennen Skin Balm (the refreshing, non-greasy, after-shaving preparation) — *both for the price of Talcum.*

A BARGAIN OFFER

OH GEE, I FORGOT
Continued from page twenty-five

very efficient and fussy visitors coming and I like the staff to look neat. Any minute now—"

Whereupon, without any announcement, the door burst open.

“Hey, father, I got your telegram. Where is—”

“Tommy! Why, how on earth? Why, Mr. Miller, this is—”

“Yes, it is. Hello, son. I think you know my new file clerk. I'm glad you got my wire all right.”

“Did you—” said Rosalie.

“Yes, I did. Father, may I present—my fiancée?”

“Well, of all the nerve. You haven't changed any.”

“All right, little file clerk, what does this letter mean?”

From his pocket Tommy drew a contract between one Hermann Haycock of Haycock and Company and one Thomas Miller of Miller and Brown. Not only was it signed by said Thomas Miller, but there was a letter with it which read:

“In accordance with our conversation, I have decided to have you take complete charge of specified interests. This is to take effect immediately.”

Something was added about an inclosed contract, then the letter was signed “Thomas Miller.” But in addition to this, in the extreme left-hand corner was scrawled “Rosalie.”

“I thought it was a rather roundabout way to tell me,” said Tommy resentfully, as he took a step nearer.

“Well, son,” broke in the boss, “I can show you a companion piece. Look at this.”

MY DEAR MR. MILLER:

We are returning herewith an unsigned letter from your office evidently placed through inadvertence in an envelope addressed to us.

Very truly yours,
HAYCOCK & CO.
HERMANN HAYCOCK.

With it was a short letter in a very round hand on a large sheet of paper.

“Oh,” said Rosalie, “I guess I got things mixed.”

“Efficiency—talk about efficiency! Why, son, she's wonderful. She doesn't know how to handle large mails yet, but she's in the office less than a week and saves me fifty thousand dollars on the first day she's here. Miss Geeven would have been a very different story—”

“Well, the contract is binding for life,” observed Tommy. “Do you see, Rosalie?”

“Well, first I'll finish the file.” She looked at the steel drawers with their myriads of confused cards. “I'll do it,” she murmured. “Tommy—you must see—I have to show first that I'm efficient enough to keep house in a lumber camp.” Two tears of resolution filled her eyes. “Tommy, you must read the paper carefully. It says ‘specified interests.’ Besides, you should be punished for framing me.” She smiled and fingered the little cards in the file.

But Aunt Matilda took to putting initials on linen right away. She was embroidering “R. R. M.” on a tablecloth when she looked up at the tall dark portrait and blinked both eyes, which, as everyone knows, is an aunt's way of winking.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

The last story received in America from

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

before his recent death

—an imaginative picture of what might happen in a gang-ridden American city

---

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—How many justices comprise the United States Supreme Court?
2—What is gutta-percha?
3—What is a termagant?
4—What is Shinto?
5—Who said “A little learning is a dangerous thing”?
6—What European statesman has suggested the United States of Europe?
7—What is gluten?
8—What does *ad infinitum* mean?
9—What is an emetic?
10—Mauve is a shade of what color?
11—What does histrionic mean?
12—What is largess?
13—What is the highest peak of the Alps?
14—What is a deciduous tree?
15—What is the wattle of a bird or reptile?
16—On what river is Rome, Italy, situated?
17—What is a fulcrum?
18—What are oviparous creatures?
19—Who was President during the War of 1812?
20—Mount Rainier is in what mountain range?

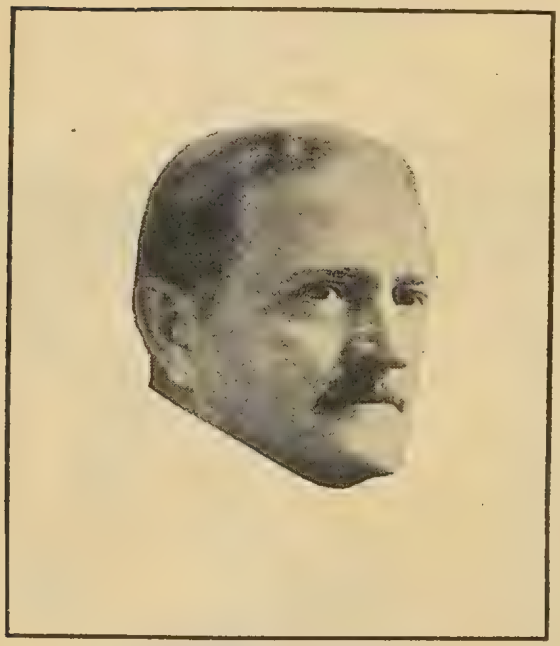
(Answers will be found on page forty)

Funny Faces! Can You Make Them?

Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

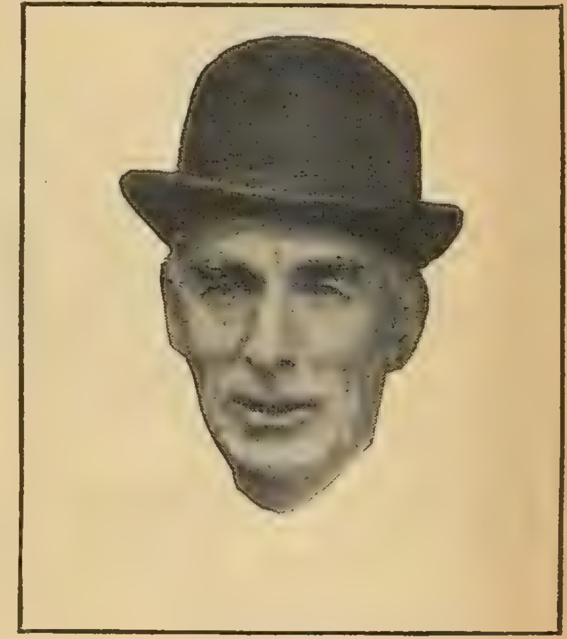
For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500



GENERAL PERSHING

ETHEL BARRYMORE

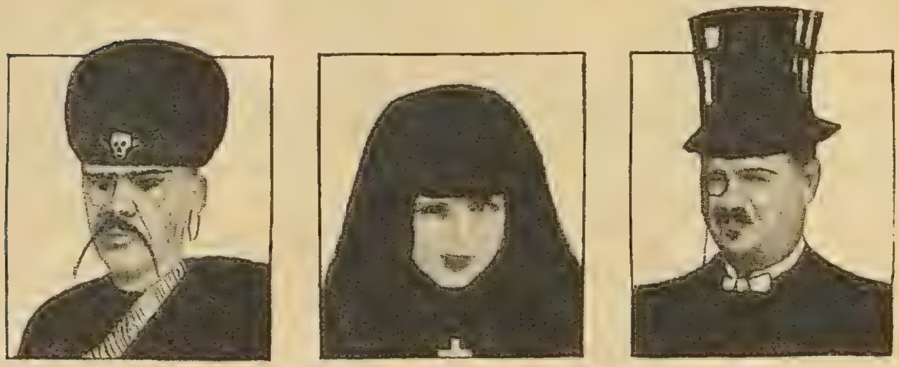


CONNIE MACK

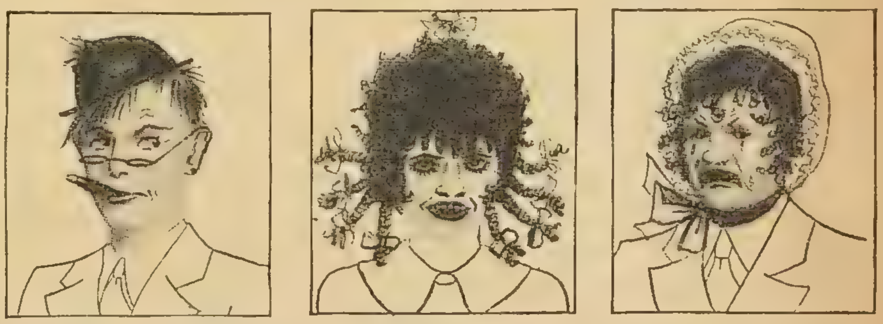
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, August 9. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THE FIRST PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Charles Lindbergh, Clara Bow, and Babe Ruth, in our July 12 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Cecil D. Richards, 43 Bishop Street, Edgewood, Wheeling, West Virginia



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Kathleen L. Hayes, 702 Lerida Avenue, Oakland, California

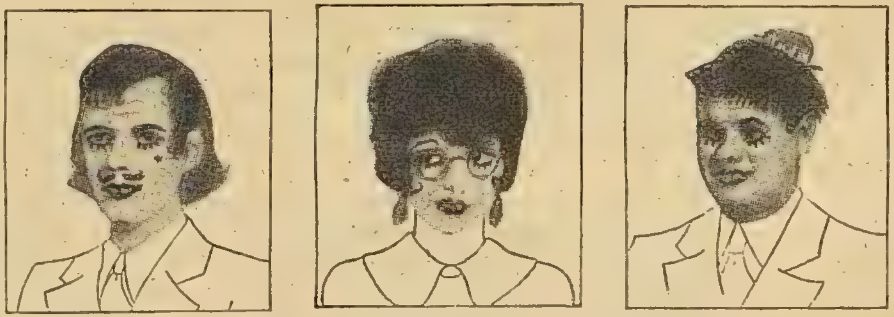
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced as quickly as possible, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Helen Wendt, 642 East Main Street, Meriden, Connecticut

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Richard W. Adkins, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. John Aldridge, Lyells, Va.; Pauline Avera, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Ethel Bittick, Shreveport, La.; Roy Buchanan, Detroit, Mich.; Harry Butz, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.; Fred J. Cashman, Jr., East Chicago, Ind.; Leo Chisling, Birmingham, Ala.; Nora B. Clarkson, Dallas, Tex.; Violet Clements, San Francisco, Calif.; Francis J. Conway, Trenton, N. J.; Eugenia Endicott, Pendleton, Ore.; Muriel Fellows, Philadelphia, Pa.; N. H. Haugen, Toledo, O.; Sara Heagen, Zanesville, O.; John Heaney, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. M. Hefele, Cincinnati, O.; Joseph Kichaven, Chicago, Ill.; George E. Knapp, Vinton, Ia.; H. R. Laudermilk, Wichita, Kan.; William W. Pratt, New York, N. Y.; William C. Rhodes, Baltimore, Md.; Agnes M. Sandy, Carle Place, N. Y.; T. R. Scanlan, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Melvin Semling, Washington, D. C.; Robert Earle Smith, Jr., Glen Burnie, Md.; Ethel Taylor, Peoria, Ill.; Eileen Wall, Washington, D. C.; William G. Warner, Janesville, Wis.; Margaret Wechsler, Denver, Colo.

Convicts

The prison film, The Big House, presents Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery.

From Grave to Gay in the Week's Potpourri of Pictures

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE BIG HOUSE

CAST

Morgan	Chester Morris
Butch	Wallace Beery
Warden	Lewis Stone
Kent	Robert Montgomery
Anne	Leila Hyams
Pop	George F. Marion
Mr. Marlowe	J. C. Nugent
Olsen	Karl Dane
Wallace	De Witt Jennings
Gopher	Mathew Betz
Mrs. Marlowe	Claire McDowell
Donlin	Robert Emmet O'Connor

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by George Hill.

THIS story had to be written. It is propaganda for reform in the management of state prisons. But this is propaganda so cleverly and forcefully handled that you will sit breathlessly through it, interested in every scene.

The story was written originally for the movies by Frances Marion, who was inspired by the recent epidemic of jail riots and attempted breaks. George Hill's direction and the splendid acting of the cast give the story vitality and validity.

A reckless youth accidentally kills a man with his car. He is sentenced to ten years and although not really a criminal is condemned to share a narrow cell with two desperadoes. The boy, Kent, is bullied and made miserable, and finally turns stool pigeon for the warden. Morgan, one of the bad men, escapes, meets Kent's sister, falls in love with her, and turns over a new leaf. However, he is spotted as an escaped convict and returned to prison.

Butch plans a general break, but Morgan refuses to have anything to do with the plan, being anxious to have his term shortened for good behavior. Kent informs on the conspirators and they are permitted to go through with their plan up to the opening of the first gate. Then comes the holocaust. The scenes of the battle between guards and convicts are so vivid that you need to take a grip on yourself to sit quietly through them. The acting throughout is splendid, but Chester Morris, Wallace Beery, and Robert Montgomery are superb.

★ ★ SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES

CAST

The Maid	Billie Dove
Reginald De Brett	Clive Brook
Anthony Peel	Sidney Blackmer
Sir John Deptford	Crauford Kent
Angela Worthing	Leila Hyams
Sam Worthing	John Loder
Maître d'Hôtel	Fletcher Norton
Police Inspector	Albert Gran

Produced by First National. Directed by Clarence Badger.

This is not a side-splitting farce, but there are enough embarrassing situations in it to make you laugh. It has been adapted from a play known as Other Men's Wives and I imagine has been changed, since the heroine, played by Billie Dove, is not a wife. She just pretends to be a wife in order to save her indiscreet sister from a scandalous divorce suit.

Sidney Blackmer, Leila Hyams, and Fletcher Norton in Sweethearts and Wives.

It all takes place in a remote country inn on the road between Paris and Le Touquet. The inn is one of those places in which almost anything is liable to happen—and does.

Clive Brook plays a comic divorce detective. I have seen him do better work. One doesn't expect acting from Billie Dove, so you won't be disappointed. All that is required of her is to be beautiful—and she is.

and CHUCKLES

The play Tommy comes to the screen as She's My Weakness. This is how Arthur Lake and Sue Carol look in it.

★ ★ She's My Weakness

CAST

Tommy Mills	Arthur Lake
Marie Thurber	Sue Carol
Warren Thurber	Lucien Littlefield
David Tuttle	William Collier, Sr.
Mrs. Thurber	Helen Ware
Bernard Norton	Alan Bunce
Mrs. Oberlander	Emily Fitzroy
Wilson	Walter Gilbert

Produced by R-K-O. Directed by Melville Brown.

In spite of the meaningless title this is a clever little comedy. You'll chuckle and grin throughout it. You'll enjoy Sue Carol's spunky performance of the girl who refuses to be bullied into marrying even though she desires the marriage herself. The story is taken from a play known to Broadway last year as Tommy. The oldsters are excellent, Littlefield, William Collier, Sr., and Helen Ware doing fine character work.

This picture has a nice quiet charm.

Dangerous Nan McGrew isn't a solemn film—as a glance at Victor Moore and Helen Kane will tell you.

★ Dangerous Nan McGrew

CAST

Nan McGrew	Helen Kane
Doc Foster	Victor Moore
Bob Dawes	James Hall
Eustace Macy	Stuart Erwin
Muldoon	Frank Morgan
Mrs. Benson	Louise Closser Hale

Produced by Paramount. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.

Four comedians work hard to put over this slapstick comedy, but it falls short, considering the effort expended. Helen Kane, for whom it was designed, sings a couple of songs in her baby voice with the boop-boop-a-doop hesitation in it.

Frank Morgan and Victor Moore do some clowning together in a drunken scene that might have been funny if a little restraint had been used in direction. But Stuart Erwin, who has been funnier in less obviously comical rôles, does give you a laugh once in a while. I hope you and I will see Frank Morgan some day in something funnier than this.

I shall never forget his stage performance in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

As for Helen Kane, a little goes a long way.

(No Stars) The Czar of Broadway

CAST

Bradley	John Wray
Connie	Betty Compson
Jay Grant	John Harron
Francis	Claude Allister
Dane Harper	King Baggot
McNab	Edmund Breese

Produced by Universal. Directed by William James Craft.

If this were just a little sillier it would be a good burlesque.

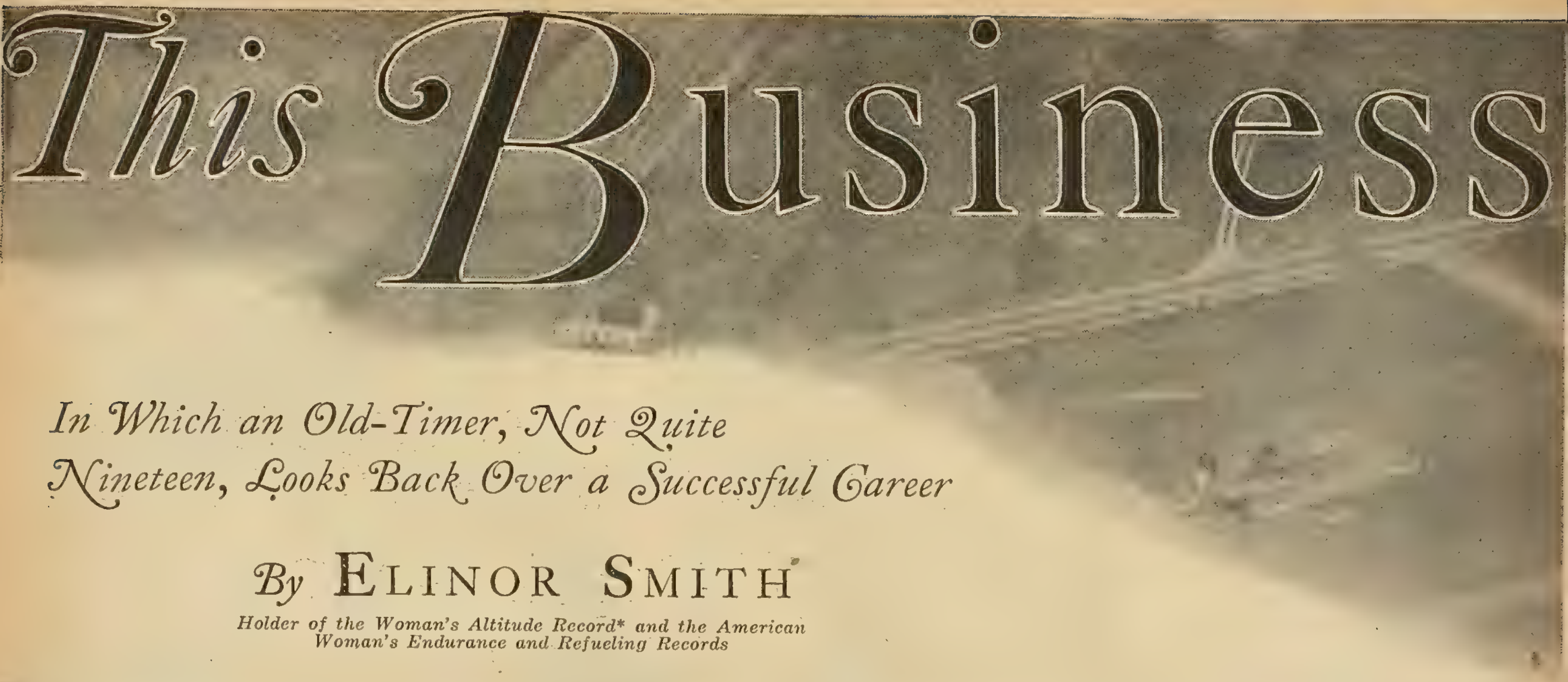
Do you know that—

The Royal Road to Romance is to be made into a movie by Fox? . . . Marjorie Rambeau, stage star, is making her talking screen début in Helen Twelvetrees' next picture entitled Her Man?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—With Byrd at the South Pole.

★★★—Raffles, Holiday, The Social Lion, In the Shadow of the Law, In Gay Madrid, So This Is London, Swing High.



This Business

In Which an Old-Timer, Not Quite Nineteen, Looks Back Over a Successful Career

By ELINOR SMITH

Holder of the Woman's Altitude Record and the American Woman's Endurance and Refueling Records*

BECAUSE of the numerous conflicting reports regarding my private life (gosh, doesn't *that* sound important?) I have been asked to give a correct résumé of all that has happened since that eventful day of August in 1911.

To really start, I was born August 17, 1911, in New York City, and a short while later was christened Elinor Regina Patricia Ward. So you see that I really started out under a handicap right there! However, in the short space of two years I was up and about, making life generally quite warm for my long-suffering parents. When I was three, my partner in crime, Joseph Arthur Christopher Ward, made his appearance, and from that time the panic was on! It wasn't long after this that we moved to Long Island, where we have resided ever since.

To quote the neighbors, "Those Ward children could get into more trouble in less time than any two on the island!" Mother said it did no good to tell us what not to do because we never did the same thing twice anyway!

When I was about seven a barnstorming pilot picked out a field back of our town and started to carry passengers. Dad, who has always been sold on the subject of flying, bought a ride and gave in to Joe's pleas to take him along. I had been away, and when I returned to find that my brother had achieved the realization of my dreams (yes, that was the pinnacle of my ambition even in those days) I was heartbroken. It was a full year after this before I finally flew.

It was at Roosevelt Field, though at that time it was called Hazelhurst, and my pilot was none other than the ace of the aëronautical world at that time, Bert Acosta. From that time on I ate, drank, talked, and dreamed airplanes. My dad had, as I have said, always been intensely interested in aëronautics, and I now did everything possible to keep up that interest.

P. & A. photo

Elinor Smith, before her altitude flight, and Carl Schneider holding the barograph which later registered 27,418 feet.

A few years afterward while daddy was playing at Long Beach, California, he started to take flying instructions. Oh, dear me! I just happened to think, you haven't any idea *what* daddy was playing, have you? Well, never too late to mend. The reason daddy was playing was that he is an actor by profession, which also explains the change from our actual name to our present one.

At the time dad entered theatricals there was a very famous star by the name of Tom Ward, and as he didn't want it to appear that he, an unknown, was trying to shine in the reflected glory of so famous a person, he took the other name that was rightfully his—that of his stepfather, Smith. However, during our school days Joe and I both elected to use our own name, and to this day are known to most of our classmates as Ward.

Daddy had conceived the idea that if he could cover his scheduled routes by airplane he would save an enormous amount of time, besides gratifying his ever-present desire to fly. He did not stay long enough in California to complete his course, but did the next best thing and hired a pilot to fly him to all the cities he was playing that season.

WHEN he came home for the summer he started to take instruction at Roosevelt Field. I was literally in heaven that summer, for we were on the field practically every day, and as everyone there knew us by that time, I was often taken up on unofficial flights by the boys. By now they had given in a little to my pleading and let me hold the controls while in the air. I was so small I could scarcely see over the top or sides of the cockpit, but by loosening the belt and sliding up for an instant to get a good look, I got along fairly well.

Dad was quite hampered in his flight instruction that year and later, for just as he got up to the point of soloing he would have to go on the road again for the winter, and it would be a case of brushing up all over again when he would return.

When I was just past fifteen, dad bought our first ship.

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* Unofficially. Miss Smith is generally recognized as having reached a greater altitude than any other woman flyer, and her barograph was checked by the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C. Officially, Ruth Alexander still holds this record at 15,718 feet, Miss Smith's record not having been accepted by the National Aëronautic Association "on account of incomplete reports." The late Marvel Crosson was credited, unofficially, with 23,996 feet, and on July 11 of this year, at San Diego, Miss Alexander reached a height that was made public as 26,000 feet and a new record for a woman flyer in a light plane.

# of FLYING

On the woman's record solo endurance flight over Long Island.

Pinchot photo

The author in her flying togs.

It was a little Waco 9 with an OX-5 motor, and, at that time one of the most efficient commercial airplanes built. It was the very first one of this type on the field—in fact, it was the demonstrator—and we were, as you can rightfully understand, very proud of the " Little Daisy." (I always have a pet name for my plane.)

IN the three years previous to this dad had been accustomed to wire in (if he were playing somewhere within a reasonable distance) and have one of the boys fly out and meet him, give him a little instruction, and, if it were the end of the season, fly him home.

If it so happened that my vacations coincided with these little jaunts, I always managed to accompany the pilot. I knew that at some time during the flight he would undoubtedly become kindhearted and let me handle the controls for a while, and when it became known that I could relieve at the stick without giving the pilot heart failure, I might be bold enough to say that I was almost a welcome addition. Having by this time been a participant in not a few forced landings and crack-ups, I realized that flying was not exactly the ever-glorious romance I had formerly pictured it, but an honest-to-goodness business that required no mean amount of skill.

When dad had soloed, I was told I could not until I was eighteen. But I didn't at all intend to wait. The one question that occupied my mind was: how was I going to learn take-offs and landings and how was I going to solo? Then I had an idea. I went down to a pilot who was flying passengers from a little field in Wantagh and told him what I wanted. I had just about enough money saved from my allowances to pay for three hours' instruction.

My proposition was this: he was to give me that amount of time solely on take-offs and landings, and if I hadn't qualified at the end of three hours we could drop the whole matter and no one would be any the wiser. That same pilot, by the way, is Russell Holderman, who is now manager of one of the finest government-approved flying schools in the United States, at Le Roy, New York.

Russell agreed to do as I asked, and for the next few days I flew and prayed. I would get up stealthily about 5:30 A. M., drive to Wantagh, get in the ship with Russ, and fly to Roosevelt Field. We would get in about

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THIS BUSINESS OF FLYING
Continued from page thirty-one

twenty minutes' actual flying and then it would be time for me to drive home, put the car back in the garage, tiptoe upstairs, get back into bed, and pile out, yawning and rubbing my eyes, when mother called me about fifteen minutes later to go to school.

The last day of my instruction there was a heavy ground fog and we had to wait quite a while for the sun to burn it off. Russ decided it was now or never for me, and told me to make three perfect take-offs and landings in a row and if this was done he would allow me to go.

I don't believe I have ever prayed harder than I did that day. I was so anxious to put the ship down perfectly I almost got out and pulled the tail skid down myself! He nodded his approval and got out of the ship.

I had heard so many things that students had done on their first solo that I was rather wondering if I would unexpectedly "pull a boner." But the instant the little Waco cleared the ground all my trepidations flew right out of the cockpit. I was so happy that I sang. I banked around feeling just too elated to come down.

When I started down I started my glide too close to the field and soon saw that I would overshoot, so I shoved the stick forward and had the thrill of knowing that I was landing totally on my own. Soon I was near enough to start flattening out, so I pulled the nose up just a little, a little more, and then finally, with the stick right back in my tummy, I landed!

Of course I was much later that morning getting home because of the fog, and when I finally tore into the breakfast room with my helmet and goggles on the back of my head, the family thought I had suddenly taken leave of my senses; and when I informed them rather breathlessly that I had soloed, they couldn't believe me, but were under the impression that I had gone secretly to the field and had our former pilot give me some time in our own ship. Feeling quite crestfallen, I went slowly upstairs to change my clothing.

THAT afternoon after school I went over to the field, and seeing our ship on the line being warmed up I told the mechanic to step out, that I was going around for a spin. Just as I was about to step in dad appeared on the scene and inquired calmly just what I intended to do. I said I was about to fly around the island. Sadly but firmly he told me it could not be done.

But I hadn't given up all those allowances for nothing, so I begged him to have the duals put in and send our former pilot around with me to see whether or not I could fly. This suggestion met with more favorable attention, so the dual controls were installed.

At the last minute dad's curiosity got the best of him. He climbed up in the front seat himself and off we went. I flew him around for about fifteen minutes, came in, landed. He got out without a single word, and to this day he has never protested once about any of my flying.

I flew constantly from that time on, knowing from my "passenger" experience that time in the air is the one thing that improves a pilot. I never went very much for these "hangar" flyers anyway! This brings us now up to the fall of 1927.

That's an important date for me. It was at this time I had my first crack-up—that is, the first one in which I was flying the ship. Having been around ships for so many years, I naturally knew a good many little tricks not generally used by the average student pilot.

THIS was not due to any unusual brilliance on my part, but rather a result of the flying experiences of my adolescence. For example, I had only been doing straight-glide landings for about two hours before I was experimenting with sideslips and fishtailing—both expedients for coming into small fields. Hence, it wasn't long before I was putting Little Daisy down on a dime and having nine cents left over! But, ah me! Pride goeth before a crack-up. I got just a "leetle" bit too confident and things happened.

I was coming in one night about dusk and various ships had been cutting me off when I was ready to sit down. I had gone around twice and decided I was coming in the third time, ships or no ships! Of course I was still very short and I had to brace my feet on the rudder bar and practically stand up in the cockpit if I were to see anything at all when gliding in.

The Dawn, Mrs. Grayson's Sikorsky, had just taxied across the field and left a heavy blanket of dust about ten feet high, completely covering everything. I came gliding right into the midst of it with my head out the right side, hooked a small tree with my wing, and—Little Daisy joined her ancestors!

I splattered Waco all over Roosevelt Field. The extent of the damage was as follows: four wings damaged beyond repair; propeller broken; cracked motor mount; landing gear washed off; elevators and rudder damaged beyond repair; two broken longerons; one pilot very crestfallen. Outside of that, everything was O. K.

Well, things just went along, and that winter, with no ship and no weather to fly it in if I had had one, I turned to the next thing I could do—theatricals. I sang and danced for thirty weeks, and when the show closed I went right back to my flying.

This was in the spring of 1928. We now owned a Waco 10. After being out of a ship for so long, I naturally had a few obstacles to overcome, not the least of which was a terrific ground-shyness, resulting from my crack-up of the year before. I said nothing of this to anyone, knowing it to be simply a mental battle which would have to be won by one Elinor Smith.

I would go out to the field and fly steadily all afternoon, doing nothing but take-offs and landings, and gritting my teeth against the terror that gripped me every time I cut the throttle to come down. I had lost all judgment on my landings, and just when I would accidentally be set to make a good one, the vision of that tree would come into my mind and I would unconsciously yank the stick back and land about ten feet in the air, or the reverse process, fly into the ground. The Waco certainly took a lot of punishment during this period.

After about six weeks of this things began to straighten themselves out and I got a little more into my stride.

About August of that year I decided I would like to find out the actual ceiling of our Waco, so I sent down to the National Aëronautics Association for a barograph and went up for a test run. I reached about 11,660 feet, and have since received notice that this was the first barographed woman's altitude record in America. After that I just settled back to my usual routine of demonstration work or occasional stunt exhibitions at air meets and airport openings.

Around October there was a crowd of us doing some ground flying in the hangar, when someone suggested that it would be a fine stunt to take a plane under one of the East River bridges. One of the pilots said that because of the currents around the girders it would be too risky to try with a land ship. I argued against him, feeling that, although difficult, it could be done by going under at the proper speed and counteracting carefully for all bumpiness or strange air conditions that might be met. What's more, I said I'd try it the very next Sunday.

SUNDAY dawned as Sundays will, and about one o'clock I sailed up the East River, cut the throttle, and dipped under the Queensboro Bridge. There were some cables with blocks on them that forced me down to within five feet of the water, and I was flying in a pretty brisk cross-wind, but beyond that there was nothing to worry about, so I sailed under the other three bridges for good measure.

For the next few months things went along in a rather commonplace way. Then it was announced that in February, 1929, the New York American Legion would put on an air show.

A new little commercial ship had just been brought out and its backers were interested in seeing it properly exploited before this show. They came to me explaining what they wanted and asked me to fly the ship and make a few suggestions. After flying it I discovered its phenomenal lifting powers, and suggested that we do something along the weight-lifting line, because I was certain it would break all records in its horsepower class.

It was finally decided that I should

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THIS BUSINESS OF FLYING
Continued from page thirty-three

try for a solo endurance record. The one bad feature of this was the weather; it was now in the dead of winter.

On January 31, 1929, I took off with a load of 117 gallons of gasoline. I held the ship down, for I am very old-fashioned about this "flying-speed" business, and the Bird with her heavy fuel load and a very bundled-up pilot cleared Mitchel Field in a strong cross wind in fourteen seconds.

My altimeter went haywire immediately, but the rest of my instruments stayed with me, so all was well for the time being. The wind was blowing a gale, so I was kept rather busy for the first four hours keeping Susan straight. After the wind abated a bit I just settled down to some good concentrated freezing. I cruised around in the dark doing some thinking I hadn't had time to do before. About 12:30 A. M. a white streak whizzed past—the tail-light on a Vought being flown by that ace of aces, Lieutenant James Doolittle.

After landing at Roosevelt Field from her record-breaking solo duration flight for women.

Never having made a night landing before and figuring that he undoubtedly knew Mitchel a lot better than I did, I watched him all the way down and counted the border lights he landed between, so I would know where to set down myself when the time came.

We had agreed on a set signal of flashes in the event they should want me to come down, and through some mistake this signal was given me when I had just beaten the record by the official extra hour. So I circled around and cut the gun. It was a black night, no moon, and as my eyes were watering badly from the extreme weather, I didn't dare land in the flood light, so I came in between the above-mentioned lights, pulled the stick back, and there I was. Three points and a world's record. So far, so good; we had the record, and the ship was properly exploited at the show, but the success was not to last long. Ten days later my record was broken by Miss Evelyn (Bobby) Trout of Los Angeles by four hours.

I had no idea of attempting to regain it just then, but presently a position was offered me that necessitated flying a large cabin ship, and, just because I was a girl, the owners got panic-stricken and withdrew the offer. Naturally I was incensed. I sat right down and figured out that the only way to convince a skeptical man's world would be to fly a heavy ship longer than any woman had ever flown a light one! With this in mind I decided that a Bellanca would be best suited to my purpose.

WE will pass over the next few months of misery—inevitable prelude to all record flights and exceptionally true of this one! At any rate, the tanks were finally installed, the motor checked, and Joe (this ship was named after my brother) was on the runway.

It was the 23d of April and good weather was predicted for the next thirty-six hours. At 12:30 P. M. I took off and for the next twenty-six and one-half hours I kept the ship aloft. About a week later, or so it seemed, dawn came and with it one of the island's famous ground fogs. It was not very heavy, so I just hung over the holes. I was getting rather fatigued by this time, as the stabilizer had let go about one o'clock the previous morning and refused to wind back, so I could not trim the ship. I had to sit there hugging the stick with both arms as the Bellanca got more and more nose-heavy.

At about 2:20 o'clock in the afternoon the motor cut—out of gas. I shoved the nose down a bit and turned on the emergency, knowing I now had twenty minutes' fuel left. With no stabilizer to help me and the ship tail-light, I figured it would be unwise to wait until the gas ran out and attempt a dead-stick landing. So at approximately 2:30 P. M. I cut the gun and landed. Twenty-six hours and twenty-seven minutes, and another world's record.

This time it was slated to last a little longer, for it remained unbroken until just a few weeks before this writing, when it was captured by Mlle. Bernstein of France. And right here I should like to congratulate the little lady most heartily. She certainly did a fine job.

THIS leaves me only the American record; but these flights are all made for the purpose of selling air transportation to the public, and, after all, if a woman can fly an airplane thirty-five hours at a stretch, doesn't that prove the improvement of stability in aircraft to a marked degree? It doesn't matter particularly whether the woman's name happens to be Smith or Bernstein.

After this record I went back to straight flying and built up some more time for myself. Among the positions I held during the next few months was one with the Irving Parachute Company. While in its employ I was flying a J-6, 300-horsepower Bellanca Pacemaker. It was just before the time of the Women's Derby, and as all motors over 200 h.p. were excluded from the race, I was left high and dry. For once my love of horsepower played me a dirty trick. However, I put on several exhibitions at the Cleveland air races with the parachute jumpers and managed to ease my wounded feelings somewhat.

One stunt which was very effective was to load six jumpers in the ship and have them all "bail out" when I had reached about 2,000 feet. The string of chutes as they popped open was certainly pretty to watch. But it was a funny feeling to start off with a cabinload of people and land with the ship empty!

My next experience was with a refueling flight. I had met Bobby Trout at the Cleveland air races, and she had spoken to me of the possibility of a refueling flight being done by two women. I agreed that it would be a marvelous idea, but had not thought seriously of it. Now I received a wire from her outlining the plans for the flight, stating the terms, and inquiring if I would be willing to come to California and take hold of things.

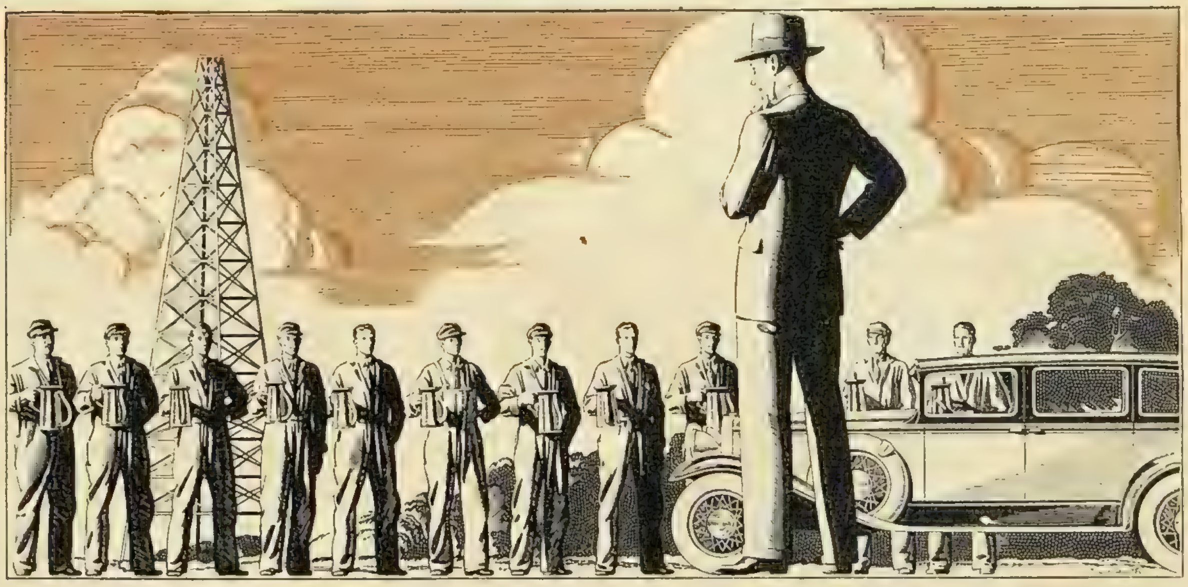
October 19, 1929, and there I was at Metropolitan Airport, Van Nuys, California. The first thing I did upon my arrival was to make a quick inspection of the equipment, and I immediately annoyed the backers by giving them my frank and honest opinion of it, which unfortunately was far from favorable.

The ship we were to use was an open-cockpit cabin biplane with the cabin situated in front of the pilot. We were to refuel the ship on the side, which was an added handicap, since any yawing which might take place would immediately saw the upper wing off with the hose. The ship had never been tested with the load we were supposed to carry, and if the fog pulled into the valley we would have just enough gas to get over the hills to Saugus, and if it stayed more than an hour after daylight we would be forced down into some of the prickliest country I ever saw. And as I have had some experience with this fog question, I wasn't altogether confident that it

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

No wonder motorists are puzzled!

A dozen oils of widely different quality can come from the same crude



When we ask motorists about their oil, some complain about too much carbon, some complain about excessive oil consumption, some say, "The engine is loosening up."

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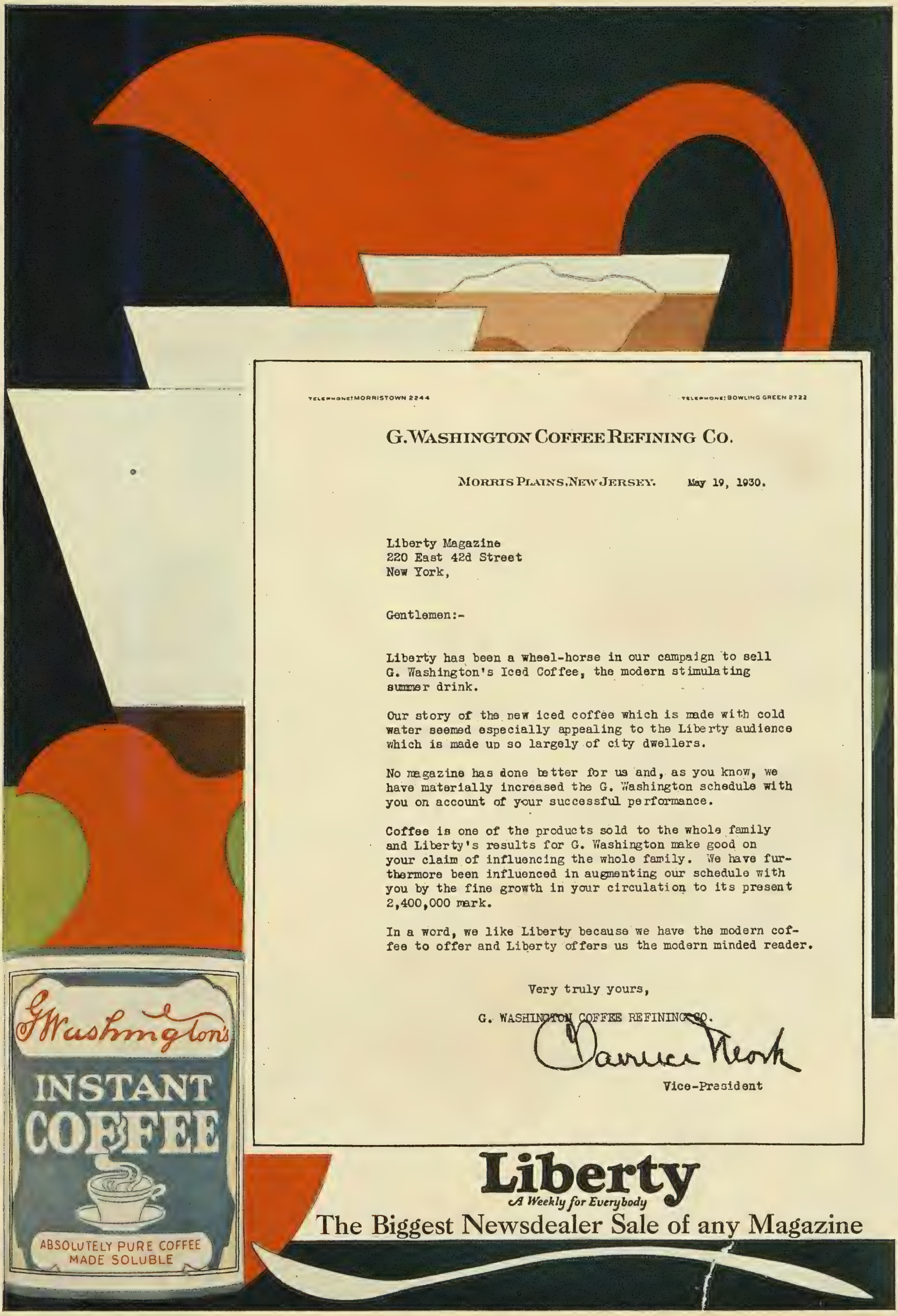

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

would appreciate our predicament and lift when we wanted it to.

The endurance plane and the Carrier Pigeon, which was to refuel her, had never even been flown in formation of any kind and no one had any idea as to whether they could be flown at the same speeds and under the same conditions.

Structurally the endurance ship was all wrong—so unstable in the air that it was actually impossible to tell what it was going to do next. A quick stall changing to a sudden power dive for no particular reason seemed to mean absolutely nothing to this piece of aircraft. Of course the boys in the Pigeon could see just what difficulty I was having and easily understood why I would come down after an hour's practice flight with my arms and shoulder blades so sore it was an effort to move, but there was absolutely nothing they could do.

As I had to run the old J-6 at 1,850 revs to even keep in the air with a three-quarter load, I knew that those mountains at night were not going to be any bargain with a full load, if I ever succeeded in getting a full load in the ship. As it was, by the time I had taken on 200 gallons of gas I could not keep up to the refueling plane, and the hose would start to string out as we pulled away, and finally Bobby would be forced to let it go.

Because of my previous experience in formation flying, it was agreed that I was to do the contact flying. And believe me when I say that I learned things about formation flying that I didn't know even existed!

Pinchot photo

A portrait photograph of Miss Smith, who holds three records for women flyers.

Because of the nature of the country and the fact that it took so long for me to gain altitude to clear the hills, we usually refueled in the valley in wide flat circles, and as I sat there with every muscle tense under that flying gas tank our maneuvers reminded me of nothing so much as a calf chasing its mother cow.

Bobby and I were fortunate in having as our refueling crew Pete Reinhart, who with Loren Mendel, in the Angeleno, set a record of 256 hours, and Paul Whittier, who had refueled them. The boys knew just what we were up against, and proved to be real life-savers, as they were finally influential in having the ship changed so that it wasn't quite the flying death trap it had been.

Reinhart was one of the gamest men I have ever known and I up and confess right now that I flew with tears rolling down my cheeks the day it was so bumpy over Venice that we broke contact and I saw the blood streaming over Pete's hands and arms where they were sliced with that heavy rope as he hung on, trying to get the refueling hose to us so we could take on more of the precious fuel.

PEOPLE talk about the romance in aviation. I have never seen or experienced anything in any other walk of life to equal the brotherhood among pilots. Incidents such as the above are what bind us together.

After being forced down numerous times (once after being in the air eighteen hours), Bobby and I took off the day before Thanksgiving for another attempt. As I gave her the gun and roared down the runway, I little dreamed of the ending this flight was going to have.

Everything went along smoothly until the following day when, during the afternoon contact, the old Pigeon started to squash down on us and pour forth great clouds of smoke. Seeing her predicament, I started to ease out from under and pulled clear just in time. Down went the old girl with forty feet of hose trailing out behind with gasoline spouting from it, and both of us praying as hard as we knew how. If that hose should ever catch on anything, with Pete in the bottom of the fuselage . . . Oh, Lord, *please, please, please* do something! Evidently He heard us, for the Pigeon got down safely in a small field near the airport.

They rushed around and managed to put some tanks in a Buhl and got up before dark to refuel us, but the Buhl held only eighty-eight gallons and that wasn't nearly enough to hold out till morning, so we knew we were licked. But we both agreed to stay up until the last drop of gas was gone and prolong the record as much as we could.

AT four o'clock the following morning the motor cut and I turned on the reserve supply and landed. We were heartbroken, but fate evidently had decreed against us.

The next day it was discovered that a new motor would be necessary for the Pigeon, and no one was exactly sure where one could be had. Then, because of the age of the Pigeon, the Department of Commerce deemed it unsafe for future flying and grounded it. On top of all this I received a wire from home telling me to return at once because of a serious illness in the family. Wurra wurra! At any rate, the record, such as it was, had been set, and it was proven to those interested that two women could fly and refuel an airplane in flight.

About two weeks after my return I was taken ill with the flu and was on the sick list for some time. Not long after my recovery I was offered the chance to do an altitude flight.

When the usual preliminaries had been disposed of, and the ship, a Bellanca, powered with a Wright Whirlwind 300-horsepower motor, was finally ready, it was decided that George Haldeman should take it up first in an endeavor to crack the commercial altitude record for men, in this way assuring us of both records on the same ship.

We naturally expected that it would take him several hours, but we either didn't figure on George or the Bellanca. At any rate, he was on the ground again in an hour and twenty minutes with the news that one altimeter had registered 33,000 feet and the other 35,000 feet.

Of course we were jubilant, for the nearest mark to this was 22,000 feet, set by Martin Jensen in a ship with 125 more horsepower than the Pacemaker. We were naturally a little disappointed when the barograph reading calibrated only a little over 30,000 feet; but such discrepancies are the rule rather than the exception, so we considered George had done a truly remarkable piece of work.

It was now my turn. About three days later I took off for New York, planning to do the record that afternoon. There was such a terrific wind blowing even at 5,000 feet, however, that the attempt had to be postponed until the next day.

We waited until March 10, an unseasonably warm and rather hazy day. I had on my winter flying suit of heavy interlined leather, sheepskin boots, fur-lined gloves and helmet, a parachute, and an emergency oxygen tank slung about my neck. I got aboard, taxied Gussie II

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Please kill my FLEAS"

NOTHING makes a dog so unhappy . . . or so unpopular as fleas. If your dog has fleas, don't blame him. Blame yourself, because it's easy for you to keep him free of fleas at all times. Washing with Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap will kill every flea. Dust your dog's coat with Sergeant's Skip Flea Powder, which will also kill fleas and keep them away. There are many other ways in which you can add to your dog's health and happiness. This information is yours for the asking.

A Famous Dog Book *Free*

We urge you to write for a free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. In clear, simple language it describes the symptoms of dog ailments and explains the best treatments for each. There are interesting articles on feeding, raising, and caring for dogs. With this book you can tell just what ails your dog when he is sick and know what to do for him. Millions of copies have been sent out at the request of dog owners. A new illustrated edition is now ready. It is free. Write for your copy. *Use the coupon.*

Sergeant's Dog Food

In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef. A splendid food for all dogs and pups. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct. Our Free Advice Department will answer questions about your dog's health. Write fully.

Please Mail This Coupon!

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DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canaadin Agents: FRED J. WHITLOW & Co., *Toronto*

THIS BUSINESS OF FLYING
Continued from page thirty-nine

out on the runway, and we were off.

I climbed to 8,000 feet in short order, the motor just turning 1,750 revolutions per minute, and then the climate started to become more suitable to my costume. At 15,000 feet I turned on my oxygen. I had not felt the need of it, but deemed it wisest before I should.

At higher altitudes, in breathing the oxygen I experienced no change of sensation, except that every movement seemed quite an effort. When I had reached the approximate top of my climb, one altimeter registering 30,000 feet and the other 32,000, the motor dropped about fifty revs and I reached over to lean out the mixture. Of course all oil and grease had been removed from the control cables and pulleys to prevent freezing in the extreme temperatures encountered at high altitude, so that quite a bit of extra muscle was necessary in every maneuver executed. And, as I have said, I was now pretty well fatigued because of the thin air I had been breathing.

I gave the mixture-control lever an extra jab, pushed it too far, and the motor cut out. At the same instant the flow gauge on the oxygen tank froze, cutting off my supply.

I had never lost consciousness before and I was quite surprised to find out how quickly it could happen, for everything suddenly went black and there I was! Or, rather, there I wasn't! When I came to, after a loss of approximately 5,000 feet, Gussie II apparently had taken matters into her own hands and was in a gentle dive, seemingly trying to show me that I wasn't such a necessary part of her performance after all! The oxygen was now coming so fast it almost choked me. I quickly regulated the flow and the mixture, and started to climb back up again. By the time I had regained about 3,000 feet, the oxygen again started to freeze, and the motor began missing.

I FINALLY decided it was best to come in and started down. The faithful J-6 finally left me within a few thousand feet of the ground, so I made a dead-stick landing down in the gully at the edge of Roosevelt Field.

Upon examination it was discovered that a small moisture collection inside the line leading to the left wing tank had frozen, cutting off the fuel supply to the motor, which showed that my trusty 300 horses had tried to do their best. The proof of the stability of the ship lies in the fact that it was in level flight, not even displaying a tendency to spin, after falling 5,000 feet without a pilot. This stability would not be so remarkable in this advanced stage of aëronautics had I not been flying in the thin air at what we later discovered was 27,418 feet, the present woman's altitude record.

I AM quoting you these things not so much to praise the Bellanca in particular, though it is certainly deserving of all that can be given if we were to take the time to go over its past performances, but to prove to you the strides this business has taken in the last few years.

And it is in this respect that record flights prove their worth. Here the public gets some inside information on ship performance. I have heard much said against flights of this kind, but I wonder how many of you would be aviation enthusiasts today if it weren't for Lindbergh, Byrd, Goebel, Hawks, and the many others in the roster?

Please realize the coöperative spirit among the boys, and how they work to accomplish some of these almost superhuman feats, all for the benefit of selling aviation to Mr. John Public.

Did you ever stop to think that aviation's biggest boom came in 1927 after Lindbergh flew the Atlantic? The years of flying the boys had put in on the air mail were never appreciated or thought of until then.

A word in parting. Does it not sound reasonable that if an eighteen-year-old girl, who is afraid to cross Times Square, flies to every part of the United States a ship capable of seating six people, there really must be something to all this air-travel talk?

Don't accept what any of *us* tell you. Go out and judge for yourself. Go to your nearest airport and take a short flight and I'll guarantee the list of plane owners and users will swell amazingly in the next few months!

And until we meet again—Happy Landings!

THE END

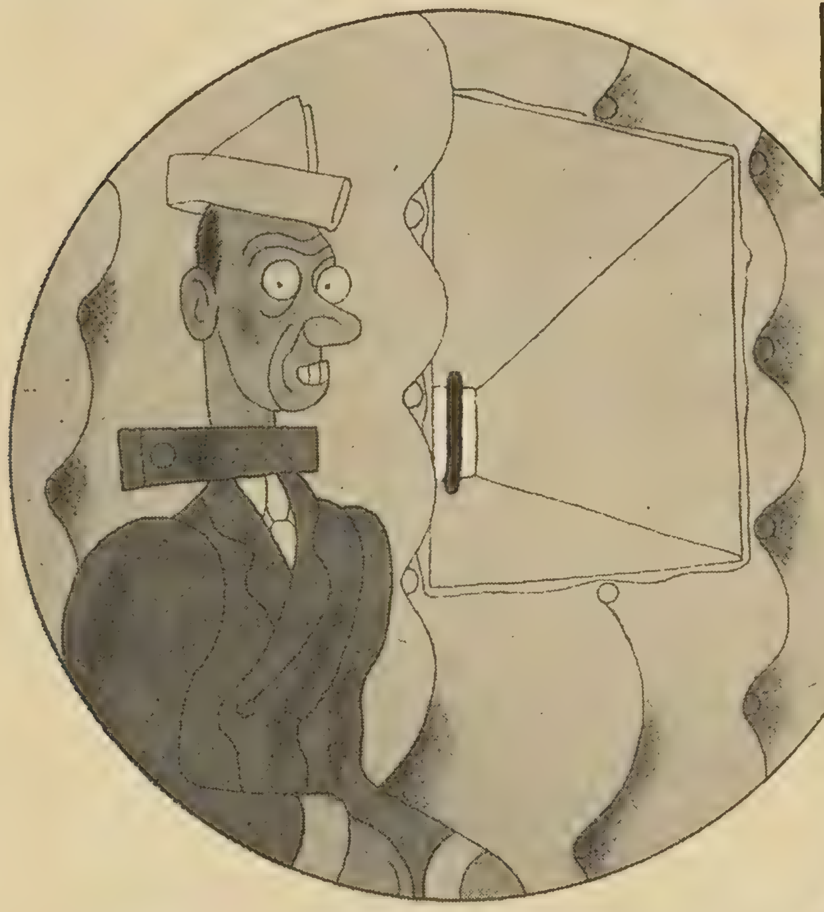
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Nine.
2—A concrete juice obtained from various Malaysian trees.
3—A brawling, turbulent woman.
4—The ethnic cult of the Japanese, consisting primarily of ancestor worship.
5—Alexander Pope, in Essay on Criticism.
6—Aristide Briand of France.
7—A nutritious food element in flour.
8—Without limit.
9—An agent which causes vomiting.
10—Purple.
11—Theatrical.
12—Liberal giving or a liberal gift.
13—Mont Blanc.
14—One that sheds its leaves at intervals.
15—A fleshy part, usually wrinkled and highly colored, which hangs from the chin or throat.
16—The Tiber.
17—The support about which a lever turns.
18—Those that lay eggs.
19—James Madison.
20—The Cascade Range.

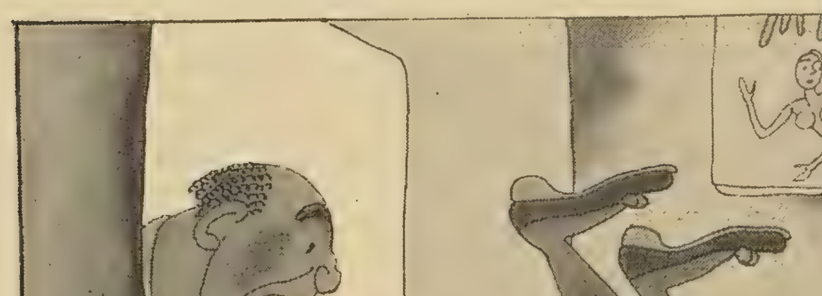
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

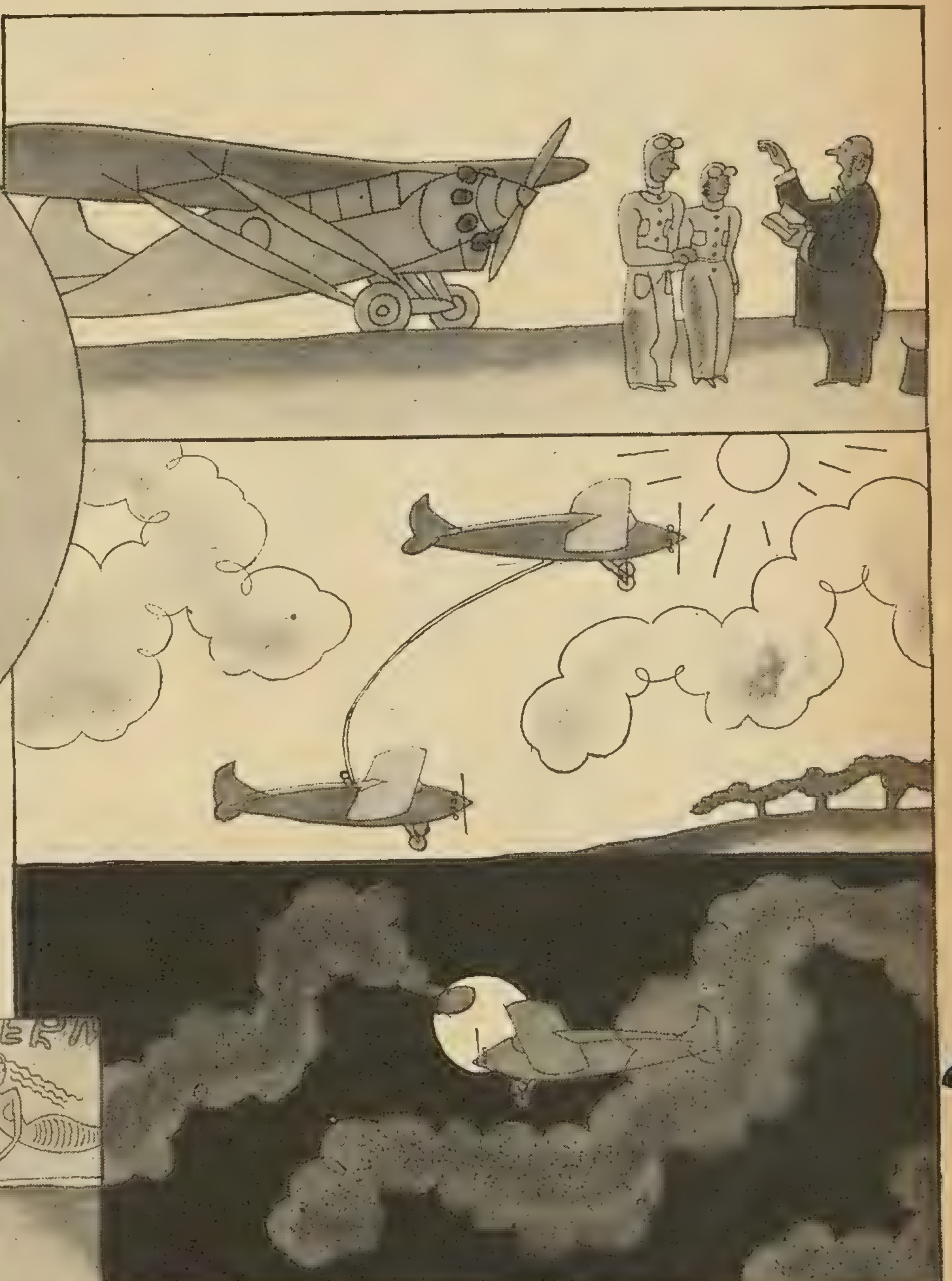
By RALPH BARTON



CASE NUMBER 283,994: Violent and dangerous. Normal to age of thirty-three, but could not break habit of walking into already lighted rooms and mechanically switching off lights, intending to switch them on.



AUGUST 9, 1605. One William Shakespeare asks the landlord of the Mermaid Tavern if he'll trust him for the three shillings sixpence he owes until the Henry Clay Folger $10,000,000 Shakespeare Memorial Fund is administered in 1930.



YOUNG COUPLE breaks the world's refueling endurance record on their honeymoon.

Vox

Sore

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If you don't stop printing these Hollywood hard-luck (?) stories written by Adela Rogers St. Johns, you're gonna send a lot of people to the nut house.

Tell me, editor, how would you feel if you were out of work for about a year and you hadn't seen the color of a sawbuck in that time, and you picked up a magazine to read—and to forget your troubles—and you read this:

"One thing only remained, it seemed, of the old Betty Compson we had known. Perhaps it was that one spark that kept her going. In a year Betty Compson took more money out of Poverty Row than any other actress had ever done. . . Her salary checks from all her pictures totaled $180,000.

"'That kept a little pride going in me,' she said. 'I wasn't quite licked while I could make that much money out of them.'"

Huh? How would you feel?—*Leonard Fay.*

One Isn't Enough

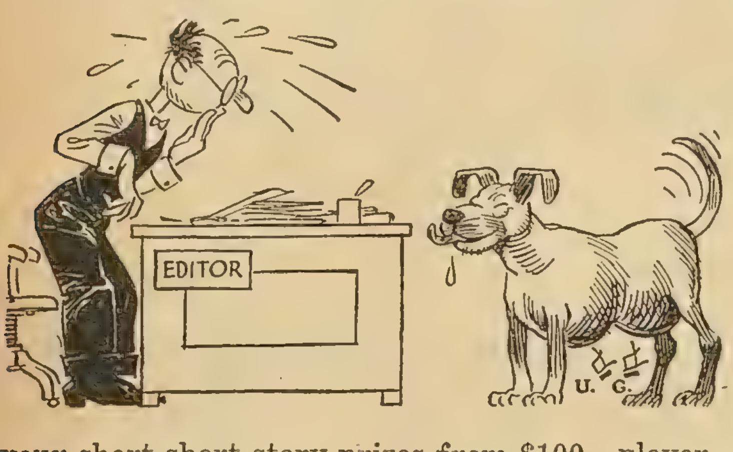
LENOIR, N. C.—"Funny Faces! Can You Make Them?" Of all the inanities! Why make them? Most everybody has got one.—*Alexander T.*

Get This Right Now, Mister: Vox Pop Is No Joke Page

PRACTICALLY ANYWHERE IN CANADA—Just a few suggestions to boost your circulation 1,000,000 per cent.

Never mind the rejection slip for this manuscript. Save it for the next short short story you receive from a newspaper man.

1. Give us a few more editorials like the one about execution by gas. 2. Give us more of Benchley and Green. 3. Reinstate your idea of giving an approximation of the time it takes to read your stories. 4. Get a dog big enough to swallow Gwen and Ulysses. 5. Put in a joke page (besides Vox Pop). 6. Change your short short story prizes from $100 to $1 (you'll get just as good ones, 'cause you couldn't get them any worse).

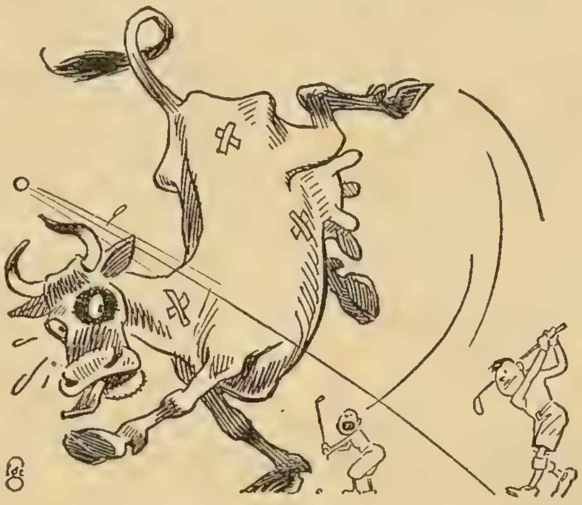


Follow these instructions and the net increase in your profits will equal the pawnbroker's price for the Golden Gates.—*T. D. R. W.*

It Certainly Sounds Like a Plot

BUFFALO, N. Y.—You are getting entirely too soft if your editorial, "In Praise of Golf," is an example.

Instead of the usual war and murder, battleships and guns that we he-men like to read about, you feed us something that calls to mind the peaceful countryside.



But you are clever, for the discerning reader sees clearly, between the lines, your thought that if more farms are turned into golf links there will be less pasturage for cows—and fewer cows, too, once those bulletlike golf balls begin smacking the bulls' wives.

As the supply of milk decreases, it is reasonable to suppose that a large number of recruits will be gained from that class of drinkers to join the hue and cry of us wets.

I hope you are right about that.—*Chas. L. Somers.*

Yessir

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Helen Hathaway may think she is "an authority on etiquette," as you call her. She may even be one, for which she merits pity. But when she wrote "The Courtesy of the Road," which is nothing but a plea for insanely extravagant tipping, she might as well have tried to foist on our age the other atrocities of the feudal system.

If you are going to reward those who perform menial tasks, why omit street sweepers, ditch diggers, plumbers, and traveling salesmen? There is no rhyme or reason to the whole affair.

Everyone knows that, in the end, tips go to the employer—either directly or else through corresponding wage cuts.

The average American tips (when he has to) to avoid embarrassment, *but* he goes somewhere else next time. Witness the mushroom growth of cafeterias and self-service restaurants.

No red-blooded American wants anybody fawning on him, nor does he want to affect peasant servility himself. Workers in every trade are entitled to a living wage without having to lick someone's else boots to get it.—*Vox Populi.*

Dear, Dear

PALM BEACH, FLA.—About one more short short story that checks short of short, and just listen out for a dull sickening thud, when I drop your circulation to 2,249,999.—*L. F.*

Oh

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—One of the Vox Poppers in the July 5 issue asks Mr. Sutherland to tackle the mystery of how did Liberty attain a circulation of two million and a quarter. Answer:

"Because it's like salted peanuts—they're not good for you, but the more you eat them the more you want to."—*Ida E. Barol.*

Speak Up, Mr. Wheeler

SHIPLEY, FLA.—I am an "advanced thinker," but there's one thing that I don't know and I'm dying to find out. In your Vox Pop, a certain Franklin Wheeler writes: "Childbirth under natural conditions is easy and practically painless."

Did Franklin Wheeler ever give birth to a child?

I had ten children under "natural conditions," and I don't agree with Franklin Wheeler. Still, he speaks with great authority and if he knows a painless method, he shouldn't be so selfish about it. Give it to the world.—*Mrs. Amelia Nethenel.*

Well, There You Go Answering Your Own Question, Stan

DE LAND, FLA.—I am not writing to comment on your mag. I just want a question answered and thought maybe some of your authors or intellectual Vox Poppers might answer it for me, and that question is:

What is love?

I've been out with girls, hundreds of 'em, made what is commonly called love to them, kissed them and hugged them and had them do likewise, but I've never felt that thrill that the characters in stories always are getting. And I have about come to the conclusion that there is no such thing.

In other words—the writers of your love stories are like delicatessen keepers. Both carry a full line of boloney.—*Stan.*

We'd Have to Find Some Goofs

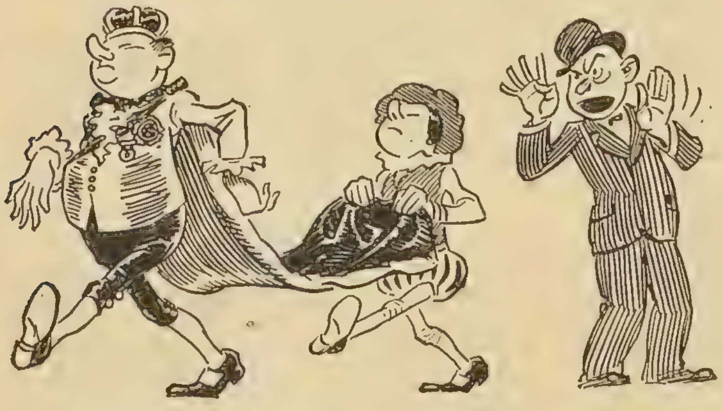
DETROIT, MICH.—Why don't you do something to pep up circulation? Charge a dime; the goofs would imagine they were getting something. A dime looks smaller, anyway, and might not be missed so much.—*H. Adams.*

Pop

The End of a Beautiful Friendship

LAKEWOOD, OHIO—Say, listen, Lib.—I've read you long enough to speak that familiarly—you have had a d—— interesting magazine ever since you started. I have stood by you through the thickest of the Vox Pop battles, but found my faith shattered by the "Balfour" business: that article by Robert Hield.

I am not an anarchist, communist, or any of that ilk, but when you publish such things, with a picture of an earl in long flowing robes, and a simple thing, belonging to the male sex, holding up his velvet train, that is too much for me.



Dukes, earls, counts, etc., always strike me funny—just too lazy to work. Now, if you are going to monkey around with such messes as that—you and I are parting soon.—*Fred Bukey.*

Question—

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Is this guy Benchley supposed to be a humorist?—*Dick Rowland.*

—and Answer

LANCASTER, PA.—Would it be at all possible to junk the short short story page, and devote that space to more of Robert Benchley's humor?

I've yet to find an interesting short short story, and have read every one printed so far.

As a favor to one of your steady readers you would oblige by keeping the aforesaid in mind. As yet this is the only thing I've found wrong with your magazine.—*Harold.*

All Right. Now Let's Talk About Something Else

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Your Vox Poppers have pretty well finished up the subject of women drivers, but there's just one more thing to be said.

Haven't the girls as much to do with the propagation of the species as the superior male? Then why shouldn't they be allowed to kill their share? And besides, I have time and again seen them change their minds at the last minute, and save a life that way.—*A. E. Jorgensen.*

What Maze Knew

SEATTLE, WASH.—Who slipped up? Something must be wrong as I found, upon reading a Liberty this week, a story with a plot, climax, and everything that was absolutely all wrong. No sex, prostitutes, no females sighing, nobody stabbed or bombed—not even a suicide!

What is the idea? Trying to make a decent magazine out of Liberty? It sure burns me up to find a good, clean, live story as was "Snug Harbor," by Fred MacIsaac, cluttering up the pages of your otherwise lustful, uninforming, inane, corrupt, and lewd stories.

Why not let some decent magazine print his stories if he writes any more like that?

Then the people that read decent literature will be pleasantly entertained without reading through your entire mess to find one good story. —*Herb Maze.*

N. B. Get this, though —I was informed of this story by a friend and don't usually read your stuff.

But Lookit, Maze—It Was Impossible and Slanderous. That's Something

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I have waited patiently to see if any of your Vox Poppers made any complaint against that absolutely impossible story, "Snug Harbor," by Fred MacIsaac, appearing in the July 5 issue. Now I feel called upon, in behalf of dumb animals, to protest against the author's slander of the cat family.

His story is to the effect that cats cannot love or remember their loved ones. Maybe his kind of cat doesn't but mine does. Regina was a pedigreed Persian. My cat, Mommy, is just plain Maltese, and white.

I'll admit that I don't feed her cream on the breakfast table, but I feed her salmon on the back porch, which I consider to be infinitely more healthy for a self-respecting pussy.

Please remember that cats *do* remember. I know.—*A Reader.*

(1) Yeah?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—One thing I can readily understand, and that is why you put "Continued on next page" at the bottom of every page. The reason? Oh, yes, the stories as a rule have such asinine endings that the average person's intellect refuses to accept the fact that "the song is ended."—*Chas. E. Brownell.*

(2) Yeah?

NEW CASTLE, PENN.—A varied career as a reporter does not qualify one to invade the realms of scientific thought. In the discussion of vital subjects Liberty has the most amazing facility in choosing amateurs to do this work.

The first-hand authority of the scientist is rarely sought; the scientific type of thinking seldom is seen in your articles.—*Arthur L. Lewis.*

Tribute

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Captain," by Hulbert Footner! Wonderful! How seldom two real aristocrats are presented to us in such a heart-touching, soul-uplifting way.

In my opinion this story is the most beautiful thing I have read in Liberty to date.—*Geo. L. Andrew.*

Try and Think

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Have read rottener magazines than yours, but can't recall their names offhand.—*Bunting Shepard.*

Thanks a Lot

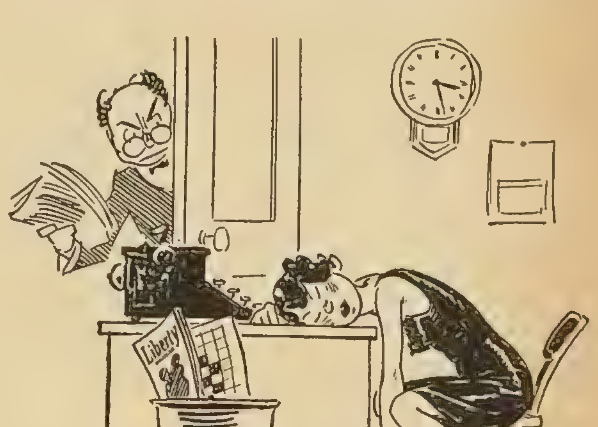
OTTAWA, CAN.—A cream puff without cream is pretty poor stuff. And Friday without Liberty is ditto.—*J. L.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—We have long given up the idea, in our home, of reading the best part of Liberty first. There isn't any "best part," for we enjoy it all.—*A. S. Ryniker.*

What to Do? Half the World Says They're Too Easy

JACKSON, MISS.—I have been a constant reader of Liberty and think it a darn good publication, but what I want to know is, why do you put cross word puzzles in there that only a college professor can solve?

Like everyone else, I like to pass away the time now and then when I feel lazy by working on a cross word puzzle, but by the time I have just read the horizontal list, I have to throw Liberty in the wastebasket and take a snooze on my desk.



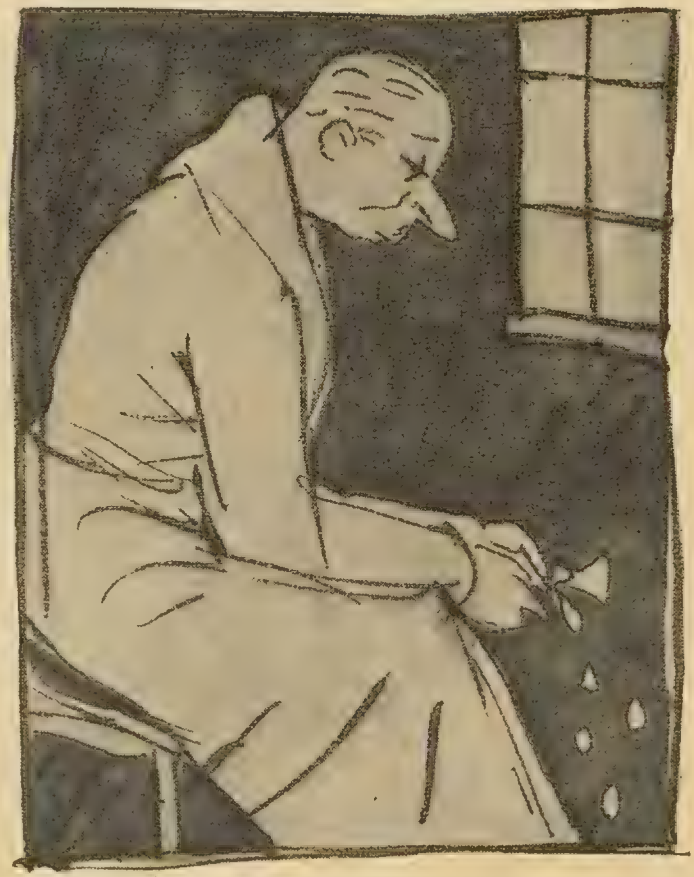
Up to this date I haven't seen a single puzzle in Liberty that I could even get half of, and I ain't so dumb.—*Vera.*

A Word About HAY FEVER

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO



I shall take the aggressive, or retire to a darkened room and tear bits of paper.

ON the eighteenth of August, at 6 A. M., I celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the advent of my hay fever. I plan to make quite an occasion of it, with field sports and a buffet lunch in a tent during the day and a *soirée de gala* after dinner with fireworks (including set pieces representing the different varieties of noxious weeds) and dancing for those who can. Twenty-five years of hay fever is nothing to be—would you believe it, I almost wrote "sneezed at" without thinking! Gosh!

On the eighteenth of August, 1905, I awoke at 6 A. M. (the reason for this unnatural procedure was that I was at a boys' camp at the time and a bugle had been blowing in my ear since 5:45) and realized that something was wrong. I realized that something was wrong because I sneezed nineteen times in rapid succession. One or two sneezes on arising is not abnormal, but nineteen indicate some derangement of the apparatus. "I must have caught cold," I said, and promptly went back to bed.

But as I got again within range of the straw-filled tick which served us hardy boys as a mattress, I realized that it was no ordinary head cold which had descended on me. I had heard and seen enough of hay fever among my tribesmen at home to know that the old Gypsy's Curse which was laid on the Benchleys generations ago in a dank Welsh cave had caught up with me, the youngest of the clan, and that, from that date on, I was to be marked with the red eye and the tender nose of the anaphylaxis sufferer.

If anaphylaxis (or hypersensitiveness to protein) were all that the victim of hay fever suffers from, things wouldn't be so bad. He could buy a bale of soft cotton handkerchiefs and fight the thing out by himself. The real suffering comes through his relations with the rest of society and from man's recognized inhumanity to man. In other words, he is a figure of fun.

People can have sunburn, hangnails, or even ordinary head colds, and their more fortunate mates will say: "Aw, that's too bad! Why don't you just take the day off and go home?" But the minute anyone with hay fever comes along, even though he be blind and gasping for breath, the entire community stops work and screams with laughter.

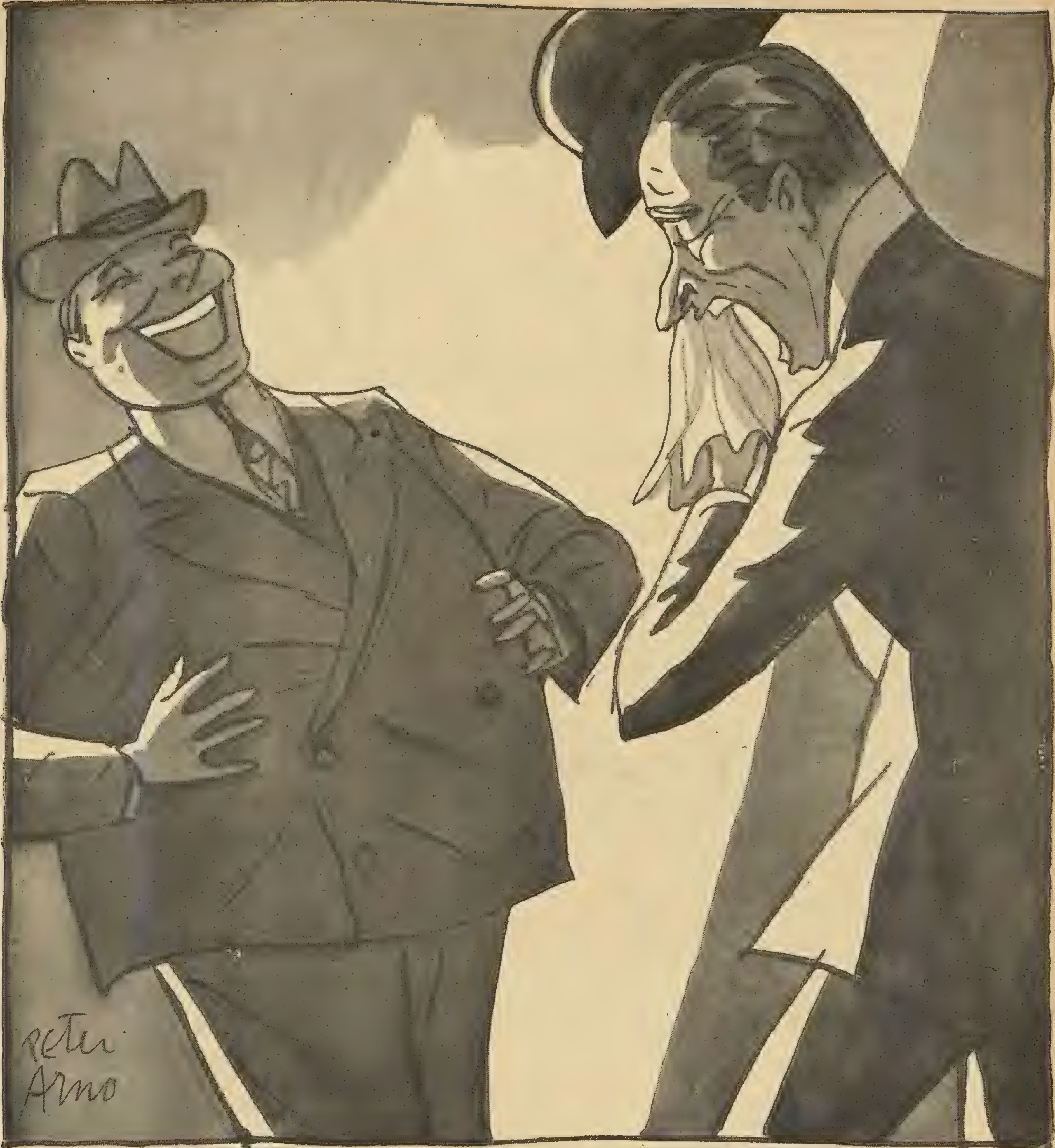
"Hay fever!" they say, holding their sides. "Boy, you ought to pose for a bunch of pomegranates!" or "What's the matter? Did you leave your eyes at home on the bureau?" People who are not ordinarily given to wise-cracking blossom out as the wits of their day when confronted with someone in the throes of a hay-fever attack. You wouldn't think there could be so many lighthearted, facile jokesters in the world. I can imagine no national calamity which would not be alleviated, no community depression which would not be shot through with sunshine, by the mere presence of a poor guy poisoned with ragweed pollen.

Hay fever has been going now for quite a number of centuries. Every year, along about August, there are editorials in the papers (humorous, unless the editorial writer himself happens to be a sufferer) and reports of conventions and newly discovered cures. And yet the ignorance of the immune citizenry on the subject is nothing short of colossal. Tell a man that the reason why you look so funny is that you have hay fever and, as soon as he has stopped laughing and has delivered himself of the customary *bon mots,* he will say: "Hay fever, eh? That's something you get from eating goldenrod, isn't it?" Goldenrod somehow always sticks in their minds as the sole cause of the affliction, although goldenrod is really one of the minor excitants and practically a soothing agent compared to ragweed and the more common grasses. But the non-sneezing layman will have it goldenrod, and goldenrod it is in song and story.

THEN there is a great deal of good-natured incredulity over the fact that the first attack comes along about the same day every year. "You don't mean to tell me that it comes annually on exactly the eighteenth of August!" they say, poking the sufferer in the ribs. "That's because you are *looking* for it then. Suppose the eighteenth of August falls on a Sunday!"

They express no surprise that golden bantam corn comes along at the same time each year, or that the rambler roses on their porch are in full bloom every Fourth of July; but say that ragweed starts shedding its pollen every August along about the eighteenth, and they look at you suspiciously. I have struck, and will strike again, anyone who pushes me too far in this manner.

I do not know which is worse, to meet someone who knows nothing about hay fever and asks questions, or someone who knows just enough about it to suggest a remedy. The thing being as prevalent as it is, a lot of people have relatives who are victims. "I have a cousin who used to have hay fever," they say, "and he did something, I don't exactly remember what it was, but it was something you rub on your forehead, Cleenax or something like that—anyway, he hasn't had hay fever since he started using it." You never by any chance meet the



"Hay fever!" they say, holding their sides. "Boy, you ought to pose for a bunch of pomegranates!"

cousin who has been cured, and you never find out just what this "Cleenax or something" was, but the implication is that if you don't follow the suggestion up you just like to have hay fever.

There is also quite a general, though extremely hazy, knowledge about inoculations. "Isn't there something that they shoot into your arm that fixes it up? A guy in our office had that done and is O. K. now." Well, there are plenty of things that you could shoot into your arm which would fix hay fever, among them a good, strong solution of bichloride of mercury; but most of the pollen serums which are used for this purpose have to be shot in every fifteen minutes from February 15 until November 1, and even then there is a very good chance that the result will be simply a sore arm in addition to hay fever. I tried it one year and have gone back to the good, old-fashioned eye-and-nose infirmity.

So, beginning with my twenty-fifth anniversary, I am going to take the aggressive. Instead of letting people say to me, "What's the matter with you? You look so funny," I am going to lead off with "What's the matter with *you?* You look awful." Just as Thoreau replied to Emerson, "Why aren't you in jail?" when the great philosopher asked him why he *was* in jail, I intend to make the immune ones explain why, with so many charming and intelligent people wiping their eyes and sneezing, *they* are standing there like ninnies and breathing easily.

I shall either adopt this course or do as I have been doing for the past five years—retire to a darkened room, shut the windows, and tear bits of paper from August 18 until September 15.

Some more home truths will be told by Mr. Benchley in an early issue.

Liberty's Record Breaking Contest $500 a Week in Five Big Cash Prizes

for the good old game

Limericks

Have you tried your hand? It's easy and lots of fun. Just provide the missing line below, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in as many last lines as you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

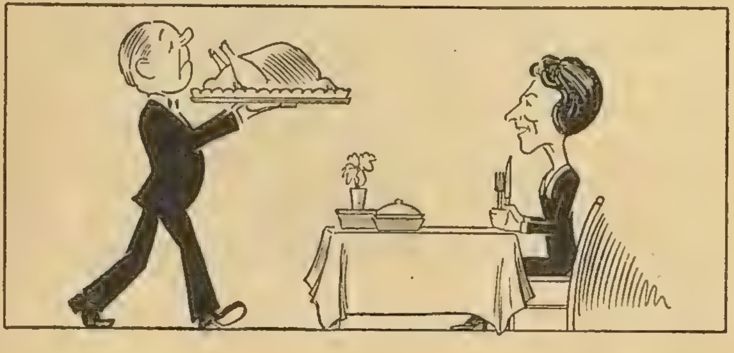
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



A lady who lived up in Lynn
Became so excessively thin
She went on a diet
(Just thinking she'd try it)

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, August 9. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are
THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of July 12. The Limerick read as follows:

A gent on the island of Yap
While fishing fell into a nap;
He gaped and he dozed,
And the incident closed—

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

When a swordfish dissected his map.
Written by M. M. Goodwin, Sr.
1712 Northview Avenue, Rocky River, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE—$100

When a passing sloop slipped him a slap.
Written by W. E. Gerke
346 Madison Avenue, New York City

THIRD PRIZE—$75

Leaving "Mom" and six kids minus "Pap."
Written by Harriet Foy
238 Avon Court, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

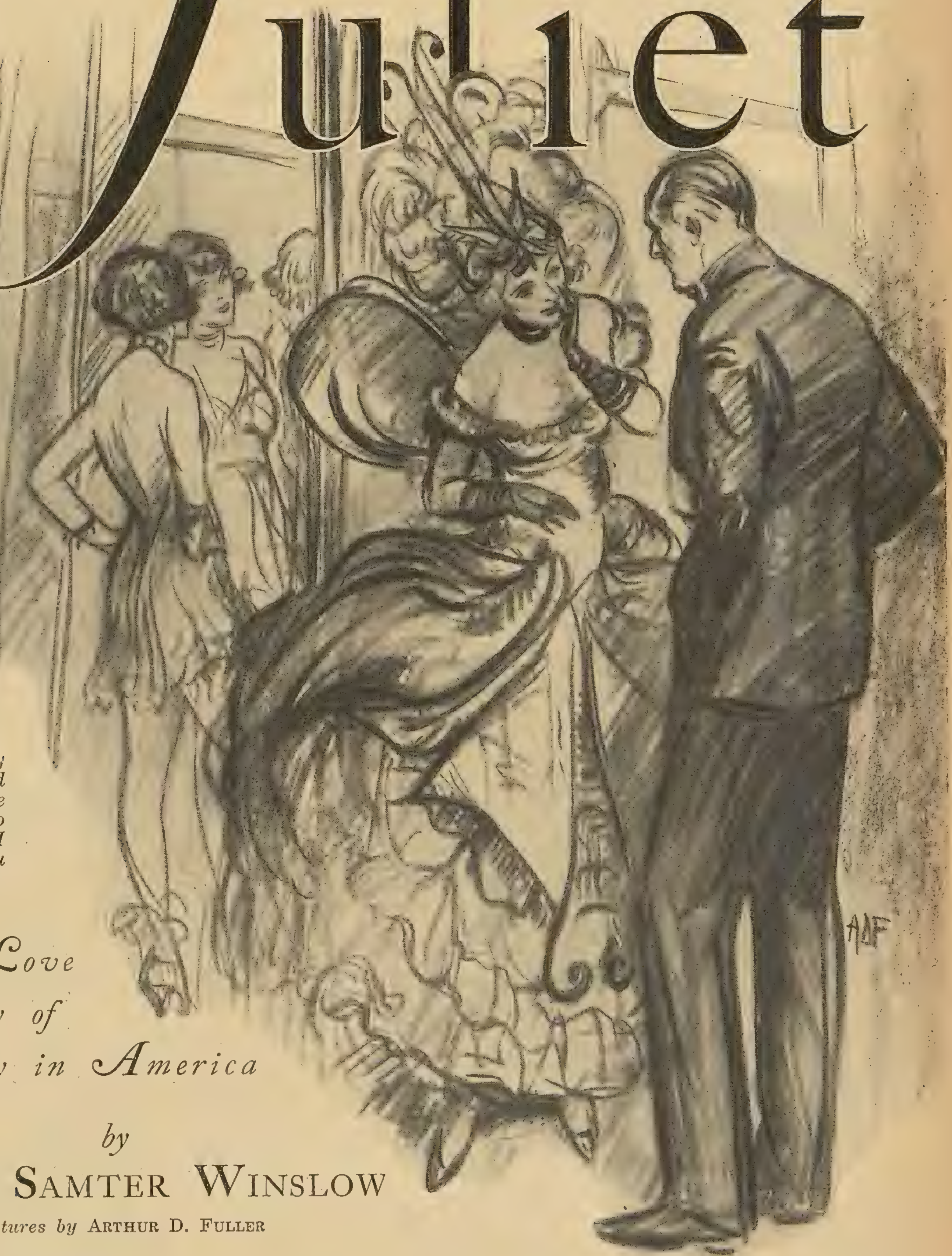
On a wetter but wiser old chap.
Written by Florence Johnson
N2608 Atlantic Street, Spokane, Washington

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

When he woke with the tide in his lap.
Written by Paul E. Anderson
463 Watervliet Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Still Another Juliet



"I'm awfully sorry," said Juliet. "I've simply got to keep the date I made before you invited me."

A Love Story of Today in America

by

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

What Has Gone Before:

JULIET ROGERS was beautiful. Too beautiful. If it had not been for her loveliness, "J. D." would never have singled her out. He was the "big boss" in the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency where she was one of the stenographers. He ended by asking her to be his wife. Marriage with him would have meant, for her, all she could ask from life except one thing: splendid years with Keith Morris.

Keith was in the copy department of Fredrickson's, but was leaving to take a new job, from which he hoped great things, with the Roth Agency. He and Juliet were en-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-seven]

gaged. They needed more money desperately, and J. D.'s proposal made things worse. Because, when she had told him " no," Juliet felt that she had better give up her job. This meant a weary search for another as good.

It wasn't as if the lack of money were the only complication. Mrs. Morris, whom Keith had to support, resented Juliet. She wanted her son to herself. And Mrs. Rogers wouldn't hear of the match. Keith's mother had been Minnie Streeter, " mama's " detested girlhood rival back west. And Juliet was all mama had now—with dad dead and Thelma, the other daughter, married and gone from the little Long Island home at Glen Hill.

The only solution possible was some miracle of success. After a string of hopeless jobs Juliet caught at an offer Bert Thomas made her of a place as show girl in The Big Show, which he was whipping into shape. Thomas had been a client of the Fredrickson Agency and Juliet knew his reputation for sex appeal and power over women. But, after all, she'd be only one girl among many.

During rehearsals Thomas treated her with gentlemanly camaraderie, but after the show opened on the road he changed—tried to make dates. And when the show was all ready for Broadway he said: " Coming to my party tonight? I'm asking a few of the company and some of the old girls."

Juliet didn't want to go. And she didn't want to make Thomas angry. Now go on with the story.

PART SEVEN—THE SHOW GIRL

ON the opening night of The Big Show everyone was nervous. The electricians were uneasy over the new lights. The stage hands took unnecessary steps, bumped into one another.

Even show girls who could compare the virtues of Ziegfeld, Carroll, White, the Shuberts, and Thomas threw aside their shell of indifference. Would the big Jazz It Up, Baby, number get over? Would the Fountain number knock them off their seats as the most beautiful revue number of the year? Were Freddy Lawrence's dances as tricky as he thought they were? Would Billy Scott and Sonny Alcott be a wow in the hospital scene?

In the long dressing room the five girls who dressed with Juliet talked excitedly over flowers and telegrams, comparing their loot, sticking telegrams above their mirrors. Juliet didn't expect any flowers. A box came for her. Her fingers trembled as she opened it. Green orchids in a most correct corsage! And Thomas' card! It worried Juliet until she saw that a lot of girls got flowers from Thomas: Frances Nestor and Doris Delaney and Lois Fisher and Dorothy Green.

Another box came for Juliet. And inside was Keith's card. Why, she hadn't known that Keith knew about sending flowers on an opening night. The flowers were lovely—delicate lavender sweet peas and tiny pink roses. A nice warm glow came over her. The flowers made Keith seem very near.

The girls talked about the parties they were going on. Juliet wondered if they knew Thomas had invited her to his party.

Keith was out in front—in the balcony. He couldn't afford to buy seats for the orchestra from the brokers, and there were none to be had at the ticket office. He was with Bill Frayne, a young solicitor from the Roth office, and Bill's girl—and Juliet planned to meet them after the show.

She hoped Thomas wouldn't be angry. She had heard about his temper, which he lost whenever it pleased him. It was one of the traditions of show business. After these weeks of rehearsal she didn't want to get fired on the opening night of the show. If there were only some way to compromise! Between Keith and Thomas, there was nothing she could do. Thomas was spoiled, powerful, accustomed to having his own way. And Keith—what a dear he was!—was already afraid that the theater would change her.

With the other girls Juliet stood in the wings. She knew, now, how it felt to burst on the stage and see the dark cavern that was the audience, and feel the lights in her face, and the color and the warmth of the stage. And hear the orchestra. And smell the lovely and indescribable mixture of canvas and grease paint.

The orchestra changed from the overture to the opening number. The curtain went up. And the show girls walked on with their rhythmic undulation. And Juliet was on the stage the opening night of a New York revue!

The little elevator, then, up to the dressing rooms, the girls all crowding in. The dressing room. And the dresser helping Juliet take off the elaborate gown. A new layer of powder and more lipstick. And the lovely gown for the second number. Down in the elevator. The wings. On the stage again. And back in the dressing room for another change.

The show girls were in six numbers. In between numbers the girls talked about the show, or someone came in with bits of news: " A lot of important people are out front, the Rutherfords and the Harlridges—" " The show is going over big! " " All the critics act as if they were having a good time." " Eugene Torrens has got a party! "

ROY DELANCY, who was in love with Lois Fisher, was in front with his wife. What did Lois think of that? Bob Trusedale, who was giving a party for some of the girls, had some important bankers with him. The girls who were going to the party looked triumphant.

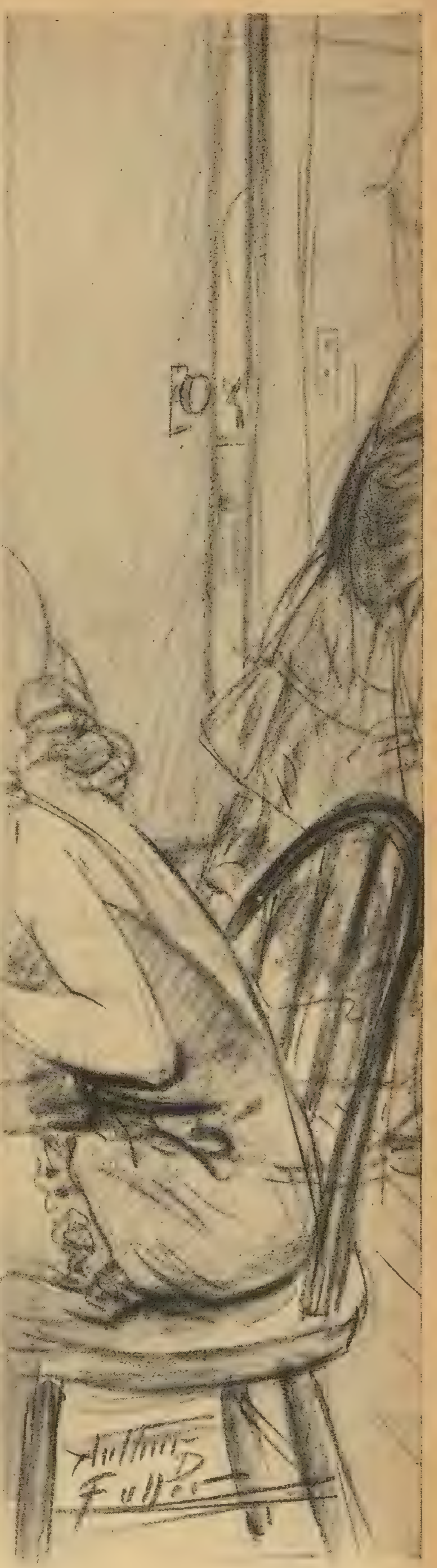
In the wings Bert Thomas stopped Juliet.

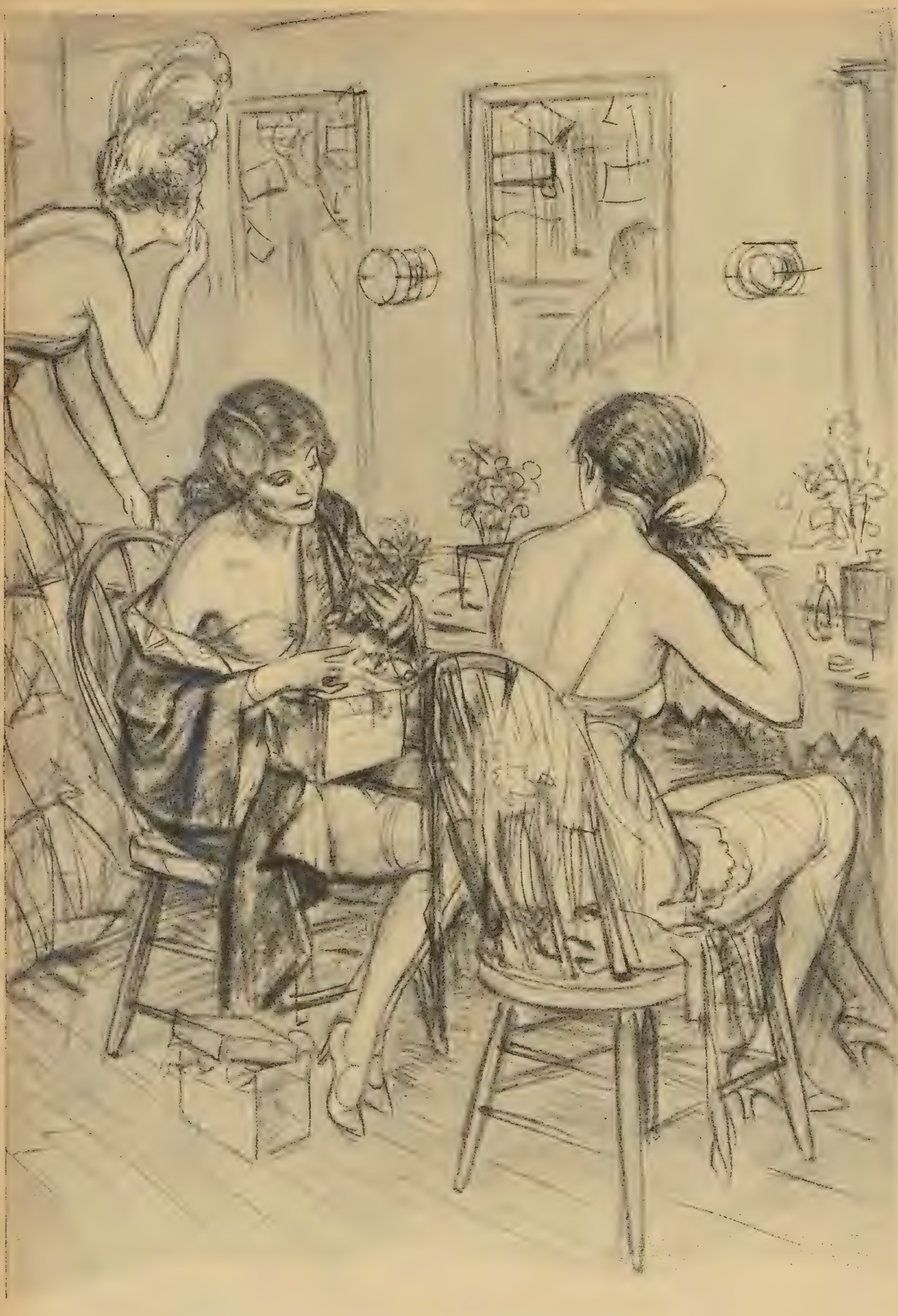
" How about the party tonight? " he asked.

" I'm awfully sorry," said Juliet. " I've simply got to keep the date I made before you invited me."

She expected Thomas to be furious, to show some of his famous temper. Instead, he looked at her rather indifferently, almost bored. Here she had been worrying—and it hadn't actually made any difference to him!

" I'm sorry not to have you with us, sister," he said. " You'll miss a good evening. Maybe some other time, eh? "





She hadn't known that Keith knew about sending flowers on an opening night. The flowers were lovely.

Juliet was happy, as always, because she had Keith. His love was real, satisfying, compared to the light and sudden affairs most of the girls seemed always excited about. Their hearts were always breaking over sudden tragedies—and getting healed quickly when wonderful new loves came along.

Juliet met Keith and Bill Frayne and Bill's girl at the drug store near the theater. Juliet caught her breath when she saw Keith. How he stood out, big and broad and good-looking, above the crowd waiting there!

Keith and Bill were enthusiastic over the show. They both started right in telling Juliet how good it was and how lovely she had looked. Keith thought it had improved a lot during the tryout.

BILL'S girl was little, cute, and blonde. She didn't say a great deal, but she smiled nicely at intervals, and held her head a little on one side when she listened.

Bill Frayne was a slender, dapper young fellow, with thin light hair that, at twenty-five, was already starting to recede. He was a bit awed by Juliet. She could tell that. She had met him only a couple of times before, and he was thrilled, now, being with a Big Show girl.

Bill suggested that they go to one of the livelier night clubs. He knew the names of all of them, and usually saved up during the week so he could take a girl dancing every second Saturday night.

Juliet and Keith would have preferred a quieter place where they could talk. As long as they had the others with them, however, it really didn't matter. They finally agreed on a place both Lora Andrews and Bill thought was simply swell. It was one of the cheaper Broadway places that catered to a gay young midnight

"I'd love to go with you some other time," said Juliet, glad because he had taken her refusal so calmly, a little piqued, even. Or had he intended her to feel that way?

After the show the girls smoothed on new make-up, dressed quickly, and said things about "My boy Harry" and "If Jack doesn't do something definite, I'm through!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo by Hal Phyfe

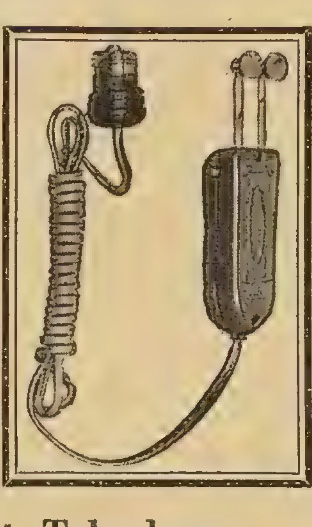
"My Velvetskin PATTER is invaluable," says Helen Morgan

TRADE MARK REG.

Remember her in "Show Boat"? Miss Morgan is now in the talkies—where, more than ever, the care of her complexion is of vital importance—for the camera is vicious in its portrayal of the slightest skin imperfection. Says Miss Morgan:

"My **VELVETSKIN PATTER** not only pats the cream in and out of the pores, but stimulates and refreshes the skin and muscles of the face removing that tired look. I find it invaluable."

Though patting has long been acknowledged as beneficial, it has been all too seldom regularly practiced. Now comes the **Velvetskin Patter** making an exhilarating pleasure of a former task. Its rapidly moving fingers work in creams and lotions and accomplish the pore-deep cleansing so necessary for a perfect complexion.



The handle of the **Velvetskin Patter** is made of a new material (not metal) available in the three most popular boudoir colors — Jade Green, Orchid and Primrose, with electrical cord to match.

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-nine

crowd. There was a floor show and a noisy orchestra and dancing.

Bill praised The Big Show extravagantly. Lora told about the time she could have got into a chorus. They had begged and begged her, but at the last minute she was afraid that if she did go on the stage she'd meet a rich man and he'd urge temptations on her, and seeing what all of the others did, she wouldn't be able to resist—

Juliet felt that there must be something faulty in Lora's argument. She met Keith's amused smile across the table.

She wished she were alone with Keith. She wanted to talk over infinitesimal details of the show with him, wanted him to tell her, over and over again, how well she looked.

It was wonderful, dancing with Keith. He was so tall and broad and held her so firmly. He was excellently coördinated and had a good ear for time, so he danced splendidly, though he didn't do a great deal of dancing. Juliet was a little glad he didn't dance as elegantly as the lounge lizards who were so prominent in these Broadway dancing places. She closed her eyes as he held her close. Even here, in a crowd like this, there was a nice feeling of being alone with him while he held her in his arms.

She was a little amused by the way Lora Andrews flattered and cooed over him. No wonder Bill Frayne frowned. Juliet knew well enough that Keith was not even interested in Lora, that his polite retorts to her flattery, his gay replies, were partly for her own amusement.

LORA and Bill came with Keith to the station, so she didn't have a second alone with him. He held her hand tightly as they ran to catch the train. Oh, she'd see him again in a day or two. But she had wanted just to be alone with him tonight, hated to leave him now. She looked back, caught his smile as the gate closed.

Evenings with Keith oughtn't to end like this! It was lonely riding home on the train and walking in the dark to the silent house.

The routine of The Big Show closed in around Juliet.

She got up about noon. Mama quarreled a little about this. Mama believed in an early breakfast and folks who had jobs hurrying off to them. But you can't get up early if you've worked in a show the evening before. Mama knew that. And it did salve her pride to tell her friends that one of her beautiful daughters was on the stage.

Juliet got mama a seat for The Big Show during the first week of the run, and mama saw for herself how lovely Juliet looked. In the Wild Animals We Have Met number mama thought Juliet, as a leopard, was "almost naked," though she admitted that some of the other girls looked even more undressed. It was a little easier after that, though, to talk with mama about the show.

Mama was fascinated by stories of the stage, even when she pretended not to be. Mama didn't think that Juliet told her quite the truth about the girls. She hoped they wouldn't put ideas into Juliet's head.

JULIET told mama that the girls couldn't possibly influence her. And she felt that was true.

Juliet and Keith had dinner together as often as they could. Keith's mother insisted that he eat dinner at home several times a week. After all, she was lonely and not well—and Keith was all she had.

Dinner with Keith was the most wonderful part of Juliet's day, the event to look forward to. She saved up little things to tell him, sure always of his understanding and sympathy. She liked to watch him throw back his head and half close his eyes when he laughed. And she liked to listen, too, to things Keith said. The Roth Agency. Bill Frayne and his girl. Roth himself, a dynamo of energy, who thought everyone else enjoyed working twelve hours a day. Adolph Gregory, who wrote—and sold—poetry when he wasn't writing copy. When Juliet and Keith were together the minutes flew by. It seemed always time for Juliet to rush to the theater.

At the theater Juliet nodded to the doorman, hurried to her dressing room. Made up. Talked with the girls. Hurried down for numbers. Hurried back to the dressing room to change.

The girls gossiped or read one of the pseudo-deep books or the newest fiction of the day. They liked André Maurois' Ariel now, and The White Monkey, and The Plastic Age.

Juliet heard details of fifty love affairs. Married men who wanted to get away from their wives. Wives who wanted to get away from married men. And curious, tender little stories with unbelievable, bizarre, or dramatic endings—that sometimes appeared later in fiction.

Then, after the show, sometimes Juliet could be with Keith again! They walked down Broadway and watched the gay, liquid crowds. And talked, over cups of coffee, in little restaurants on side streets. There were few enough places where they could be together. Keith didn't have the money for expensive night clubs and speakeasies. The best treat of all was a taxicab ride through Central Park. Occasionally they went to a midnight movie. Pennsylvania Station or the lobbies of nearby hotels were other havens. And Juliet was always conscious of the train that had to be caught.

Keith and Juliet didn't realize, until after the first few weeks of the run of The Big Show, what a tremendous new barrier it raised between them. It took away their evenings together—their greatest opportunity for seeing each other. At the Fredrickson Agency they had seen each other all through the day. Then, when Juliet had had other office positions, their evenings had usually been free.

Now, when Keith was through, Juliet's work had just begun. Keith was working hard at his new job. After dinner he wanted to relax. He wanted a home of his own and Juliet beside him. And occasional visits to friends or the theaters or the movies.

NOW, in order to see Juliet, outside of having dinner with her, Keith had to spend the evening waiting. The nights he dined at home he had to take a long subway ride to Washington Heights. Then he read with one eye on the clock, getting drowsy over his book, and had to take a long subway ride downtown again to be with Juliet. Or he spent the evening at the movies. They met then, and had a precious hour or two in a restaurant or a hotel lobby. And Keith had to ride home in the subway to Washington Heights. And he never had quite enough time for sleep, nor enough rest.

These hours, in spite of the inconveniences, were such happy ones that they both dreamed over them long after they had passed. They were precious hours, but they did not bring them closer together—left them both, instead, full of unrest, dissatisfied.

When the show first opened, Juliet went out to Glen Hill right from the theater the nights she didn't have an engagement with Keith. It was lonely, hurrying to catch a train and then going into the dark house, with mama asleep. The girls teased her about it. It did seem rather silly. When she told Keith, he urged her to accept some of the party invitations the girls were always giving her. The parties would be interesting, something to do.

Urged by some of the girls, and by Thomas, too, Juliet went on a party to the newest night club. A banker named Fisher, a friend of Thomas', was giving the party, and he invited some of his business acquaintances. The men were heavy, a bit pompous, but they tried hard to be entertaining. The night-club decorations were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lose unsightly FAT this easy Pleasant way

PEOPLE used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

THEN medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

FAT people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

THEN experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

THEN thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

THEN a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called Marmola prescription.

MARMOLA was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way — millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

THAT is one great reason —perhaps a major reason— why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

MARMOLA is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of the results which so delight its users.

NO abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. With lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

Do the Right Thing

THIS is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

TRY a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

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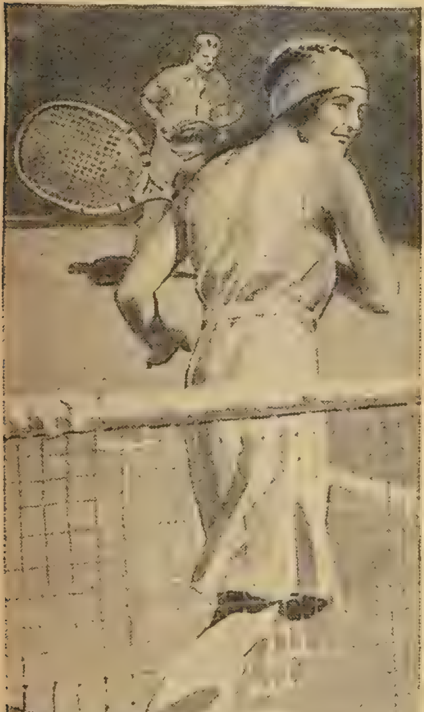
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS ~ THE PLEASANT WAY TO REDUCE

Quickest Way to stop painful sunburn!

because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn



THE minute you apply Unguentine, the fiery anguish is drawn out of your skin. Safe, natural healing begins. It's quicker than anything else. . .

Because—unlike lotions and toilet creams which only reach the outer surface of the skin—Unguentine *penetrates!* It goes directly down to the inflamed tissues in the dermis, or *inner* layer of the skin.

Here its cooling, soothing action gently eases the smarting flesh—stops the stinging. And Unguentine being *antiseptic*, guards against the dangerous infection which may result from any burn. Wholesome healing follows rapidly.

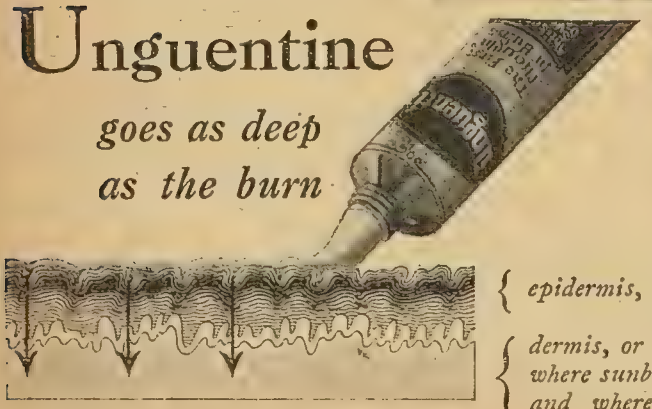
Remember that sunburn is just like any other burn, and should be treated the same way. So always use Unguentine, the famous burn remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals.

At your druggist's. Only 50 cents for a long-lasting tube. Use Unguentine for burns and scalds, too, and for cuts, scratches, insect-bites, etc. Take it on your vacation trips.

Unguentine

goes as deep as the burn

Norwich



{ epidermis, or upper skin.

{ dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine goes.

[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-one]

bright, attractive. The music was excellent. There was a good crowd and everyone seemed to be having a jolly time. There was an air of luxury, of ease and well-being, that was most pleasant. The men danced fairly well, gave exaggerated compliments. The girls giggled appreciatively at every *bon mot.*

Quite late Thomas joined the party. Juliet saw that people at other tables pointed him out. He was forceful-looking. There was no doubt of that. His hair, gray at the temples, gave him distinction. Juliet saw why the girls found him attractive. Even if he hadn't been a big producer, he would have been important.

The orchestra played music from The Big Show, and Thomas smiled and bowed to the orchestra leader.

Juliet had been afraid he would be unpleasantly attentive to her. Instead, she found him merely courteous. She rather enjoyed his attentions because of the envious eyes around her. She had a good time, even while she knew every minute she'd have preferred a million times being with Keith. Keith was so much more attractive than any of these men who had money for night clubs.

The next night she told Keith about the party.

"It's funny," she said. "I never miss parties like that when I'm with you. These men need money to spend, and an orchestra playing, and a group of people around to make them even bearable."

"As long as you feel like that," Keith answered, "keep right on going to parties! But when you prefer a tête-à-tête—then you might let me know!"

And he smiled at her across the table. He knew well enough their love was something apart, far above parties and crowds and other people. Something so precious that the very thought of it—and of him—made her close her eyes and offer up a little prayer. If something would happen! So that she and Keith—

Some of the girls went on parties every night. They asked Juliet to go with them. She was lovely-looking—the kind of girl men like. After all, if she couldn't be with Keith— The first party had been fun. She went to another. Then invitations were frequent. She went once or twice a week after the show to parties at night clubs, or at roof places as the weather grew warmer. There was color and music and dancing and good things to eat and drink. And Juliet knew she would have liked the parties much more if Keith could have been with her.

All through the parties ran thoughts of Keith. A song they had heard together. The way a man walked. Something someone said. A smile.

YOU couldn't invite a boy friend to go on one of the parties. The men who gave parties wanted show girls—not show girls' boy friends. They liked to say, "I know a pretty little girl in The Big Show. We'll see the show and I'll ask her out afterwards. And I'll tell her to bring a few of her friends." Buyers from out of town were always being taken to night clubs with pretty girls for company.

The men Juliet had known before she met Keith had taken her to night clubs occasionally, but they had usually chosen the less expensive places. Fredrickson's entertaining had been along far more conservative lines. Now night clubs were suddenly open to Juliet—smart dancing places in town or out on Long Island or in Westchester. Juliet learned which had the best food, the best orchestra, the cleverest entertainers.

Juliet met "men about town." The girls pointed them out, knew stories about all of them. She had always been curious about them. In the Fredrickson Agency important men had come in—and the girls had giggled. The men had made no more advances than if the girls were little rubber puppets sitting at the desks. In show business you became visible to these same gentlemen who had ignored you completely when you had occupied a commercial position.

Show girls liked to dabble in the arts, taking a few rather indefinite French lessons, reading books they couldn't always understand but could quote from, meeting important people.

Juliet began to see that most of the stage romances she had read about weren't quite true. In real life love affairs failed frequently. Frances Nestor and Doris Delaney had married rich men and now they were back in show business.

Lucille Brandon joined The Big Show. She had been a famous show girl a few years before, and had married a rich man. And now her marriage was over.

"The trouble with us all," said Lucille, "is that we try to do too well for ourselves. If we married men who were ordinarily well off we'd be all right. We aim too high. A millionaire—no less! And then, when he turns out to be a fool, we're surprised. If he were a first-rate millionaire we wouldn't have had a chance at him in the first place. Next time I'm going to marry a newspaper reporter or a piccolo player."

Juliet saw why so many of the girls who married rich men weren't happy. The girls weren't to blame. In stories the girls were ill bred, couldn't fit into things—or were gold-diggers. Juliet saw now that usually the men were at fault. Lucille was right. The rich men who married chorus girls—who liked to be seen with chorus girls, for that matter—were usually second-raters, and that's all there was to it.

JULIET told Keith about the men she met. And then, surprisingly enough, an opportunity came for Keith to see for himself! It was one of those rare evenings when the host wanted "another couple" instead of just girls. No reason was given for the unusual request, and the girls didn't wait for one.

"Here's your chance," said Daisy Kelly. "You're always wishing this boy of yours was along. And we're eager enough to see whom you're always breaking dates for."

Juliet was doubtful as to whether Keith would accept the invitation. To her surprise, he accepted willingly.

"I ought to stay home and write copy on that breakfast-food account and go to bed early," he said. "But you don't think I'd miss this chance to see what kind of men my girl goes with the evenings I'm not around!"

Juliet was a little worried as to the outcome.

They were to meet the men at the entrance to the Night Owl Club. The girls hurried there, found the men waiting. Juliet felt her heart beat. Standing alone, taller and broader and better-looking than any of the rest, was Keith. Why, of course. Hadn't she known that all along?

Even so, the evening wasn't a success. The other men, who had seemed clever enough before, became suddenly dull. They didn't seem to get things unless you spoke just for them, sort of translated things into their language. And Juliet found that, after an attempt or two at being natural, Keith was doing the same thing. These men could talk about business—their business—or tell rather doubtful jokes—or repeat things they had heard at the theater. Had they always been this stupid? Were all of them like this? Had the girls always flattered them and laughed at their witticisms and talked about the things they wanted to talk about? What conceited fools they were!

Juliet saw that the girls liked Keith, even while they had to flatter the men who meant more parties—and opportunities. Keith belonged to Juliet; they couldn't gain anything by being nice to him.

How much handsomer Keith was than the others! And far more understanding and understandable. The words he said meant things. You could meet his eyes when anything happened, or when anyone said anything, and know that there would be a warm, companionable response there.

Later Daisy Kelly said:

"Why didn't you tell us that the boy friend looked like any two movie stars? What eyes! Awful smart, too. Maybe you aren't such a dumb bunny to stick to him. He hasn't any money, has he?"

"No, he hasn't," Juliet admitted.

"Well," said Daisy, "personally, I'd be willing to trade in a few inches in height and some good looks and even a sense of humor for a nice little pile of stocks and bonds. I'm mercenary that way."

"I'm satisfied," said Juliet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

On Summer's Humid, Stifling Days
Try This Cooling, Refreshing
French Lotion for the Body
It peps you up, refreshes, drives the heat and exhaustion away

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TRY this new French Lotion for the Body—Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne. A perfect rinse for sticky, salt sea brine, a perfect solvent for the greasy, oily film that heat brings to your skin, a perfect cleanser for the grime and dirt of motoring.

Try it when you're limp with the heat. Pat cool, soothing dashes of it over your body. Apply it before bedtime on hot, humid nights—to reduce body temperatures, to quiet tired nerves, to plunge you into sleep.

Remember that it's a deodorant too; that its astringent properties retard perspiration; and that it is fragrant with Cheramy's supreme floral odeurs.

Mail the coupon and ten cents for a generous trial flacon of Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne—and spend a cool, care-free summer that's all vacation.

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Violette
Chypre
Lavande

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-three

"I know you are," said Daisy. "That's the trouble, exactly. I'll leave love in a cottage—or in a Bronx apartment—to the people who write love stories. And how long have you been going with Blue Eyes? How do you know he really wants to get married, after all?"

Juliet and Keith talked over the party, too. Juliet admitted the men were pretty dreadful. They were, Keith explained to Juliet, biological sports. A lot of men who liked to go with show girls were like that. They were *fairly* good in their lines, and that was about all. They made money, went with men who really were good, and got an inferiority complex. Going with show girls was one of their ways of trying to compensate for their failure. They wanted to show off—justify themselves. The brokers who ran after show girls were never the *best* brokers. The polo players were never the *best* polo players. There was always something wrong, something missing, that made them second-raters.

Juliet was happy because she had Keith. He was fine in every way. She didn't have to search constantly, the way the other girls did. It was wonderful, with all the hunting going on around her, to know that she and Keith had found each other—that no one could touch their love. It made their meeting precious, significant, the most important thing in the world. If only, some day, things would work out so there wouldn't be just these meetings.

Juliet led a double life, a triple life, even. One life in the theater. Show girls and gossip and parties. Another life with mama in Glen Hill. And Keith. And that part was best of all.

One night a brilliant club. The best music. A table of gay girls and men, all trying to make an impression. And during the day mama and the shabby, lonely house in Glen Hill. And the next night Keith and a little all-night restaurant. Coffee and sandwiches. And the two of them telling each other, over and over, that their love would last always.

Juliet knew that her love for Keith was a steady flame. Yet she knew, too, that she and Keith were not furthering their love. Why, they could go on this way year after year—

What could they do? Mama was as adamant as ever. Juliet couldn't run away with Keith—and leave mama alone and unhappy, without any way of getting along. And Keith had his mother to consider—and support! Keith's mother was growing even more bitter against Juliet. She had hoped that Keith was only infatuated. She was beginning to realize that the affair wouldn't end quickly. And now Juliet was a show girl!

Mrs. Morris' ideas of the ensemble of a musical show had been gathered chiefly from things she had read when she was a girl back in Jackson, Missouri. Chorus girls were no good. A girl like Juliet *would* go in the chorus! What could you expect from her family? To think that Keith, her only son—

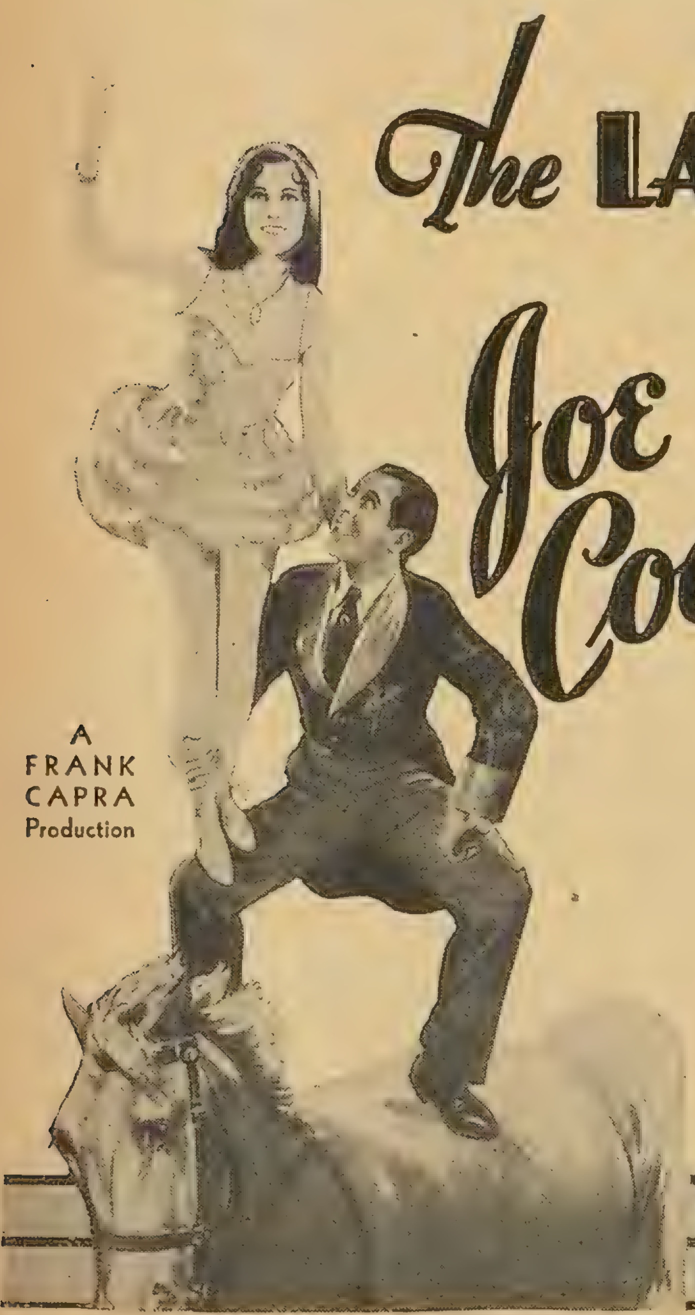
NOW Keith's mother had an additional reason for worrying. Keith was not getting enough sleep. He worked hard all day, and this girl kept him up half the night, too! It had been bad enough before.

Juliet had hoped that she would be able to save in her new position. There were always unexpected expenses. A plumber's bill. Taxes. Painting that had to be done. And mama's teeth needed attention. There was enough money to meet bills and hardly a cent to spare.

When they were together, Juliet and Keith would talk endlessly about the time when they could have a home.

Sundays, when the weather was fair, were wonderful. The days at the beach were, as always, the best of all. Long hours together with the sea and the sand—pretending no one else was near. Sometimes they took a ferry to Staten Island or hiked on the Palisades.

Billy Frayne bought a little car and took them out into Westchester and nearby Connecticut and Long Island. That meant that Bill and his girl were along too, but Juliet and Keith, in the back of the car, didn't pay much



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THE PLAY THAT RAN A YEAR ON BROADWAY
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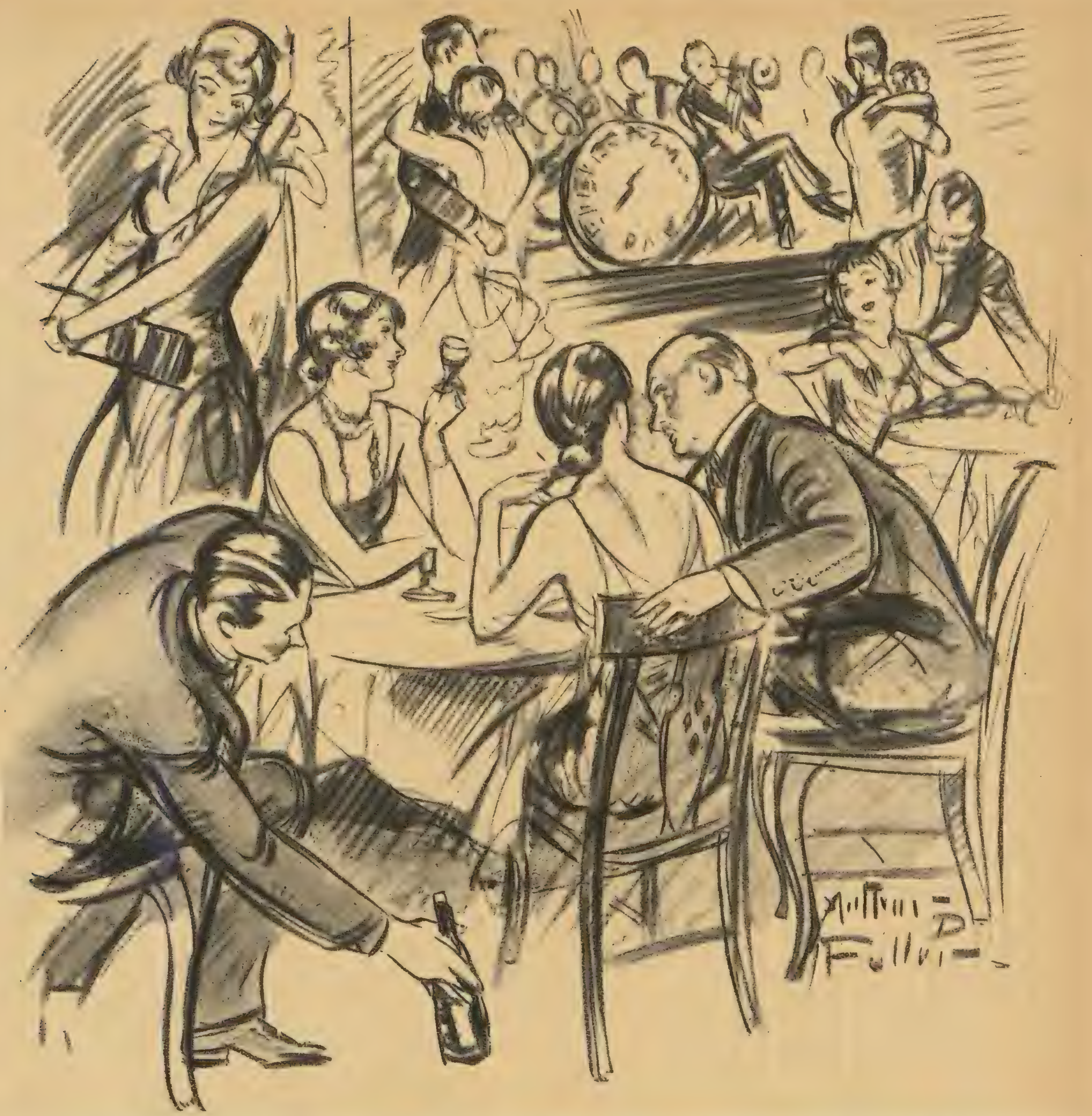


She had a good time, even while she knew she'd have preferred a million times being with Keith.

attention to them. They snuggled together in the most undignified fashion, and ignored entirely the cars that passed them. On summer nights these drives home were the most wonderful things in the world! Keith held Juliet close and their lips met as the car whizzed through the dark country. Juliet would dream all night of being held in Keith's arms.

It was hot on the stage. The elaborate costumes were so heavy, seemed so sticky, too. The air was close. The lights blazed. The restaurants Juliet and Keith had to choose for dinner were stuffy and oppressive. Even the parties grew dull. The men seemed unbelievably stupid. It was too warm for dancing.

The Sundays with Keith were lovely. They made up for everything. And they were over too quickly.

Summer passed. The weather grew cooler. And Juliet and Keith found, again, that even their Sundays became a difficult problem. The same old problem over and over. Where can young people spend a day when the weather is rainy or cold? The city offers so few places for a man and girl without much money who want only to be alone.

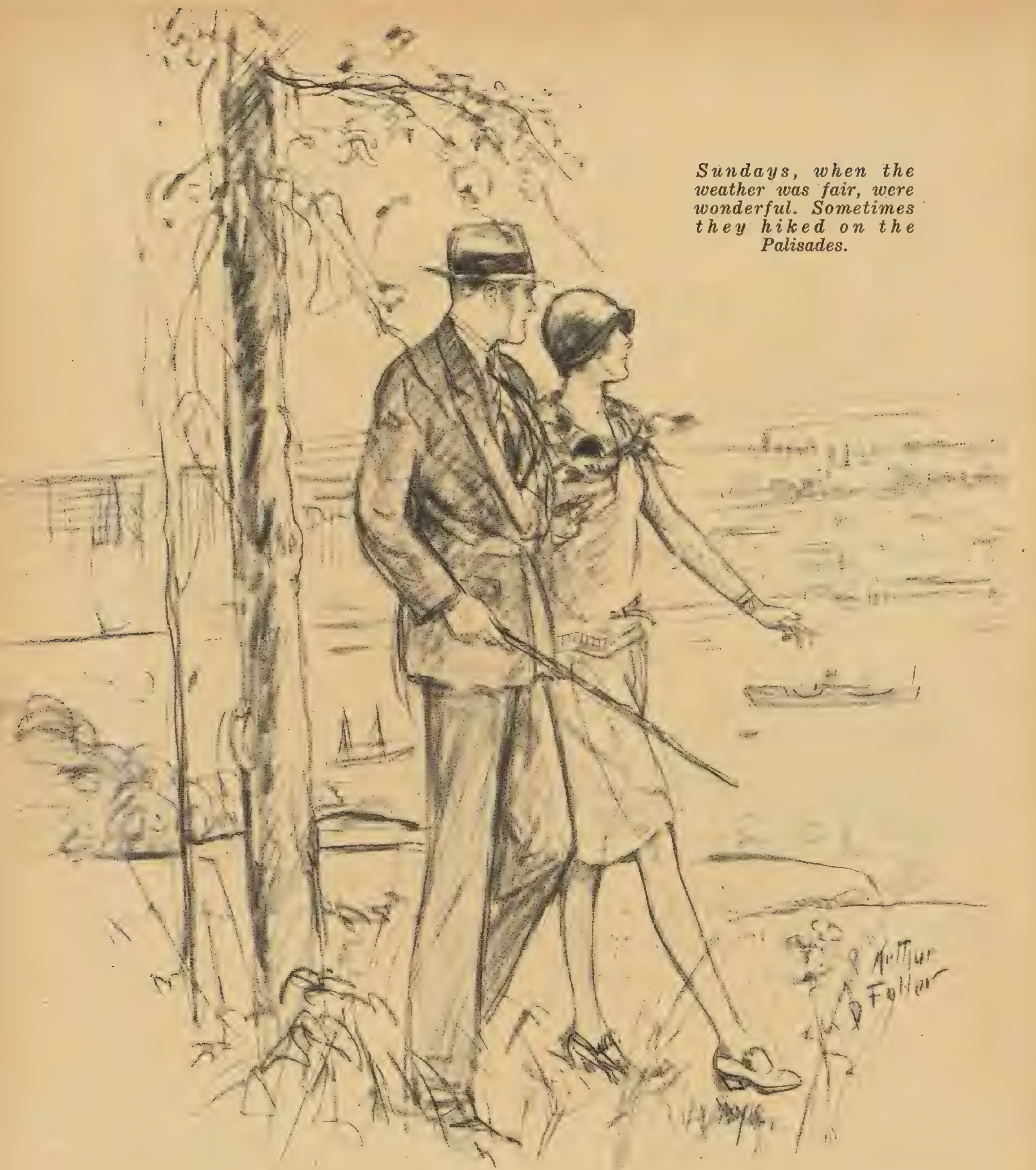
Other men were nice to Juliet now. At every party there was always one man eager to be attentive, and ready to follow up his attentions with substantial presents—and whatever advances he could make. Juliet wondered if she would have cared at all for any of them if it hadn't been for Keith. She got candy and orchids and books. She even got a bracelet, and felt a little guilty about it and gave no encouragement to the young man who sent it.

She couldn't dismiss Bert Thomas as easily. At first Juliet had felt he would try to force his attentions on her. Then, when he took those first rebuffs so easily, she decided he was attentive to every new girl in the show, and that when the girl wasn't interested he turned his attentions elsewhere. He started in again, now.

Juliet learned ways of not seeing him. She learned how to avoid him at the theater, how to have engagements when he wanted to be with her, how to be offhand. She knew she couldn't keep that up indefinitely.

One evening Thomas stopped her just after the Fountain number.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Sundays, when the weather was fair, were wonderful. Sometimes they hiked on the Palisades.

STILL ANOTHER JULIET

Continued from page fifty-five

"Can you go dancing tonight?" he asked. "It seems to me you owe me a little attention. Barely a nod I've got out of you for weeks now."

Keith had a hard day ahead, was going to sleep early instead of meeting her after the show. She didn't want to make Thomas angry. She told him she'd see him after the show.

Thomas was alone. Juliet had hoped he had planned a party. He took her to one of the quieter night clubs.

Juliet knew by the way everyone treated him how important Thomas was at that particular place.

They had a bite of supper, a drink or two. Danced, then. Thomas' dancing was a trifle unimaginative.

He talked about the show, about the girls. People came over to their table, chatted, drifted away. Juliet began to breathe easily.

Suddenly Thomas started.

"Baby," he said, "I'm crazy about you! Maybe you've guessed it. And, curiously enough, I'm the kind of fellow who gets what he wants. What do you think about that?"

"I don't know anything about it," answered Juliet.

"I guess you couldn't care for me, could you?" he pursued. "No use beating around the bush, you know."

"I told you," said Juliet, "I—I love someone else."

"Isn't there a little love for me too?"

Juliet didn't know what to say. She didn't want to lose her job. She didn't dare repulse Thomas the way she would have done anyone else. There was no use pretending she didn't understand him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

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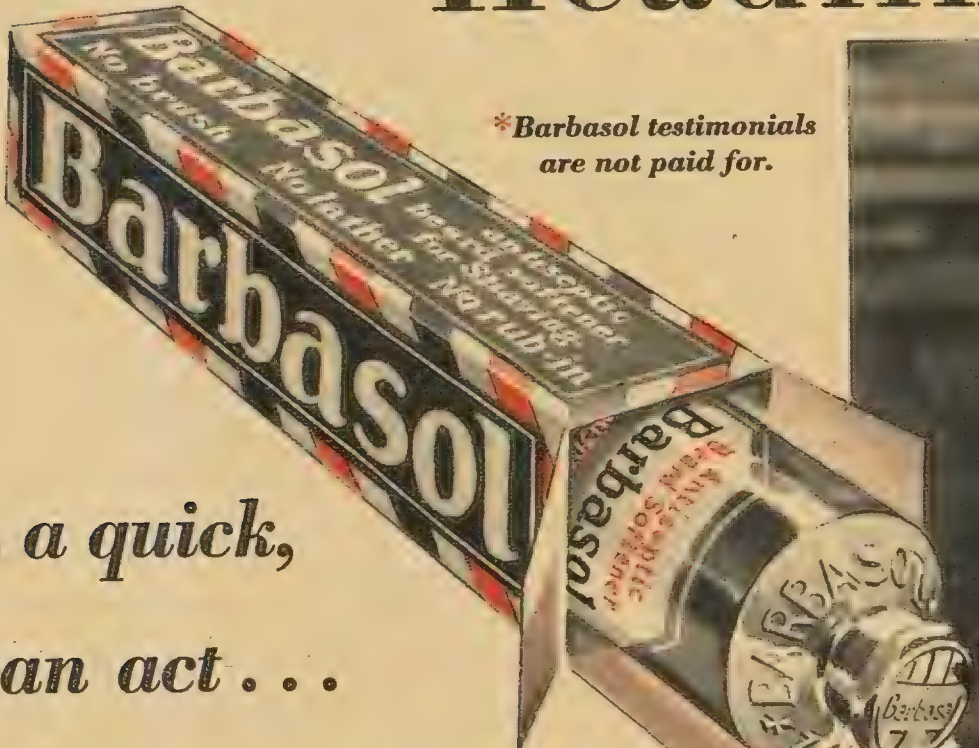
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Jesse Crawford

JESSE CRAWFORD, musician extraordinary; wizard of the motion picture pipe organ; creator of musical novelties and "effects." He's a featured artist at the great Paramount Theatre on Broadway these days, where he is charming thousands daily.

IT'S the comfort, speed, ease and almost magical beard-softening of the Barbasol shave that turns so many men into Barbasol Believers. In fact, they get so enthusiastic they HAVE to write us letters. Hundreds pour in all the time. Here's one: "Could not wait until I let you know how delighted I am . . . never had a shave like Barbasol," F. M., New York. Another says, "Have a strong beard, but since using Barbasol get a clean quick shave without hurting my face," C. E. C., India. "For anyone who suffers from after-shaving soreness," writes F. J. B., of Pennsylvania, "I earnestly recommend Barbasol." (Names on request if you want.)

Now YOU Try It—But Use It RIGHT

Follow these directions and you'll be following the crowd

1. Wet your face thoroughly. Leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in. **3.** Wet a good blade and—Shave.

If you're going to be a Barbasol Believer, don't look for a lather. Barbasol is new, different, modern. Don't try to make it elaborate. No brush needed at all, you know. And man, how clean and crisp the razor glides along. How refreshed and soft and COMFORTABLE your face feels afterward. Blades last longer, too. Get Barbasol from the drug store today, generous tubes 35¢ and 65¢.

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Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

"I do like you a lot," she said. "You've been awfully nice about things."

The rest of the evening Thomas was cold, a bit sarcastic—and surprisingly interesting. Like a clever but bad little boy. Juliet preferred him that way.

When Thomas drove Juliet to Pennsylvania Station, she was afraid he'd say something about dismissing her from the show.

"Did you know we're closing two weeks from Friday?" he asked, instead.

"No, I didn't," said Juliet.

"Well, that's definite. But there's something else nobody knows, sister. Two weeks after we close I'm going to put White Cavalier into rehearsal."

"Are you?" asked Juliet. She had never heard of White Cavalier, had never been told of any of Thomas' plans.

"Yes," Thomas continued. "And I'm only using the cream of the show girls. No dancers or little girls at all. The girls are ladies at a house party. They've all got lines."

Juliet expected her dismissal—or a part in the new show if she'd be "a good little girl."

"Am I going to be in the new show?" Thomas was waiting for the question—she felt she might as well ask it.

"Of course," said Thomas. "Why do you think I'm telling you about it? There's a swell part for you if you can say lines. You'll get ahead if you stay with this boy. What do you know about that?"

"I think it's wonderful," said Juliet. "I'm—I'm awfully grateful."

AFTER all, he couldn't force her into anything. She could leave the show any time she wanted to.

"Don't tell a soul," cautioned Thomas. "I'm not giving out a thing about the new show."

As the taxi stopped under the roof of the station, Thomas leaned over and kissed Juliet. A calm kiss, cool and almost fatherly. It held none of the passion that Thomas' conversation had indicated.

"Not a word to the other girls!" he said. "I'm going to get rid of half of the old hags I'm carrying now. The new show's going to have class, sister, and don't you forget it." Then, "By-by," he called affably.

Juliet didn't know what Thomas planned. She had thought that if she discouraged him he would dismiss her. Instead, he had taken her into his confidence and had offered her a better job with the new show! The girls always talked about how you couldn't tell what he'd do next. Maybe he was just trying her out.

If he really meant that about the new show, she'd take it—and get out if he got fresh.

When Keith telephoned Juliet the next morning, she couldn't tell him about Thomas because mama was listening.

"Won't you meet me after the theater?" he asked. "We can have a bite to eat, though I'll have to leave early. I'm just about all in. I've certainly been putting in some tough days on the new Delvin account. I'm having dinner with the manager tonight. Then I'll go to a movie and wait for you."

"I'll be in the drug store right after the show," said Juliet.

At the theater Dorothy Green rushed up to Juliet.

"Can you go on a party tonight?" she asked. "Thomas especially wants you. He said so. A big party! For some automobile men from Detroit. They're getting it up in a hurry. I hear there are grand souvenirs for the girls."

Juliet wanted to go, so Thomas would see that she liked him. Besides, this was the kind of party she had heard about.

"THEY'RE going to have a private dining room," Dorothy went on. "And lots of champagne. Last year this bunch gave us gold mesh bags. And we didn't do a thing but smile! What a night that was!"

Then Juliet remembered that she had an engagement with Keith! She didn't know where to get him on the telephone, even if she had wanted to break the engagement—but she much preferred being with him, anyhow. It did seem a shame that the party had to come tonight.

"I wish I could go," said Juliet, "but I simply can't make it."

Dorothy's always rather vacant expression became even more vacant.

"You mean you can't *go?*" she gasped. "Why, Thomas *asked* that you come along!"

To Dorothy Green, Thomas' words were commands.

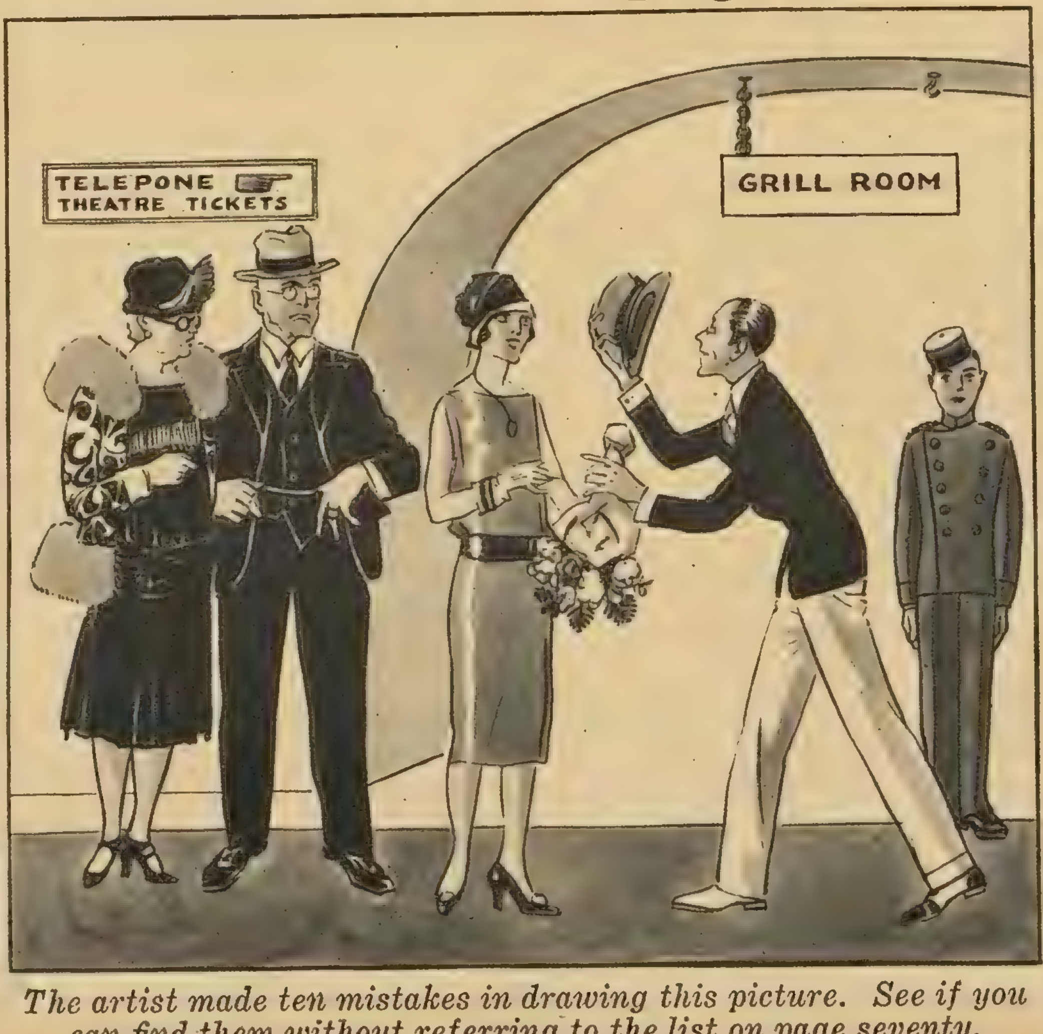
"I'm sorry. I'd love to go," said Juliet. "I can't possibly break this engagement, even for Thomas."

After the show Juliet rushed to the drug store where she was to meet Keith. She looked around eagerly, expecting him to be there waiting. He was always there ahead of her. Keith hadn't come!

Five minutes passed. Ten. Fifteen. The drug-store loiterers looked at her curiously.

A funny tightness came into her throat. She began to worry. Could something have happened to Keith? He hadn't planned to spend the evening at home, so she couldn't reach him by telephone. She wouldn't telephone to his home this late, anyhow. His mother would hear the bell, check up another black mark against her.

What's Wrong Here?



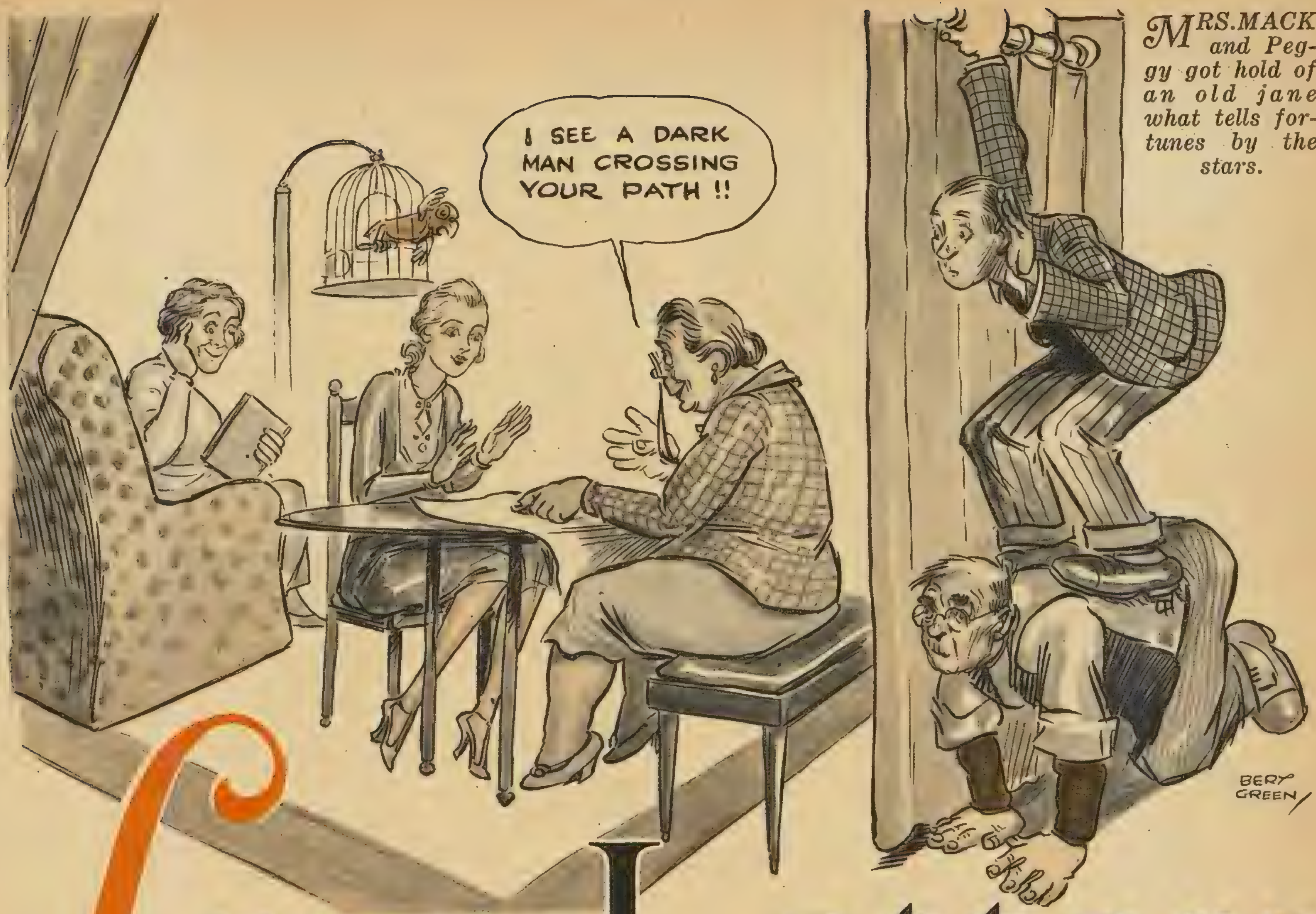
The artist made ten mistakes in drawing this picture. See if you can find them without referring to the list on page seventy.

She didn't know what to do—glanced at her watch a dozen times. The minutes lagged on. She waited until ten minutes of one. Keith didn't come. There was just a chance that, thinking he had missed her at the drug store, he would be at Pennsylvania Station.

At the station Juliet looked for Keith. She waited outside the gates until just before her train left for Glen Hill. Keith didn't come.

She rushed into the train as the gates closed. She sat alone, worried and lonely and blue. What did it mean, Keith not meeting her?

Juliet has been hoping that the stage would simplify her problems. But she's destined to find that being a show girl leads her straight to danger—as you'll learn in next week's installment of the story.


I SEE A DARK MAN CROSSING YOUR PATH !!
BERT GREEN

MRS. MACK and Peggy got hold of an old jane what tells fortunes by the stars.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

The Macks Consult the Stars

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

DEAR MARG:

Well, I might just as well give the pen and ink a work out while Im waitin for my sox to dry.

Listen kid knowing how you girls lean heavy on the fortune tellin Im goin to give you the *in* on what happened to me and the Mack family the other night.

It seems that Mrs. Mack and Peggy got hold of an old jane what tells fortunes by the stars. Sure, an astrologer, one of them people what goes thru the motions of findin out what star youre born under and then tells you weather your goin to be double crossed in love or wedded in Reno. Her name is Evangeline, and she lives in the Bronx. She says the affairs of the heart are ruled by the stars.

Yes, and I guess shes right because poor Doyle has seen nothin but stars ever since hes been wedded to that angle face what used to juggle beans in Dannys Dugout.

You remember *her* Marg, she used to live next to the fire house in Mootch Chump. The firemen used to call her Roundie because she always wore round heels. When *you* knew her she had black and tan hair, but since then shes gone fuzzy red. Yep, what nice hair she gets!! I guess the sweetie shes stuck on told her that Clara Bow is *his* weakness now and HOW!!

Well, anyway gettin back to the fortune teller. Ever since the Macks moved into the swell layout, Mrs. Mack and Peggy have been wanting to have their horror-scope red as they figure theres a big future starin them smack in the face. Peggys wonderin if she should air the dumb cluck she used to go with what ankles floors in Moes department store, or stick to the he devil across the street who keeps his father bent buyin straight eights. This particular kid shes now sweet on worked his old man through college and hasnt got any more under his skull than rumble seats, C sharp saxes, collegiate gin, and a squeeze or two. Just one of those good lookin rich mans vacuum tubes what eats all the cream while the rest of the family gets whats left in the hydrant. On the level Marg, I got a big respect for a college education,—not havin had one myself,—but some of these nit wits what are turned out of colleges wind up behind the eight ball sellin eleven dollar neckties to vice presidents what never made first base in a public school. On the level why do frails fall for chumps like them? For crimp sake, Id stake my roll on the five year old kid what sells newspapers instead of one of them wise crackin rich mans sons whats had all the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

breaks. The kid thats taken the rap on the chin and nose what hard work means, usually ends up by buying the business of *bein somebody*.

When he takes a wife, he dont take somebody elses, bullieve me, and he dont take her hoistin gin either. Yes and the one he picks usually sticks to the finish.

No kiddin I knew a guy once what came out of college with a stiff ticket and a mortor board hat and had em all slayed when it came to brains. Good lookin? I'll say and did he know it! Wow! What the gin didnt spoil in him the girls did.

Guess what happened? Why, his old gent started off by giving him two grand a week and for two years there wasnt a night club manager or a hat check girl that didnt call him by his front name. Dont think they didnt! When he got plastered they were the first ones to press his pants, shake him down and go West with his chunk. What pals! They lived on him and he lived on flattery. Well, after he was thrown out of eight or ten good jobs—which the head man grabbed for him—his old gent finally checked thru the pearly gates and left him the business.

A year and a half later a natti lookin little bird stepped into his private office and told the college chump to take his hat off the nail as he had bought the business from a fello what sold it with a hammer and a red flag. This particular little bird had gotten his college education between Ellis Island and the East Side by spending his nights keeping the janitor awake in the public libraries.

I ran across the college goof the other day. Hes night watchman now in Bryant Park. He keeps the bums from wearing out the benches. All his old pals, the frails and the jewelers dont know him anymore.

Listen Marg dont mind me if I seem to wander off the subject, because I do a loop whenever I start writtin about them college boys what go haywire.

Anyway Peggy wanted to find out from the fortune teller if she was goin to crash the alter with the boozem pal of hers but the old jane told her that she was all wet. She says, you are attracted to one whos a Crab and born under the head of Cancer. Hes ruled by the Moon.

He would! A loonertick!

So Evangeline says to Peggy, she says, I see a man of Royalty whose goin to cross your path! Yes a dark man!

BUT I think Kid, its Amos or Andy—who nose? You see Marg, this fortune teller not only reads the stars but shes a bit of a mind reader too. Oh my yes, you cant fool her! She wouldn't be annoyed with just plain stars. She says, Yes, hes a stranger and your goin on a long voyage and youll probably meat up with him in your travels. Hes born under the sign Taurus and hes ruled by Venus!

A *bull thrower* if you ask me! I'll bet hes one of them no a Counts or fake Marquetts or maybe one of them Syrian rug salesmen what sport the tea strainer on a leach.

Good gracious, gasped Mrs. Mack, you dont mean that Peggy is goin to meat a Duke or an Oil?

Possible, you never can tell, chirps Evangeline with a two dollar smile.

Thats a hot one piped Peggy, I see where my boy friend across the street gets the wide and open.

Im glad your gettin wise butted in Pa Mack. That Crackpot aint got no sense nohow!

Dont interrupt! squarked Ma Mack as she urged Evangeline to proceed with the fables.

Do you see this, Mrs. Mack? Well, this is the dark man's sign in the sodiack. It means that he has a very deep *love nature*. Oh yes, very! Hes passive, practical, thoughtful, very sincere and has a great deal of Claraboyant power. Hes physic! In love and domestic affairs he rules the heart and is overwhelmed with personal magnetism that will charm every one he comes in contact.

WHAT a man! howled Peg clappin her hands. I see where *I* snap into an honest to God heavy lover!

Thats a laugh! broke in Buddy Mack, her brother. Imagine *her* puttin on the swank with a Count?

Oh is that so! declared Peg. Well at least the man *I* marry wont be nutting marshmellow sundaes in a soda store like you do—comb that out of your whiskers!

Keep quiet, you two! demanded Mrs. Mack. Evangeline doesn't want to listen to your squabbles.

Oh thats quite alright, chuckled the fortune teller, I have children of my own.

Tell me more about him, urged Peggy. But listen Marg, I cant write them long names what she uses because Id have to be a drug clerk.

She did say that the Counts orbit travels around Venus which causes trouble if it gets in the way of Mars. This, she says, not only raises hell with domestic affairs but results in serious injury to the head. She says that persons born under the sign Taurus, The Bull, make good actors and travellin salesmen. Believe me, that jane knows her canned goods awright. She says that people born under this sign have a natural gift for music and if given the right steer would make good musicians.

An another thing, Evangeline said, the offspring from this onion would be healthy and happy as we're all put on this earth to learn the lesson of Love, Honor and Oh Baby!

Well, I got to go now and get a headache powder—this stuff is drivin me nuts.

Wishing you the same,
your ever lovin husband,
MIKE SHEA.

There'll be more from Mike about the Macks in an early issue.

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Crowing for Joy

Betty Jane was visiting her cousin Bobby. Some commotion in the chicken house caused the hens to cackle. Betty was told that the hens cackled because they were proud over laying eggs. Later, a large rooster began crowing. Betty Jane clapped her hands and danced around shouting, " He's laid an egg! He's laid an egg! " Bobby looked at her in disgust. " You silly," he said. " Roosters don't lay eggs. He's just happy 'cause his mama did."—Mabel I. Dillon, 1515 Oak St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

When Chris Crossed

We told Jack that he thought and talked too much about Lindbergh. There were other things to think about. He replied, " I bet I don't talk about Lindbergh any more than you and dad did when Columbus discovered America."—Elizabeth R. Timberlake, 745 Michigan Ave. West, Jackson, Mich.

The EGYPTIAN

A Short Short Story

ANONYMOUS

The author of this story submitted it for publication on condition that his name be not used in connection with it. He is a professional writer and wanted to see if he could win a place on our short short story page as an "unknown."

Picture by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"GOD tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," Fred Gamby mused piously, peering through the green curtains at the man in the seat across the aisle. The man was fat, and tipsy, and boastful. A dead cigarette hung from his lips; his fat hands clutched the satchel in his lap, and he was muttering—loudly enough to be heard: "Yessir, George, there's twenty-five hundred dollars in this satchel. Twenty-five hundred bucks, and a bottle of rye!"

What a fool the man was, Gamby thought. And what a godsend! Yes, God had put that fat man on this train, directly across from His servant, Gamby. God had fuddled his brain that the money in the satchel might go to the upright Gamby.

"God commanded the children of Israel to despoil the Egyptians," Gamby remembered. "Is not that fat hog an Egyptian, in the Bible sense? And will he not squander his substance in riotous living and on unclean things? 'Thy kingdom shall be . . . . given to another.' Praise God. Amen."

Gamby gave thanks to God that he was not as other men, and fell to speculating on the money. Twenty-five hundred dollars should more than pay for the operation he must undergo, cover the expenses of his visit from Tiptown to the big city hospital, and bring him back to Tiptown with several hundred dollars. He would put that money in the bank.

Gamby had plenty of money in the bank now, but he winced at the thought of parting with any of it, even though it be to save his life. That money had cost him so much! He had never married, because even the best of wives spend money. He had never "gone in for education," for that sort of thing took up time that could be spent in making money. He felt the lack of a wife keenly at times—because he must buy his food at the hotel, must pay room rent, must send his linen to the laundry, must mend and patch his clothing himself. He felt his lack of erudition especially, just now.

"If I'd had time to study medicine," he thought, "I could have doctored myself. How do I know Doc Dwyer is right when he says I have a bum appendix? He says it's likely to rupture any minute and kill me in awful agony! And how do I know he's not lying? I don't. I must take his word for it, and spend good money to have the appendix out. There should be a charity hospital in Tiptown. Maybe I can promote one, when I return. God would prosper me in such an undertaking."

Gamby didn't quite understand why God should so afflict him—though, of course, He had made Job suffer—that is, he didn't understand until he heard the fat man talking about the $2,500 in his satchel. Then he blamed himself for not having trusted God completely. God's ways, he reminded himself with a smile, were inscrutable.

It was after midnight when the fat man allowed the porter to make up his berth. Gamby waited an hour or more, then obtained the satchel without the least difficulty, hurried into the wash room, and locked the door.

Before uttering any prayer of thanks, he opened the satchel and explored it thoroughly.

"Nothing but burglar tools and a bottle of sinful rum," he whined. "A fit association, but—" Gamby's faith was shaken. Could God be laughing at him? he wondered.

He heard voices. Men were awakening in the train. The fat man was swearing, roaring. He had already discovered his loss. Gamby realized that if he were found here with the satchel these heathen would not understand. They would call him a thief. They would even thrust him into prison. He began at once to open the window. It was frozen tight. The pane was covered with frost. He tugged at it mightily, fear lending him strength. The perspiration oozed through his skin. The window went up.

"Thank God," he said. He looked out. It was snowing heavily. At first he could see nothing but the snow. Then he noticed that the train was going down the mountain side, circling slowly around a cliff. He threw the satchel as far as he could, saw it disappear over the edge of the cliff. He breathed a sigh of relief. Nobody could find it now until next spring.

"I HOPE the bottle is broken," he thought, brushing the snowflakes from his arm and shoulder and closing the window softly. "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging." He opened the door and staggered out. He almost fell into the porter's arms.

"I'm sick," he whimpered; and realized that indeed he was. The exertion in raising that window had done something to him—the perspiration, the sudden chill of the cold air. He was in agony. Had his appendix ruptured?

"For God's sake, get a doctor!" he said. "Is there a doctor on the train?" It was hard to keep from screaming. He wanted to double up and lie on the floor. The porter took him in his arms, hurried with him to his berth, wrapped him in blankets, and left him.

"I'm a doctor," Gamby heard someone say. He looked into the face of the fat man. He felt the fat man's hands on him, hands that were steady as need be. Thank God, the man was a doctor! Gamby felt he might have known. He smelled like a doctor.

"It's ruptured, all right," he heard the doctor say. "But I can save you. We've run into heavy snow. We can't move. It may be night when we get into town. Fine for operating. I've got to operate on you now. Can't lose a minute."

Gamby managed to say something about money. The doctor's voice hardened. "To hell with your money," it said. "I won't take a cent. Hey, George, get some hot water. Find me some woman who can administer an anæsthetic. Get my bag—"

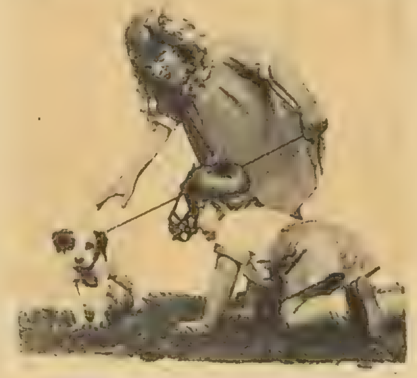
Gamby held his breath for a long time. He heard only a whisper then—the doctor whispering to himself, or to Gamby, or maybe only to God.

"The poor devil!" The words seemed to come from far away. "I forgot. The bag's gone, and all my instruments with it. I can't operate. I've got to let him die. Twenty-five hundred dollars in new surgical tools—and a bottle half full of redeye! The poor devil! I can't even give him a shot of hooch to put him out of his misery!"

THE END

"Say 'Woof!'"

A New
FOR THE LOVE O' LIL



This week's cover picture.

"THAT terrible Smithers kid has a voice like a fire siren," Lil's laundress was saying as she shot another button off Sandy's shirt with her iron. "Listen to her yell! She makes me teeth ache."

"Teeth?" the cook asked. "She makes me teeth, back, head, an' feet ache, she does."

"Got any jam or bananas or olives?" Gwendolyn asked, appearing at the door. "He wants 'em. I don't. I ain't a beggar. He's so hungry—"

"I'll give you both jam on bread, bananas, and olives—stuffed or plain pits—if you'll get out," Nannie told them. And she headed for the icebox.

"Please," Ulysses said, jumping because Gwen had slammed the screen door in his face.

"'Please'?" she mimicked, dancing toward the ironing board. "Look who's so polite. Gee, if you stop to say 'please' for things, you'll never get 'em."

She licked one finger and wondered if she dared test the iron.

"My mother," U. began, watching Nannie at the open icebox. "My mother—"

"Your mother!" Gwen giggled, deciding the iron was too hot to touch. "What a sissy! D'you do everything she tells you? D'you fold your napkin at the table, an' eat crusts at every meal so you'll get curls, an' turn a glass upside down after you've drunk somepin?"

U. didn't reply. He watched Nannie cut four thick slices of brown bread and smear them with jam.

"What kind?" Gwen asked, scooping some from the jar.

"I'll smack you!" Nannie yelled, striking out with the broad side of the knife. But she struck only space and the jam spattered on the white wall. "It's strawberry."

"Rasssssperry?" Gwen asked, getting ready for another scoop. "Rasssssssssssperry?"

"STRAWBERRY!" Nannie shouted. And a man selling berries in the street swung open the Jenkins' gate to show his little boxes of fruit at the door.

Gwen and U. looked ready for a Sunday-school picnic when they left that kitchen. They had enough food to last a week on a desert island.

"Blub, blub," Gwen giggled by the woodshed. "Ain't we got fun? Eat slow so I can eat your banana."

They left the crusts for the ants, the olive pits for the squirrels, and slung the banana peels over the fence into the next neighbor's clothesbasket.

"What'll we do?" Gwen asked. "There's nothin' to do but eat an' we can't eat any more or we'll bust."

Fate solved this difficult problem. It sent a mutt putting on airs with a collar and muzzle. It sniffed at the crusts with their odor of strawberry jam.

"He can't eat," U. said. "That thing won't let him."

"I'll take it off!" Gwen laughed. "We don't want any dogs around here dressed up like that. It's cruel." She fussed with the little buckles and watched the delighted dog shake himself.

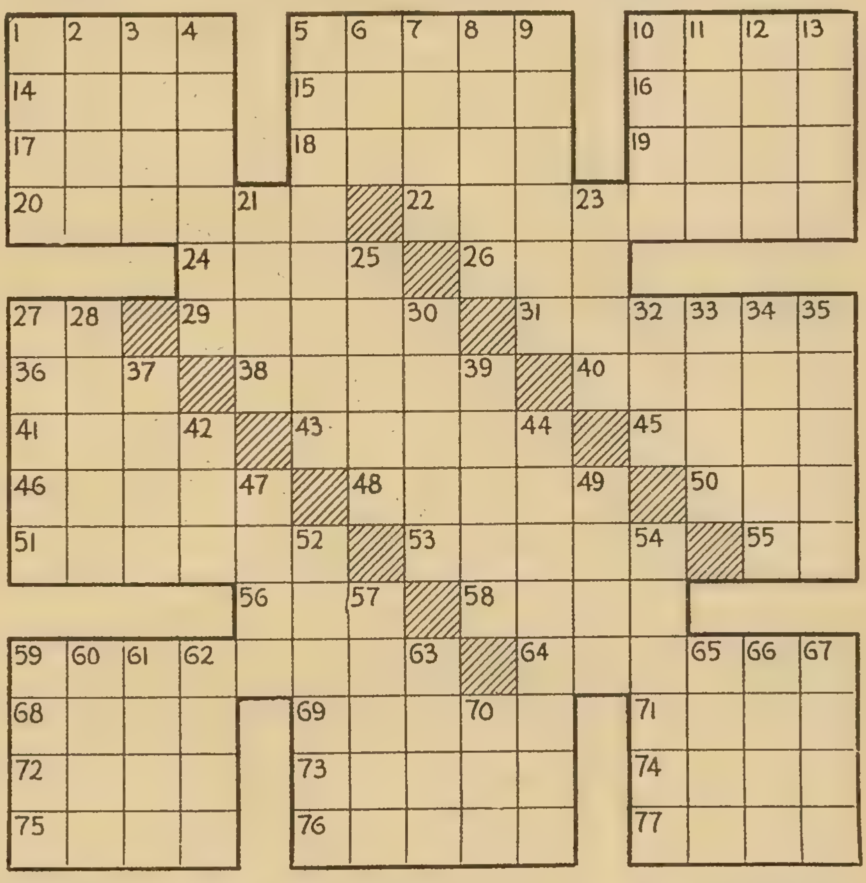
"He's having fun now," U. grinned.

"I'll give *you* some fun," she giggled, picking up a piece of cord. "Stay still. You're the dog now, see?" And she harnessed the muzzle over his nose. "Say 'Woof!'" she told him. "D'you want a bone?"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Open Road)

Cross Words

A New Puzzle



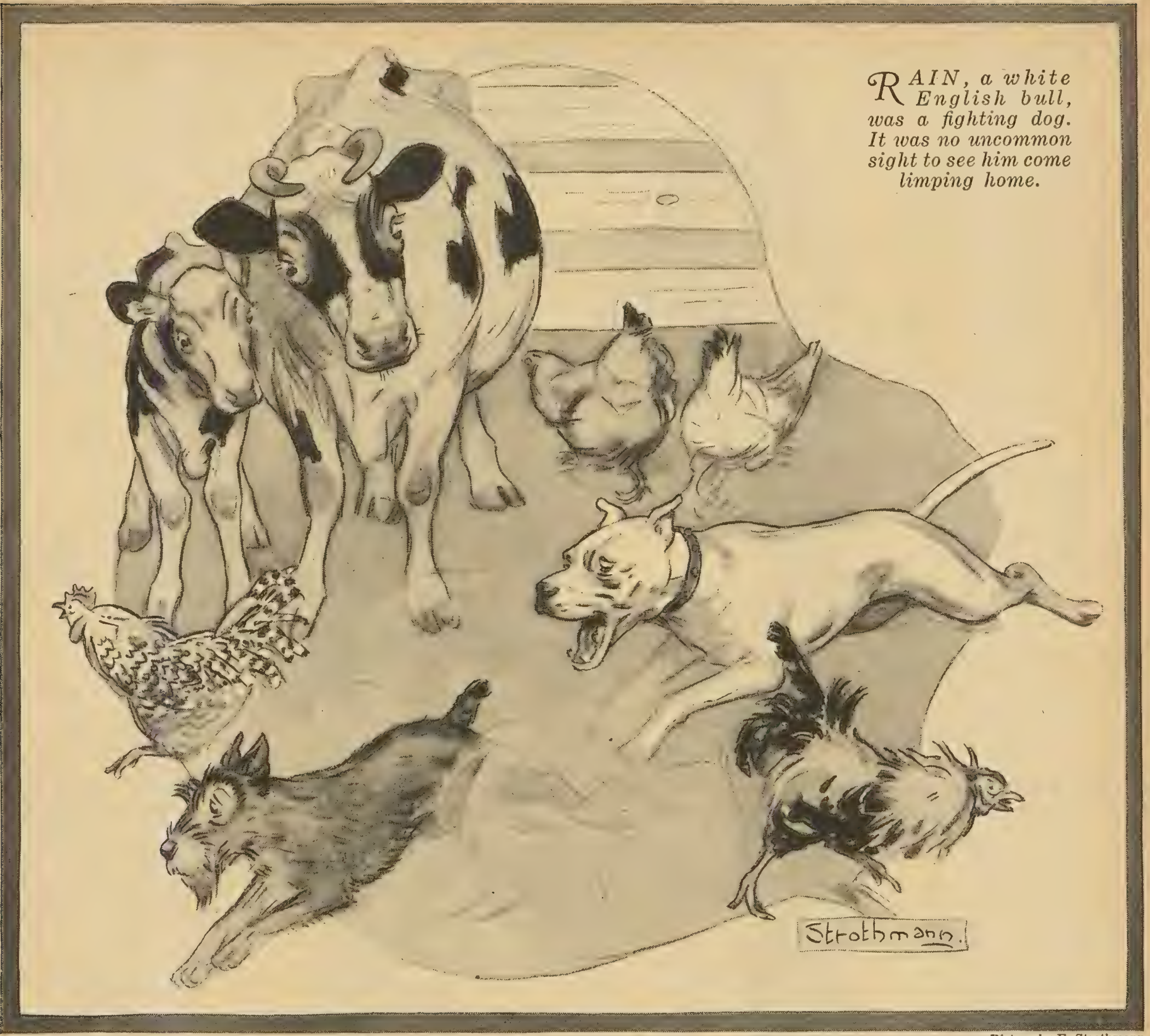
HORIZONTAL

1 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
5 Son of Priam, King of Troy
10 To strive
14 A gambling game at cards
15 Solitary
16 Persian poet
17 Biblical name (1 Esdras v—Apocrypha)
18 Ascended
19 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Assam
20 A sale at second hand
22 Fragrant
24 To sound, as a bell
26 Essay
27 A measure of type
29 Silken fabric
31 Traps
36 To mark with small spots
38 Adventitious sounds accompanying breathing
40 Century plant
41 The rainbow
43 Bathed
45 Surrounded by
46 A footpath or track
48 Caravansary
50 Wing or winglike process
51 A stinging insect
53 Posterior end of an animal body (plural)
55 The symbol for tin
56 Exclamations
58 Greatest in number or quantity
59 Woman's undergarment
64 Shade of red
68 Heroic poem
69 Woman's name
71 Notion
72 The woodbine
73 Worship
74 Vessels used in cooking
75 Availed one's self of
76 Prophets
77 Kill

VERTICAL

1 Far away
2 A weed
3 A god of love
4 Wanderers
5 Of the character of a parent or originator
6 Mohammed's adopted son
7 Feminine personal name
8 Indisposed to move
9 Spanish gentleman (plural)
10 State of insensibility
11 Leave out
12 Combining form: equal
13 Early Scandinavian navigator
21 Prevaricator
23 Bird of the starling kind
25 Venomous lizard (plural)
27 Feminine personal name
28 Round hill or point of land (Spanish)
30 On no occasion
32 Turkish title of respect
33 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu mythology)
34 Misfortunes
35 Town in France
37 Tiara (poetic)
39 Whey of milk
42 Iniquity
44 A flatterer in the court of Dionysius
47 Meadows
49 His real self (Latin)
52 Man's name
54 Narrow pieces
57 The sole of a plow
59 One of the Philippine Islands
60 Sacred bull
61 Pronoun
62 Frosted
63 Central American tree
65 Image
66 Bristle
67 Comfortable
70 Stray

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle you will find it on page seventy



RAIN, a white English bull, was a fighting dog. It was no uncommon sight to see him come limping home.

Picture by F. Strothmann

Jeanne Eagels

A Stillborn Scandal—Puttin' On the Ritz, Hobnobbing with H.R.H., and High-Hatting Equity—Jeanne Buys a Farm and Raises Ned on It

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

THE decisive event in Jeanne Eagels' career was her success as Sadie Thompson in Rain. Having recounted the events that led up to it—the fear of the producer, Sam Harris, that the clergy might rise against it; the dispelling of that fear by the Hall-Mills murder; the tryout and failure in Philadelphia, and the saving improvement of the second-act curtain speech—Mr. Doherty last week told the story of Rain's triumphant New York first night. He told also of Jeanne's early acquaintance with Ted Coy, the football hero, and Whitney Warren, Jr.

PART XI

WHILE Jeanne was dividing her attentions between Ted Coy and Whitney Warren, Jr., she met another man she liked. He, like Coy, was a famous athlete and married. And his wife was seeking a divorce.

Jeanne met him in a Park Avenue hotel restaurant. He was sitting at a table next to hers, with a beautiful brunette she knew slightly. Jeanne was alone. She saw the man's wife enter the dining room, saw her look closely

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Cont'd from page sixty-three

at the diners, saw the grim look that settled on her face when she discovered her husband and his friend, and watched her as she bore down upon the unsuspecting pair.

The woman made a scene and threatened to name the beauty as corespondent. When she had gone Jeanne sent her card to the brunette, expressing her sympathy and asking what she could do to help. The beauty introduced her escort, and the three ordered fresh coffee and made plans for the defense.

"I like you," Jeanne told the man. "I liked the way you treated your wife. Another man might have hit her. And I hated the way she treated you. It was a sordid business, but I think you handled it well."

It was not long before this man was calling at the theater to talk about his domestic affairs—and other things. Several times Jeanne invited him to her room, then arranged with draperies falling from the middle of the ceiling to form a sort of oriental tent.

She would give him a drink or two and a bit of advice, and listen to tales of his athletic prowess. It was all very nice until Jeanne discovered that the window across the street hid a couple of detectives. She happened to see one of them peering through a spyglass into her room.

"IT'S me your wife will name," Jeanne said. "My name will be in all the papers. Jeanne Eagels, the greatest actress in the world, caught like a rat—framed, innocent—but try to prove it. An actress' virtue? What a laugh to the common herd! There will be nasty stories. They will kill Sadie Thompson. They will close the theater. They'll throw my whole company out of work, and cost Sam Harris a million dollars or more. All my fault. I never should have brought you to my room. I should have remembered that your wife wants a divorce, and will go to any length to get it."

White Studio photo, from Louis Cline

Jeanne Eagels at the high tide of her glory.

"Let her get the divorce!" the man cried. "Then you can marry me."

Jeanne laughed derisively; but derision changed to despair.

"Go!" she cried. "Go at once. Here's your hat. Here's your coat. Here's your stick. Don't forget anything."

As soon as he left Jeanne dashed to the phone and called her press agent, George Holland.

"George," she said, "you must come to my room immediately. I'm in great danger. Possibly you can save me."

HOLLAND was young but shrewd. He had been a reporter before he had become a press agent. He had worked in New York. He had friends on every newspaper. Jeanne believed he could keep her name out of the papers, even if she were named in a divorce suit.

Holland was alarmed.

"You can't keep that story out of the papers," he said. "A million dollars wouldn't do it, nor ten million. If that story ever breaks, it will be plastered over the front page of every paper in New York—even the Times. A famous athlete, his society wife, and the greatest actress in the world, all tied up in a scandal—with Ted Coy and Whitney Warren, Jr., in the background. No, Jeanne; if that woman names you, it's good night! Why is she so eager for a divorce?"

"Because she wants to marry again, of course," said Jeanne.

Holland gave a whoop.

"Great! That'll save us. Who is it she wants to marry?"

"I don't know—but a woman who wants a divorce as badly as she does must have someone in mind."

"Then let's get detectives of our own and find out who he is. Probably he's somebody big, and he won't want to be named in the affair any more than you do. We'll go to him and make him listen to reason."

Jeanne's detectives went to work within the hour—to discover that a corps of reporters had already heard something of the athlete's domestic trouble and were working on the story. Detectives and reporters found the truth without much difficulty. The athlete's wife was already the mistress of the man she wanted to marry, and the man was a powerful and colorful figure, a banker, a financier known throughout the world.

Detectives and reporters obtained all the evidence they needed; and despite all that Holland or Jeanne could do, one of the greatest scandal stories of Broadway took shape in the composing room of a tabloid newspaper.

The story was in type, the picture layouts had been made, and the editor was jubilantly figuring up all the extra papers the story would sell, when he thought it might be advisable to call the owner of the paper " and put him to bed with a grin."

" It's the greatest yarn that ever was beaten into type," he told the owner. " Some time ago we had the story of Jeanne Eagels' engagement to Whitney Warren, Jr., and all the row that raised in the Warren family. Then we had the rumor that Mrs. Ted Coy was going to divorce her husband and that Ted was to marry Jeanne. Now it turns out that —— —— is the man in the case. His wife is going to bring suit, naming Eagels. Why? Here's the reason. Because the wife's living with —— ——, the Wall Street Crœsus, and wants to marry him. Ain't that a beaut? A great actress, two famous athletes, a war-hero son of a millionaire, two society women, and a Wall Street giant, all mixed up in a story of hearts and flowers. We've got the goods. There isn't a libel in a word of it, and I'm spilling the story over pages two, four, five, and six, with a picture of Eagels and the wife on page one, other pictures in the double truck, and half-column cuts in the story."

The editor waited for some comment. There was none.

" We'll be on the street with it in fifteen minutes," he went on. " Shall I send you a boy with the first copy? "

" You'll do nothing of the kind," the owner said. " I want you to kill the story. And kill it god-almighty dead. I don't know this Wall Street man, but I know he's been square with everybody. Do you want to start a panic? "

THE type that might have ruined Jeanne—and others—was thrown into the " hell-box " to be melted and remade into type that would ruin somebody else. The woman so eager for a divorce went to Paris and secured it there on grounds of desertion. The man she wanted did not marry her. He died a few years later and left her a few thousand dollars.

Jeanne, reading that the divorce had been granted, read soon after that Mrs. Sophie Meldrim Coy also had been granted a divorce in Paris on grounds of desertion. She was awarded the custody of the two children, Edward, Jr., and Peter Meldrim Coy.

Ted Coy was free, and Jeanne felt she might be happy as his wife. It was a sad mistake.

II

THE grand manner came to Jeanne Eagels with the mantle of success, as it comes to so many women of the theater. But grand and aloof as she might be, she never quite reached the absurdities scaled by some, where she could have said, " Don't dare speak to me unless I speak to you first," and have meant it.

She could be imperious and rude, and often was; yet she could make herself the pal of stage hands and taxi drivers and bell hops and hotel clerks.

One night after the play she watched a crap game back stage. Some members of the company, George Holland, a number of stage hands, and an important nabob from the money belt were handling the dice, and the butter-and-egg man was winning all the money because he had unlimited capital, as compared with the very limited bank rolls of the others. He wanted to " fade " $100 every time the cubes rolled, and Jeanne didn't think it fair.

" George," she said to Holland, " did I give you my salary? "

She always gave her pay envelope to someone to keep for her until the bank opened the next day. Holland produced the envelope and handed it to her. Jeanne took out one bill and dropped it in front of the " big gambler."

" Shoot a grand," she said. " One flop of the dice, and high man wins. Let's see whether or not you really want to gamble."

The nabob went out hurriedly and never returned.

People usually found Jeanne fair.

An actor appeared at the theater drunk, and she demanded that Forrest fire him.

" I cannot tolerate drunkenness," she said. " My actors cannot drink and give first-class performances. And they must give their best every night or I won't have them. Fire him! Fire him right away! "

She was a queen crying " Off with his head! " but Forrest smiled to himself. He knew his Eagels.

" Look here," he said to the offender; " you've been drinking pretty heavily, and it's interfering with your art—so-called. Miss Eagels can't stand for that, but if you promise to behave I know she'll give you another chance."

" For God's sake tell her I'll be good," the actor said. " If I'm fired I'll have a hell of a time finding another job. It might ruin my whole career. Who wants to hire an actor canned for getting drunk and blowing up in his lines? Tell her anything. Promise her anything. You won't regret it, Sam."

Forrest went back to Jeanne with virtue written on his brow.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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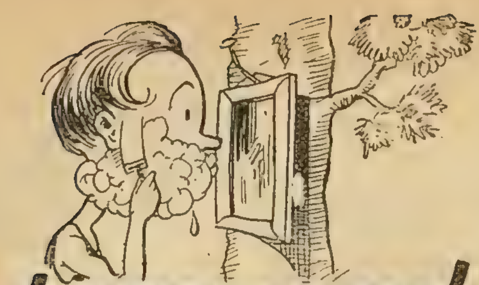

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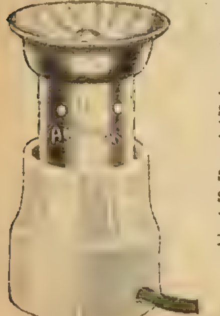

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JEANNE EAGELS

Continued from page sixty-five

"Well, I gave him the gate," he said. "Of course it will ruin his career, but he brought it on himself."

"What do you mean you gave him the gate?" Jeanne asked, her smile changing instantly into rage. "You fired him? You dared to do that?"

Sam's smile brought back recollection to her.

"Oh, I didn't really want him fired!" she wailed. "You knew that. Sam, this is terrible. Go back and hire him again. I just wanted you to warn him. Hire him back, and scare hell out of him. He's a fine actor when he's sober, and I know he'll be sober from now on."

Abbe photo, from Louis Cline

Jeanne in one of her impish moods.

Her grand manner was not with her when she bought her mother a house in Kansas City. She was then just a daughter who finds she has at last enough money to make her mother happy. She sent her mother to Los Angeles, eventually, and bought her a house there, too. She brought her to New York whenever she wanted to come, phoned her twice a week no matter where she might be, and established charge accounts for her in many stores. The grand manner was never noticed when Jeanne gave money to those who needed it.

When she began to play in Rain she received $350 a week. This was soon boosted to $500, then to $600, and then to $1,000. When the play ended she was getting $3,500 a week and a percentage of the profits. Rain made $2,000,000 for its owners.

"You ought to save some of your money, Jeanne," Forrest kept saying. But it wasn't in Jeanne to save. The little girl who bought gum rather than candy, because gum was "savin'er," had grown into a woman who didn't realize the value of money and who treated it with contempt.

HARRIS was concerned that Jeanne was so improvident, so irresponsible, and predicted that unless she appointed a guardian for herself she would die in the poorhouse. Jeanne politely refused the guardian. It didn't matter whether she died poor or not, she said, so long as she lived before she died. But she did want to leave her mother enough to keep her in luxury for the rest of her life.

"Then you'll take out an insurance policy for a hundred thousand," said Sam; "and I'll take five hundred out of your salary every week, or whatever it takes to pay the premiums." Jeanne had already bought $10,000 worth of insurance, and named her mother as the sole beneficiary. She managed to pass the doctor's examination, and the policy was changed to read $110,000. Jeanne was elated. She told all her friends, and bragged about her insurance deal as though it were a master stroke of finance she had thought up all herself.

AS soon as the big money came her way Jeanne began to buy jewelry and clothes and automobiles—especially automobiles. She would run a new car for a week or two, then trade it in for a new one or give it away for no better reason than, "I don't think it's exactly the type that suits me." Today you would see her in a Packard, and learn that she had traded in her new Minerva for it. Tomorrow you might see her step out of a Rolls-Royce, and she would talk about the Cadillac sedan or the Hispano-Suiza she ought to have.

She was in a Rolls-Royce when Louis Calhern saw her last. Calhern, one of the best known leading men in America, came out of a doctor's office in Park Avenue to see the chauffeur of a Rolls-Royce jamming the front bumper of the car against the back of Calhern's parked auto. He would give Calhern's car a shove, back up, and give it another.

"Maybe you can explain," Calhern said, wresting the chauffeur from the cushioned splendor of the Rolls. "Why are you trying to wreck my car?"

Jeanne stepped on to the sidewalk.

"Mr. Calhern," she said. "Will you put that chauffeur down on the sidewalk where he won't be hurt? If you please. Thank you. I told him to shove your car out of the way so I could have room to park. You don't mind, I'm sure. Have dinner with me one night, you and Mrs. Calhern. Do! Good day!"

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales came to see Jeanne Eagels when she played Sadie in the Maxine Elliott Theater, and inasmuch as he wanted to avoid notoriety he had himself slipped in to a box after the house was darkened. He enjoyed the play, and nobody recognized him because he left his seat just before the lights went on. After the play he went back stage to congratulate the star.

"I never saw so fine a characterization in my life," he said. "Do you think you could do it in London some time?"

They chatted for an hour before the prince left—and Jeanne fought with everybody back stage to keep the newspapers from learning of his visit. George Holland, though, felt he owed it to Sam Harris to get all the publicity he could. He called the papers; but at Jeanne's request he did keep the secret of the prince's visit to Jeanne's dressing room.

Jeanne liked His Royal Highness.

"They tell me he's not such a hot lover," she would say. "Maybe he isn't. He doesn't have to be, and that's the pity of it. But it would be kind of cute to hold him in your arms and bite the tip of his ear, wouldn't it?"

IN 1924 Jeanne went to London, but not to see the prince.

The Actors Equity members had risen against the theatrical managers and closed the theaters. Jeanne didn't belong to Equity at that time, and didn't want to belong to it. She resented the fact that Equity had so much power, and swore she would sooner join the hodcarriers' union. She blamed John Emerson, then Equity's president, for closing the theaters, and spoke with bitterness of his "autocratic methods."

"I'm going to Russia or some place where personal liberty isn't just a name or a mockery, and there is no Equity," she said as she boarded the Berengaria. John Emerson was on the ship, and Jeanne promised the reporters she would tell him what she thought of Equity.

It was a pleasant voyage and everybody was happy. Lowell Sherman was aboard, and Gilbert Miller, and Jeanne spent much time with them and Emerson, drinking and laughing and talking about Equity. Sherman would order cocktails to be set out in a line the length of the bar. Then he would invite his friends to come and drink their way down the row. "You drink up to here," he'd say, "and you this far, and you to this glass, and me—I'll finish the parade."

Jeanne drank, perhaps more freely than she ever had, and toasted the destruction of Equity. She was going abroad merely for pleasure, but to tease and annoy the president of Equity she led him to believe she was to play Rain in London.

Jeanne didn't stay long in England. The customs men at Southampton were outrageously rude to her, she complained. They wanted to know whether she came on pleasure bent, as her passport indicated, or whether she had come to take the bread out of some starving British actress's mouth. Jeanne, with Emerson at her elbow, refused to answer, and became hysterical in her wrath.

She was allowed to proceed to London, but her anger and the humiliation to which she had been subjected made her ill. Early the next morning, the king's equerries waited on her, presenting the profound apologies and regrets of the Crown and assuring her she was but too welcome. She might stay in England the rest of her life, if she wished, and become the foremost actress of the British Isles.

That made Jeanne well. But though she might believe she had a "heavy drag with the Crown," she wasn't going to take advantage of it. She thanked the king's equerries, sent her regards to the royal pair and H. R. H., and took the first boat home.

III

TED COY loved Jeanne Eagels devotedly, and she may have loved him as she claimed, though that is doubtful. But their marriage—which occurred in August, 1925, at the home of Fay Bainter—was a catastrophe for both.

They had little in common. Ted lived in the past; Jeanne in the present and the future. Ted was broke.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-seven]

He had given his first wife everything he owned. Jeanne had all the money in the family.

Ted wanted to be Jeanne's manager, and she wouldn't permit that. He argued that if he could honestly say he was his wife's manager he could prove to his friends that she was not supporting him.

"It would come to the same thing," Jeanne answered. "Don't kid yourself. Besides, nobody is ever going to manage me but myself."

Ted loved his wife so much he would rather lose his self-respect and the respect of his friends than lose her, even for a day. He could not work in New York when she was on tour. And he put up with insults public and private to be with her. He let her humiliate and nag him, and never complained. Even at her own table and before her friends Jeanne would shame him. He would flinch but bear it silently.

He was too much the gentleman, too much the lover. He had no chance for happiness with Jeanne.

Jeanne was proud of him—at first. He was so handsome, so willing to be her slave, such a really big man in his own world. Sports writers were always hunting him up and asking his opinion of football stars and football coaches, and now and then they mentioned him in print.

"I'm feeling pretty cocky today," Jeanne told an interviewer at the time of Lindbergh's flight to Paris. "Two editorial writers this week said Lindbergh—isn't he a darling?—typified America to the world today, just as two other Americans have done in the past. One of those two, the papers said, was Abraham Lincoln. The other is my husband, Ted Coy."

COY had never known an actress until he met Jeanne Eagels. He didn't know what to say to Jeanne's friends. They were all actors or actresses or theatrical managers or producers or playwrights or critics or press agents. They talked a lingo he didn't understand. He felt himself an outsider. When he got a chance to escape from them, if only to run an errand for Jeanne, he seized it gladly.

Jeanne dominated him from the start, and despised him because he let her. She despised him too because he could not control her drinking. She didn't care particularly to drink. But he begged her not to drink. Therefore she drank to spite him. And his way of correcting her was to drink with her, drink more than she could, and let her see what a person really drunk may look like.

If Jeanne could have inflamed Ted into some show of resistance she might have saved him and herself. But she could not. She would slap him—and people all over the room would hear the thwack of her palm upon his cheek and see the imprint of her hand stand out on his reddened face. Ted would grit his teeth and steel his tongue to gentleness.

With Fredric March in the talkie, Jealousy.

"You must be very tired, dear. You are not yourself. I'm sorry."

He was always sorry. Poor Ted! Poor Jeanne!

But Ted was useful to Jeanne in many ways. He looked after her personal affairs—especially her bills; and tried to collect some of the thousands of dollars owed to her.

He induced her to buy the twenty-nine-acre farm in Briarcliff Hills, near Ossining, New York, and, even when he was with her on the road, managed to take care of it with the utmost economy.

There were two houses on the estate. One was built of stone. It was in this house that Ted and Jeanne lived and entertained Jeanne's friends over the week-ends. It contained an immense room, a garage that had been converted into a ballroom. The other was a frame house, and sometimes Jeanne rented it to friends.

It was an easy ride from New York, and fourteen or fifteen people would pile into cars every Saturday night when Jeanne played in New York, and stay until Monday afternoon.

There were chickens and cows and dogs and a horse, and two love birds known as Gallagher and Shean. The dogs were mostly police dogs and Schnauzers, but Rain was the name of a white English bull, and Jeanne loved him so much she got him a mate called Sunshine. Rain was a fighting dog, and it was no uncommon sight for Jeanne's guests to see him come limping home, covered with cuts. George, Jeanne's brother, who stayed on the farm during her absences, seemed always to be painting that dog with blue antiseptic stuff.

Minka, the prize of the lot, was a savage animal and Jeanne allowed few to go near him. George, the cook—who bragged that he had been a chef on a river boat—had a great admiration for this dog.

"That Minka," he used to say, "never goes out when it's lightning. He's so mean he knows God's going to strike him dead some day."

Minka obeyed commands in English, French, and German. Once he worked with the New York police department.

IT was this dog that Jeanne had with her in the Paramount studio on Long Island when she was making her last picture, Jealousy. A newspaper man told a story about Jeanne and the dog that brought Jeanne much criticism.

"Jeanne Eagels," he said, "came out of her dressing room and saw one of the stage hands talking to her dog. She was furious. She berated the man and went to complain to his superiors. The following day this sign was posted in a conspicuous place in the studio:

"'Employees are not allowed to talk to Miss Eagels' dog.'"

Jeanne did not deny the story. Publicity that dealt with her "temperament" was always welcome. Monta Bell, head of the studio, explained that Jeanne was afraid that Minka might tear the man to pieces.

Jeanne always had excellent cooks, but sometimes she would spend hours in the kitchen, making a salad for her guests or baking them a special dish. She expected them to eat it, too. There were occasions when she flew into a rage on being told, "Really, Jeanne dear, it's too tempting—but I'm on a diet." She was likely to say, "Then go home and don't come back!"

Anything that upset Jeanne might bring on the fireworks. Someone would make a catty remark. A woman would appear in a dress just like Jeanne's. Someone would happen to laugh at the wrong time. And the golden volcano would erupt and shoot lava all over the room: "Get out! Get out! All of you! Go on home! I can't stand you!"

One never knew when it was com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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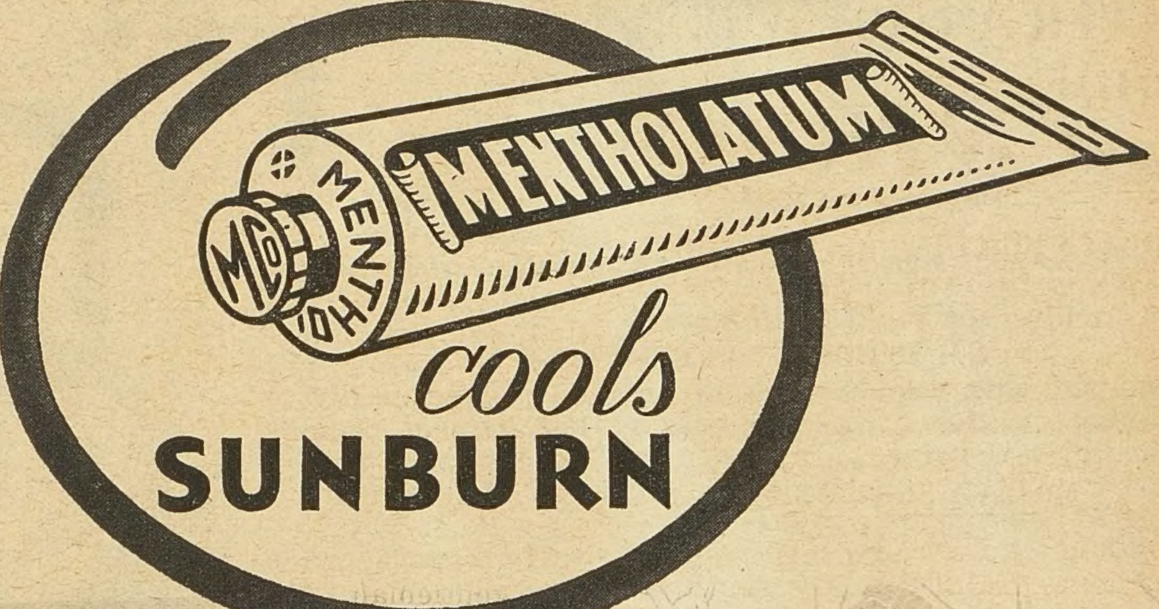

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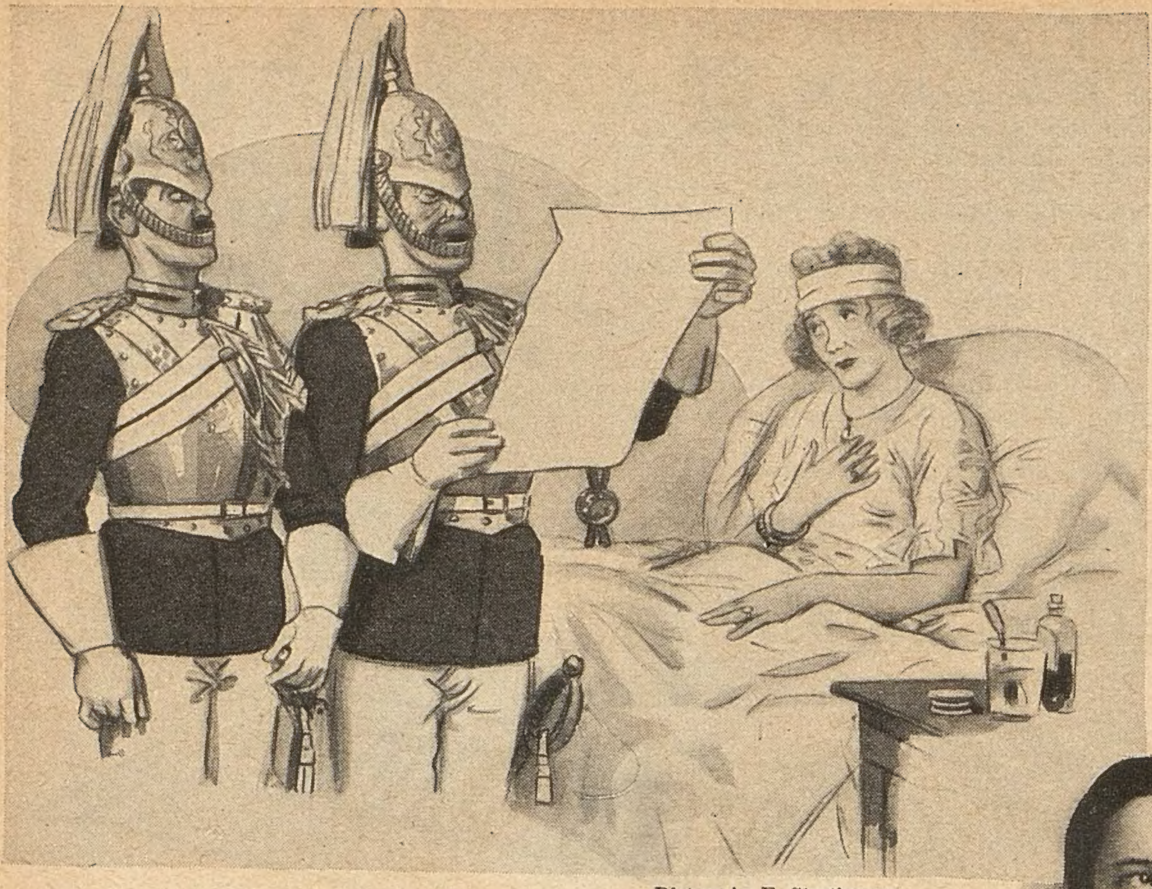

Picture by F. Strothmann

Early the next morning the king's equerries waited on her.

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-nine

ing—and one used to Jeanne took it good-naturedly, making excuses. She was nothing but nerves; overworked, raw nerves. In a moment she would be filled with contrition, wanting to call them all back and unable to bring herself to do it.

When they were gone she would go sit in a graveyard for hours, or hurry to the Algonquin Hotel in New York and shut herself up for days. When she had recovered her amiable mood she would call up her guests of the week before and invite them all for the next week-end. And they would be glad to come.

In winter, when there was snow, there were sleighing parties and a big toboggan slide. Those who didn't care for outside sports might sit inside all day and read, or play bridge or shoot crap or drink. When the supply of liquor gave out there were plenty of speakeasies in Ossining to visit. Sometimes Jeanne drank with her guests, sometimes she didn't.

Neighbors complained of her among themselves—of the noise her guests made, of the bills she owed. When they came to her she'd say, " All right. Sue me. Go on! Start suit! See my lawyer! Don't bother me! "

WHEN Rain was playing out of town, both Jeanne and Ted frequently wrote letters to George and received from him letters which usually inclosed bills—bills for dog biscuit or coal or coke, bills for repairs on the houses, for the transplanting of trees. There was always something to worry about.

But expenses were heavier when Jeanne lived on the farm. She was always buying new trees, planting new flowers. She owed the nursery $1,200 for trees, and a collector rode over to try to collect.

Jeanne met him with a winning smile and praised his horse. He was so charmed that he forgot all about the bill, and let her borrow the horse for Ted to use. Later Fay Bainter, who was living in the frame house, rode the horse for two months.

COY couldn't always get money from Jeanne to pay her bills. She didn't have very much after paying the premiums on her life insurance and the installments on the estate plus interest at 6 per cent, and sending money to her mother. She didn't have very much; and, besides, she needed ten or twelve pairs of shoes and a few dresses and perhaps another necklace. The bills would have to wait until next week or the week after.

Jeanne made perhaps $2,000,000 in her life, but she could not hang on to any part of it. She made $250,000 in the market in three days, and dropped it all before the week was out. She bought jewels and lost them. She would put them away somewhere, so that she might not lose them—and usually she forgot where she put them.

P. & A. photo

Jeanne as an invalid in a London hotel room, after she was detained at Southampton.

At Mabel Webb's home in Port Washington, Long Island, she left a diamond necklace with an emerald pendant. Mabel found it and called her.

"Oh, that," said Jeanne. "Yes, I remember now. I did leave it there. I'll come and get it some day—or you can give it to Clif to bring to me."

" But I'm worried, Jeanne. Suppose my house is robbed and your necklace is stolen. Is it insured? "

Jeanne laughed at her. The insurance company had refused to insure her jewels.

" If you are robbed," she said, " that's my tough luck. I'll just have to buy me another."

In next week's installment Mr. Doherty will tell more of Jeanne in the days of her success, and of its comic and tragic effects on her—also, of her jealousy of the part of Sadie, and how she appeared in it time and again when almost too ill to keep her feet; and of the memorable engagement that she played in her home town, Kansas City.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 58 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 62

Telephone is misspelled in the sign at the left.
A strap is missing from the right shoe of the woman at the left.
There are no buttons on the coat of the man at the left.
The left side of his vest is longer than the right.
One woman has a pendant suspended from only part of a chain.
Man at the right is presenting a bouquet held upside down.
He is wearing one white and one partially white shoe.
Only the left leg of his trousers has a cuff.
Only one chain is supporting the hanging Grill Room sign.
Bell boy's coat has one row of five and one row of four buttons.

A	T	E	N		P	A	R	I	S		C	O	P	E
F	A	R	O		A	L	O	N	E		O	M	A	R
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T	R	A	I	L	■	S	E	R	A	I	■	A	L	A
H	O	R	N	E	T	■	R	U	M	P	S	■	S	N
				A	H	S	■	M	O	S	T			
C	A	M	I	S	O	L	E	■	C	E	R	I	S	E
E	P	I	C		M	A	B	E	L		I	D	E	A
B	I	N	E		A	D	O	R	E		P	O	T	S
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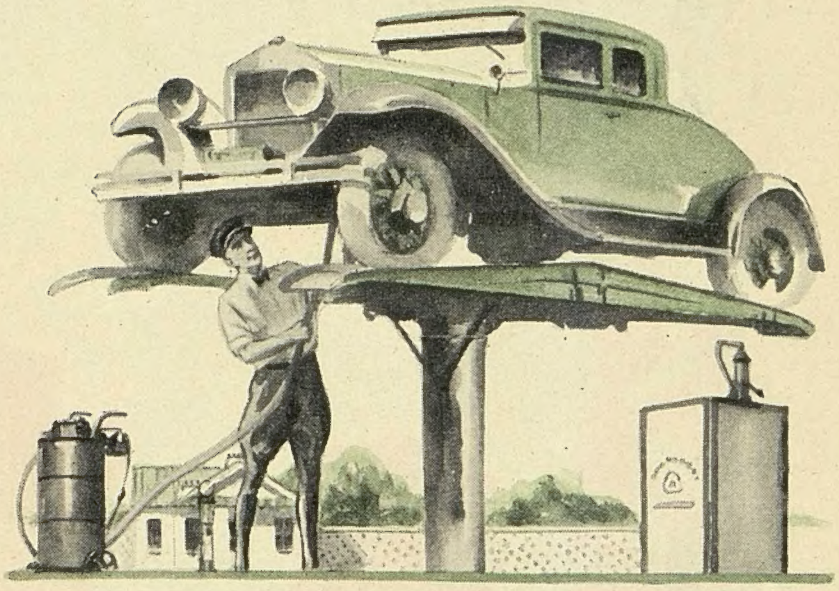

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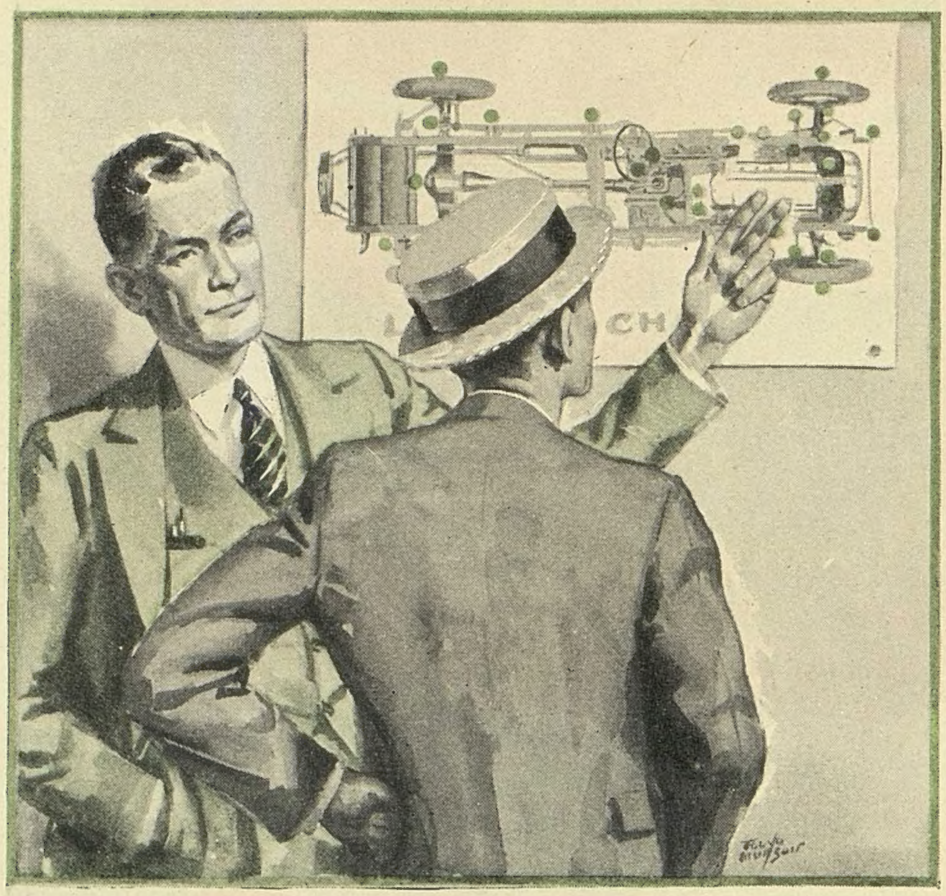

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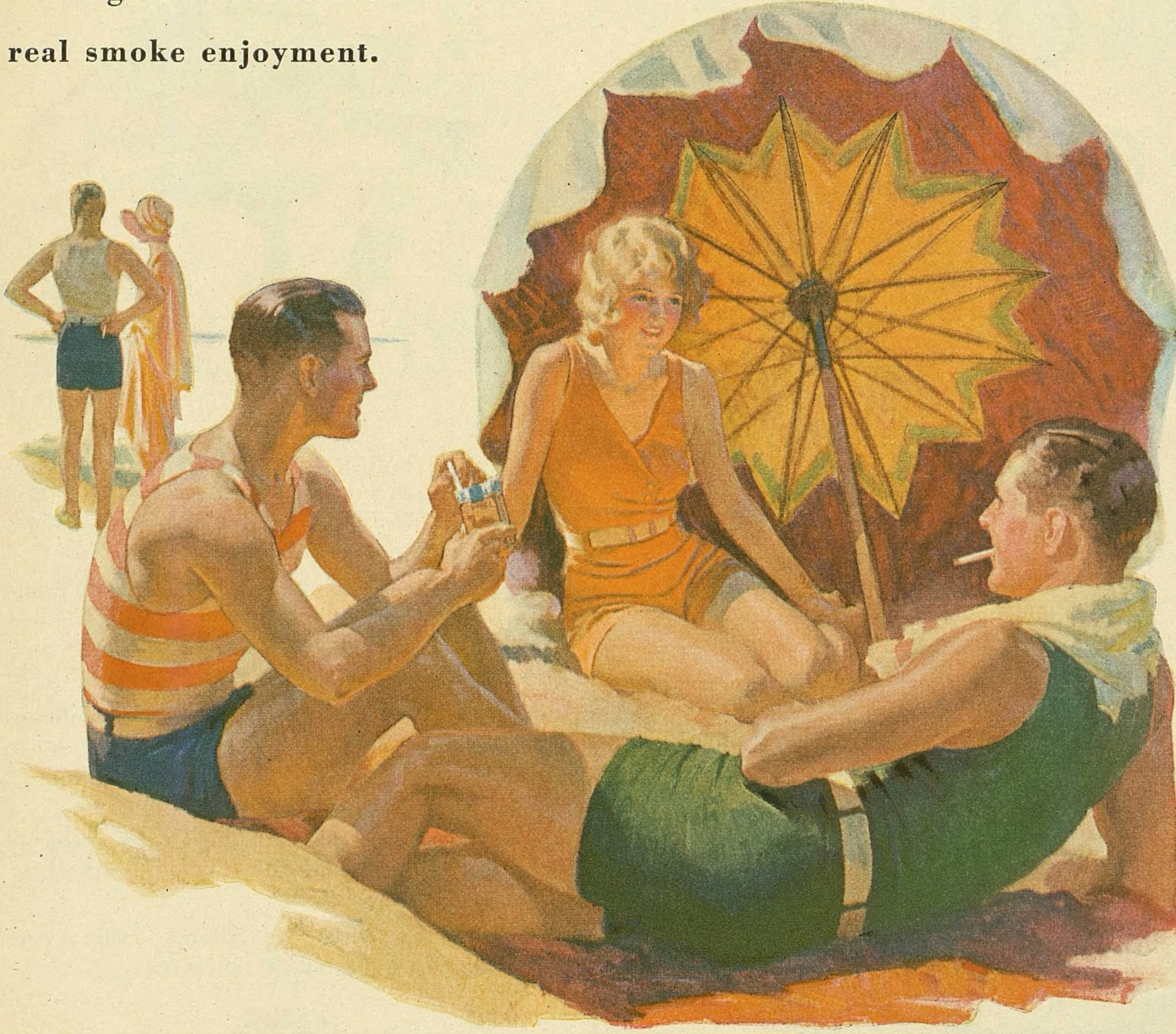

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